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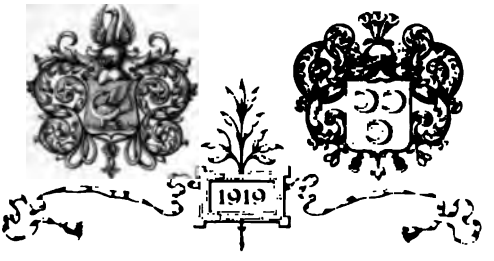

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VIII.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH,

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

LONDON:

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

Perſons Repreſented.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæſar,
M. Antony,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.

Cicero.

Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

Popilius Lena,
Publius, } *Senators.*

Flavius,
Marullus, } *Tribunes and Enemies to* Cæſar.

Meſſala,
Titinius, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.

A Soothſayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna, *a Poet.*

Another Poet.

Lucilius,
Dardanius,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius, } *Servants to* Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant of* Caſſius.

Ghoſt of Julius Cæſar.

Cobler.

Carpenter.

Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.

Portia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the three firſt Acts, at* Rome: *afterwards, at an* Iſle *near* Mutina; *at* Sardis; *and* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, [1] *Marullus, and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the ſign
Of your profeſſion?—Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
—You, Sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me: Yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

[1] *Murellus.*] I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to this tribune, his right name *Marullus.* THEOBALD.

[a] *Mar.* What meaneſt thou by that? Mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl. I meddle with no tradeſman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with all. I am, indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day? Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get myſelf into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to ſee Cæſar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſate
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great Pompey paſs the ſtreets of Rome:
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,

[a] Mar. *What mean'ſt thou by that?*] As the *Cobler*, in the preceding ſpeech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this ſpeech muſt be given to *Flavius*. THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a ſaucy ſentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the ſpeech was probably given, that he might not ſtand too long unemployed upon the ſtage. JOHNSON.

That

That Tyber trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone:
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*

See whe'r their baſeſt metal be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I: Diſrobe the images,
If you do find them [3] deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do ſo?
You know, it is the feaſt of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter. Let no images
Be hung with Cæſar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

[3] —*deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæſar's trophies*; i. e. ſuch as he had dedicated to the Gods. WARBURTON.

Cæſar's *trophies*, are I believe the crowns which were placed on his ſtatues. So in Sir *Tho. North*'s Tranſlation. "—There were ſet up images of Cæſar in the city with diadems on their heads like kings. Thoſe the two tribunes went and pulled down." STEEVENS.

Theſe growing feathers pluckt from Cæſar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cæſar; Antony for the courſe; Calphurnia, Portia, [4] *Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, a Soothſayer.*

Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Caſca. Peace, ho! Cæſar ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Calp. Here, my Lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his Courſe.——Antonius;——
Ant. Cæſar, My Lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders ſay,

[4] This perſon was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as *Voltaire* has done ſince) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the moſt cheriſhed by *Cæſar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined ſo large a ſhare of his favours and honours as the other had conſtantly accepted. *Velleius Paterculus*, ſpeaking of *Decimus Brutus*, ſays—ab iis quos miſerat *Antonius*, jugulatus eſt, juſtiſſimaſque optimè de ſe merito, C. Cæſari pœnas dedit, cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuiſſet, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, cenſebatque æquum quæ acceperat a Cæſare retinere, Cæſarem qui illa dederat periiſſe. Lib. ii. c. 64.

Jungitur his *Decimus* notiſſimus inter amicos
Cæſaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuiſſet
Gallia Cæſareo nuper commiſſa favore.
Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici
Deterrere poteſt.

Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici
Præcipue dederat, ductorem ſæpe morantem
Incitat.—*Supplem. Lucani.* STEEVENS.

The

The barren, touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember:
When Cæſar ſays, *do this*, it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar,——
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſca. Bid every noiſe be ſtill:—Peace! Yet again?
Cæſ. Who is it in the preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, Cæſar. Speak; Cæſar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A ſoothſayer bids you beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. Set him before me; let me ſee his face.
Caſca. Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Cæſar.
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—Paſs.
[5 *Sennet. Exeunt Cæſar and Train.*
Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the Courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires;
I'll leave you.

5 I have here inſerted the word *Sennet*, from the original edition, that I may have an opportunity of retracting a haſty conjecture in one of the marginal directions in *Henry* VIII. *Senn t* appears to be a particular tune or mode of martial muſick. JOHNS.

I have been informed that *Sennet* is derived from *Senneſte*, an antiquated *French* tune formerly uſed in the army, but the Dictionaries which I have conſulted exhibit no ſuch word. STEEVENS.

Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too [6] ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with [7] paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
Among which number, Caſſius, be you one,
Nor conſtrue any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men
Caſ. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?
Bru. No, Caſſius: for the eye ſees not itſelf, [8]
But by reflexion by ſome other things.
Caſ. 'Tis juſt:

[6] — *Strange a hand*] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, ſuch as might become a ſtranger. JOHNSON.

[7] — *paſſions of ſome difference,*] With a fluctation of diſcordant opinions and deſires. JOHNSON.

[8] *The eye ſees not itſelf,*] So Sir *John Davies* in his poem on *The Immortality of the Soul.*

It is becauſe the mind is like the eye,
Thro' which it gathers knowledge by degrees;
Whoſe rays reflect not, but ſpread outwardly;
Not ſeeing itſelf, when other things it ſees?

Again in *Marſton*'s comedy of the Fawne, 1635.

"Thus few ſtrike ſail until they run on ſhelf
"*The eye ſees all things but its proper ſelf.*" STEEVENS.

And

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæſar,) ſpeaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd, that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, ſince you know, you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
[9] To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſter; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the People
Chuſe Cæſar for their King.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think, you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, Caſſius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?

[9] *To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love*, &c.] To invite *every new proteſter* to my affection by the *ſtale* or allurement of *cuſtomary* oaths. JOHNSON.

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' the other,
[1] And I will look on both indifferently,
For, let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour, more than I fear death.
Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as Cæſar; ſo were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar, ſays to me, " dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now
" Leap in with me into this angry flood,
" And ſwim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow: ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, " Help me, Caſſius, or I ſink."
I, as Æneas, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear, ſo, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæſar: and this man
Is now become a God; and Caſſius is

[1] *And I will look on both indifferently;*] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occaſion, which is very trifling. When *Brutus* firſt names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he ſets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural? JOHNSON.

A wretched

A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this God did ſhake:
[2] His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that ſame eye, whoſe Bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—" give me ſome drink, Titinius"—
As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So [3] get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,
And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.

Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome time are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.

[2] *His* coward *lips did from their* colour fly;] A plain man would have ſaid, the *colour fled from his lips*, and not his *lips from their colour*. But the falſe expreſſion was for the ſake of as falſe a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

[3] — *get the ſtart of the majeſtick world*, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majeſtick world* is a fine periphraſis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens ſet themſelves on a footing with *Kings*, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular alluſion ſeems to be to the known ſtory of *Cæſar*'s great pattern *Alexander*, who being aſked, Whether he would run the courſe at the *Olympic* games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings*. WARBURTON.

Brutus

Brutus and Cæſar! what ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded, more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;[4]
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit, as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls incompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it Rome, indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
[5] There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The [6] eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome,
As eaſily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What would you work me to, I have ſome aim.
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,
I would not, ſo with love I might intreat you,

[4] *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.*]
A ſimilar thought occurs in *Heywood*'s Rape of Lucrece, 1614.
" What diapaſon's more in Tarquin's name
" Than in a ſubject's? or what's Tullia
" More in the ſound, than ſhould become the name
" Of a poor maid? STEEVENS.

[5] *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius* BRUTUS. STEEV.

[6] — *eternal devil*—] I ſhould think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil.* JOHNSON.
I would continue to read *eternal devil.* *L. J. Brutus* (ſays *Caſſius*) *would as ſoon have ſubmitted to the perpetual dominion of a devil, as to the laſting government of a king.* STEEVENS.

Be

Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, [7] chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of Rome
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæſar and his train.

Bru. The Games are done, and Cæſar is returning.

Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck Caſca by the ſleeve;
And he will, after his ſour faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to day.

Bru. I will do ſo:—But look you, Caſſius,
The angry ſpot doth glow on Cæſar's brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with ſuch [8] ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in conference by ſome Senators.

Caſ. Caſca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæſ. Antonius,——

Ant. Cæſar.

Cæſ. [*To* Ant. *apart.*] Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights: [9]
Yon'

[7] — *chew upon this;*] Conſider this at leiſure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

[8] — *ferret,*—] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

[9] *Sleek-headed men,* &c.] "So in Sir *Tho. North*'s Tranſlation "of *Plutarch.* 1579. When Cæſar's friends complained unto "him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended ſome "miſchief towards him; he anſwered, as for thoſe fat men and "ſmooth-

Yon Caſſius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæſar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæſ. [1] 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou doſt, Antony; he hears no muſick:
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæſar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt Cæſar and his train.*

Manent Brutus and Caſſius: Caſca to them.

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you ſpeak with me?

" ſmooth-combed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them: " but thoſe pale-viſaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them " moſt, meaning *Brutus* and *Caſſius*."

And again,

" Cæſar had Caſſius in great jealouſy, and ſuſpected him much, " whereupon he ſaid on a time, to his friends, what will Caſſius " do, think you? I like not his pale looks." STEEVENS.

[1] *'Would he were fatter;—*] *Johnſon* in his *Bartholomew-fair*, unjuſtly ſneers at this paſſage, in *Knockham*'s ſpeech to the Pig-woman. *Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, and I can 'ſcape thy lean moon-calf there.* WARBURTON.

Bru.

Bru. Ay, Caſca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæſar looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk Caſca what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: What was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Caſca.

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw Mark Antony offer him a crown;——yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath becauſe Cæſar refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choaked Cæſar; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But, ſoft, I pray you? What? did Cæſar ſwoon?

Caſ-

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, Cæſar hath it not; but you and I, And honeſt Caſca, we have the falling ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, Cæſar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſed to do the Players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. An' I had been [2] a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: And ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, *If he had done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their Worſhips to think it was his infirmity.* Three or four wenches, where I ſtood, cry'd, *alas, good ſoul!*— and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæſar had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did Cicero ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke Greek.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But thoſe, that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pull-

[2] *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat. JOHNSON.

ing

ing ſcarfs off Cæſar's images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to-night, Caſca?

Caſca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Caſ. Good: I will expect you.

Caſca. Do ſo: farewell both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And ſo it is. For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo. Till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I ſee,
[1]Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is diſpos'd: therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
[4]If I were Brutus now, and he were Caſſius,
He

[1] *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*
From what it is diſpos'd:] The beſt *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original conſtitution.
JOHNSON.

[4] *If I were Brutus now, and he were Caſſius,*
He ſhould not humour *me.*] This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; which concludes, as is uſual on ſuch occaſions, in an

He ſhould not humour me. I will, this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæſar ſeat him ſure;
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caſca, his ſword drawn; and Cicero, meeting him.

Cic. Good even, Caſca. [5]Brought you Cæſar home?
Why are you breathleſs? and why ſtare you ſo?
Caſca. Are you not mov'd, when all the [6]ſway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
The ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heaven;

encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were Brutus* (ſays he) *and Brutus, Caſſius, he ſhould not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* ſignifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his paſſions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the laſt line to

Cæſar ſhould not love me.

What he means by it, is not worth inquiring. WARB.

The meaning, I think, is this, *Cæſar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love ſhould not humour me,* ſhould not take hold of my affection, ſo as to make me forget my principles. JOHNSON.

[5] *—Brought you Cæſar home?*] Did you attend Cæſar home? JOHNSON.

[6] *—ſway of earth*] The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe. JOHNSON.

Or

Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſca. A common ſlave (you know him well by ſight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides (I have not ſince put up my ſword)
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
[1]Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghaſtly women,
Transformed with their fear; who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And, yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and ſhrieking. When theſe prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their reaſons—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes Cæſar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Caſca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Caſca: this diſturbed ſky
Is not to walk in.

Caſca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

[1] *Who glar'd upon me,*—] The firſt edition reads,
Who glaz'd *upon me,*—
Perhaps, *Who* gaz'd *upon me.* JOHNSON.
Glar'd is certainly right. To *gaze* is only to look ſtedfaſtly, or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a ſingular propriety, as it is highly expreſſive of the furious ſcintillation of a lion's eyes. STEEVENS.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Who's there?
Caſca. A Roman.
Caſ. Caſca, by your voice.
Caſca. Your ear is good. Caſſius, what night is this?
Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.
Caſca. Whoever knew the heavens menace ſo?
Caſ. Thoſe, that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Caſca, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heaven, I did preſent myſelf
Even in the aim and very flaſh of it.
Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods; by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.
Caſ. You are dull, Caſca; and thoſe ſparks of life
That ſhould be in a Roman, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not: you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt yourſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts;
[8] Why birds, and beaſts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, [9] and children calculate;

Why

[8] *Why birds, and beaſts, from quality and kind*;] That is, Why they *deviate* from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line.

Why birds, and beaſts, from quality and kind;
Why all theſe things change from their ordinance. JOHNSON.

[9] —*and children* calculate;] *Calculate* here ſignifies to foretel or

Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear, and warning
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, Caſca, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca. 'Tis Cæſar that you mean: is it not, Caſſius?

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
[1]Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſufferance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the ſenators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh Cæſar as a king:
And he ſhall wear his crown, by ſea, and land,
In every place, ſave here in Italy.

Caſ. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Caſſius from bondage will deliver Caſſius.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:

or propheſy: for the cuſtom of foretelling fortunes by judicial aſtrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakeſpeare, with his uſual liberty, employs the *ſpecies* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel]. WARB.

Shakeſpeare found the liberty eſtabliſhed. *To calculate a nativity*, is the technical term. JOHNSON.

[1] *Have* thewes *and limbs*—] *Thewes* is an old obſolete word implying *nerves* or *muſcular ſtrength*. The word is uſed by *Falſtaff* in the Second Part of *Hen.* IV. and in *Hamlet*,

"For nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
"In *thewes* and bulk." STEEVENS.

Upon old Brutus' ſtatue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers, as you bade me.
Caſ. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Caſca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthineſs.
Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Brutus's Garden.

Enter Brutus.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, Lucius! ho!——
I cannot by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day.——Lucius, I ſay!——
I would, it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.——
When,

When, Lucius, when? awake, I ſay: what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuſe of greatneſs is, when it disjoins
[6]Remorſe from power: and, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a [7] common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the [8] baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend. So Cæſar may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And, ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,

[6] Remorſe *from power:*] *Remorſe*, for mercy. WARB.
Remorſe (ſays the Author of the *Reviſal*) ſignifies the conſcious uneaſineſs ariſing from a ſenſe of having done wrong; to extinguiſh which feeling, nothing hath ſo great a tendency as abſolute uncontrouled power.
I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.
[7] —*common proof,*] Common experiment. JOHNSON.
[8] —*baſe degrees*] Low ſteps. JOHNSON.

Faſhion

Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, [9] as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, Sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up: and, I am ſure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*
Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
[1] Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf:
Shall Rome——ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs!
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt: awake,——
Such inſtigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome——Thus muſt I piece it out;

[9] *—as his kind,—*] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

[1] *Is not to-morrow, boy, the* FIRST *of* March?] We ſhould read IDES: for we can never ſuppoſe the ſpeaker to have loſt fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the ſoothſayer told Cæſar [Act I. Scene 2.] in his preſence. [*—Beware the Ides of March.*] The boy comes back and ſays, *Sir, March is waſted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow was the Ides of March*, as he ſuppoſed. For March, May, July, and October, had ſix nones each, ſo that the fifteenth of March was the *Ides* of that month. WARBURTON.

" Shall

" Shall Rome ſtand under one man's awe? what!
" Rome?
" My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of Rome
" The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King."
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!——Am I entreated
To ſpeak and ſtrike? O Rome! I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiveſt
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. [2] Sir, March is waſted fourteen days.
[*Knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; ſome body knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*
Since Caſſius firſt did whet me againſt Cæſar,
I have not ſlept.
[3] Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And

[2] In former editions,

Sir, March is waſted fifteen *days.*

The editors are ſlightly miſtaken: it was wafted but *fourteen* days; this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report.
THEOBALD.

[3] *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*
And the firſt motion, &c.] That nice critic, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, complains, that of all kind of beauties, thoſe great ſtrokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are ſo frequent in Homer, are the rareſt to be found in the following writers. Amongſt our countrymen, it ſeems to be as much confined to the Britiſh Homer. This deſcription of the condition of conſpirators, before the execution of their deſign, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly aſtoniſhes. The excellent Mr. Addiſon, whoſe modeſty made him ſometimes diffident of his own genius, but whoſe true judgment always led him to the ſafeſt guides (as we may ſee by thoſe fine ſtrokes in his Cato borrowed from the Phillippics of Cicero) has paraphraſed this fine deſcription; but we are no longer to expect thoſe terrible graces which animate his original.

O think, what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time.
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death. Cato.

I ſhall

And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:

The

I ſhall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The firſt is, that the ſubjects of the two conſpiracies being ſo very different (the fortunes of Cæſar and the Roman empire being concerned in the one; and that of a few auxilliary troops only in the other) Mr. Addiſon could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumſtance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of Shakeſpeare's deſcription;

The genius and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council———

For *kingdoms*, in the Pagan Theology, beſides their *good*, had their *evil genius's*, likewiſe, repreſented here, with the moſt daring ſtretch of fancy, as fitting in conſultation with the conſpirators, whom he calls their *mortal inſtruments*. But this, as we ſay, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and deſertion of Syphax and Sempronius. The other thing obſervable is, that Mr. Addiſon was ſo ſtruck and affected with theſe *terrible graces* in his original, that inſtead of imitating his author's ſentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impreſſions made by them. For,

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death,

are but the affections raiſed by ſuch forcible images as theſe,

———*All the int'rim is*
Like a phantaſma, *or a hideous dream.*
——*the ſtate of man,*
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Comparing the troubled mind of a conſpirator to a ſtate of anarchy, is juſt and beautiful; but the *int'rim*, or interval, to an *hideous* viſion, or a frightful *dream*, holds ſomething ſo wonderfully of truth, and lays the ſoul ſo open, that one can hardly think it poſſible for any man, who had not ſome time or other been engaged in a conſpiracy, to give ſuch force of colouring to nature. WARB.

The δεινον of the Greek critics does not, I think, mean ſentiments which *raiſe fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous paſſions; τὸ δεινον is that which *ſtrikes*, which *aſtoniſhes*, with the idea either of ſome great ſubject, or of the author's abilities.

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticiſm might well have been ſhortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *inſtruments*, *conſpirators*. Shakeſpeare is deſcribing what paſſes in a ſingle boſom, the *inſurrection* which a conſpirator feels agitating the *little*

king-

The genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother [4] Caſſius at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may diſcover them
By any mark [5] of favour.

kingdom of his own mind; when the *Genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal inſtruments*, the paſſions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the deſire of action and the care of ſafety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and diſturbance. JOHNSON.

Inſtead of *inſtruments*, it ſhould, I think, be *inſtrument*, and explained thus.

The *genius*, i. e. the ſoul or ſpirit, which ſhould govern; and the *mortal inſtrument*, i. e. the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly paſſions, ſuch as envy, pride, malice, and ambition, *are then in council*, i. e. debating upon the horrid action that is to be done, the ſoul and rational powers diſſuading, and the *mortal inſtrument*, man, with his bodily paſſions, prompting and puſhing on to the horrid deed, whereby the ſtate of man, like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then the nature of an inſurrection, the inferior powers riſing and rebelling againſt the ſuperior. See this exemplified in *Macbeth*'s ſoliloquy, and alſo by what King *John* ſays, Act IV.

Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conſcience and my couſin's death. SMITH.

[4] —*your* brother *Caſſius*—] *Caſſius* married *Junia*, Brutus's ſiſter. STEEVENS.

[5] —*of favour.*] Any diſtinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O Conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are moſt free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none, Conſpiracy;
Hide it in ſmiles and affability:
[6] For if thou path thy native ſemblance on,
Not Erebus itſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Caſ. I think, we are too bold upon your reſt.
Good morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I theſe men that come along with you? [*Aſide.*
Caſ. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of yourſelf,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius,
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Caſ. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſ. This, Caſca; this Cinna;
And this Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Caſ. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whiſper.*
Dec. Here lies the Eaſt: doth not the day break here?

[6] *For if thou path thy native ſemblance on,*] If thou *walk* in thy true form. JOHNSON.

Caſca.

Caſca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day.

Caſca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd,
Here, as I point my ſword, the ſun ariſes;
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high Eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.

Bru. [7] No, not an oath[8]. If not the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe—
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high ſighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,

As

[7] *No, not an oath. If* that the FACE *of men*, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The* face *of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *eſteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions,

—*If* that *the face of men*,

but the old reading is,

—*if* not *the face*, &c. JOHNSON.

So Tully *in Catilinam—Nihil horum ora vultuſque moverunt?* STEEVENS.

[8] *No, not an oath.*—] Shakeſpeare form'd this ſpeech on the following paſſage in Sir *T. North*'s Tranſlation of *Plutarch*:—"The conſpirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or aſſurance, nor binding themſelves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter ſo ſecret to themſelves," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *'Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the Poet alluded to the cuſtom of *decimation*, i. e. the ſelection by *lot* of every tenth ſoldier, in a general mutiny, for puniſhment.

He

As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? What other bond,
Than ſecret Romans, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
[1] Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits,
To think, that, or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.

Caſ. But what of Cicero? ſhall we ſound him?
I think, he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Caſca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,

He ſpeaks of this in *Coriolanus*,

By decimation, and a tythed death,
Take thou thy fate. STEEVENS.

[1] This is imitated by Otway,

When you would bind me, is there need of oaths? &c.
Venice preſerved.
JOHNSON.

But

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Caſca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only Cæſar?

Caſ. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of Cæſar,
Should out-live Cæſar: we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver; and you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæſar, fall together.

Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, Caius Caſſius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæſar.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, Caius;
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of Cæſar;
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæſar's ſpirit,
And not diſmember Cæſar! but alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which, ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæſar's arm,
When Cæſar's head is off.

Caſ. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæſar,——

Bru. Alas, good Caſſius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæſar, all that he can do
Is to himſelf; [2] take thought, and die for Cæſar:
And that were much, he ſhould; for he is given
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock ſtrikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Caſ. The clock hath ſtricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæſar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion [3] he held once
Of fantaſy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

[2] —*take thought*,—] That is, *turn* melancholy. JOHNSON.

[3] *For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,*
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſy, of dreams and ceremonies:]
Cæſar, as well as Caſſius, was an Epicurean. By *main opinion* Caſſius intends a compliment to his ſect, and means ſolid, fundamental opinion, grounded in truth and nature: as by *fantaſy* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the Gods by means of religious rites and ſacrifices. A little after, where Calphurnia ſays,

Cæſar, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me:

The poet uſes *ceremonies* in a quite different ſenſe, namely, the turning *accidents to omens*, a principal ſuperſtition of antiquity. WARBURTON.

Main opinion, is nothing more than *leading, fixed, predominant opinion.* JOHNSON.

Dec.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'erſway him: [4] for he loves to hear,
[5] That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæſar hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have given him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.

Caſ. The morning comes upon us. We'll leave you, Brutus:—

[4] —*For he loves to hear*, &c.] It was finely imagined by the poet, to make Cæſar delight in this ſort of converſation. The author of St. Evremond's life tells us, that the great prince of Conde took much pleaſure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters. WARBURTON.

[5] *That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,*
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes.

Unicorns are ſaid to have been taken by one, who running behind a tree, eluded the violent puſh the animal was making at him, ſo that his horn ſpent its force on the trunk, and ſtuck faſt, detaining the beaſt till he was diſpatched by the hunter. *Bears* are reported to have been ſurpriſed by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their purſuers an opportunity of taking the ſurer aim. This circumſtance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were ſeduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was expoſed. STEEVENS.

And, friends! diſperſe yourſelves: but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
[6] Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy.
And ſo, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius!—Faſt aſleep? It is no matter.
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stol'n from my bed: And, yeſternight at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing and ſighing, with your arms a-croſs:
And, when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,

[6] *Let not our looks*——] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *ſhew* our deſigns. JOHNSON.

Which

Which ſeem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And, could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is Brutus ſick;
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my Brutus,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort, or limitation;

To keep with you at meals, [7] comfort your bed, [8]
And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,

[7] *To keep with you at meals*, &c.

"I being, O Brutus, (ſayed ſhe) the daughter of Cato, was ma-"ried vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in "bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot: but to be partaker "alſo with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thy-"ſelfe, I can finde no cauſe of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: "but for my parte, howe may I ſhowe my duetie towardes thee, "and howe muche I woulde doe for thy ſake, if I can not con-"ſtantlie beare a ſecret miſchaunce or griefe with thee, which re-"quireth ſecrecy and fidelity? I confeſſe, that a womans wit "commonly is too weake to keepe a ſecret ſafely: but yet, Bru-"tus, good education, and the companie of vertuous men, haue "ſome power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my ſelfe, "I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, "and wife of Brutus. This notwithſtanding, I did not truſt to "any of theſe things before: vntill that now I haue found by "experience, that no paine nor griefe whatſoeuer can ouercome "me. With thoſe wordes ſhe ſhewed him her wounde on her "thigh, and tolde him what ſhe had done to proue her ſelfe."

Sir Tho. North's Tranſlat. of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

[8] —*Comfort your bed*,] "is but an odd phraſe, and gives as odd "an idea," ſays Mr. Theobald. He therefore ſubſtitutes, *conſort*. But this good old word, however diſuſed through modern refine-ment, was not ſo diſcarded by Shakeſpeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendiſh's life of Wolſey, in commendation of queen Katharine, in public ſaid, "She hath beene to me a true obe-"dient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wiſh." UPTON.

A WO-

[9] A woman well-reputed Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?
Bru. O ye Gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows:—
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that knocks?
Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus ſpake of.—
Boy, ſtand aſide. Caius Ligarius! how?
Cai. Vouchſafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

[9] *A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.*] This falſe pointing ſhould be corrected thus,

A woman well reput'd Cato's daughter,

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to Cato. This indeed was a good reaſon why ſhe ſhould be intruſted with the ſecret. But the falſe pointing, which gives a ſenſe only implying that ſhe was a woman of a good character, and that ſhe was Cato's daughter, gives no good reaſon: for ſhe might be Cato's daughter, and yet not inherit his firmneſs; and ſhe might be a woman well-reputed, and yet not the beſt at a ſecret. But if ſhe *was well-reputed Cato's daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, ſhe could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his reſolution to engage in its deliverance. WARBURTON.

Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not ſick!
Cai. I am not ſick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.
Cai. By all the Gods the Romans bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of Rome!
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.
Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?
Bru. That we muſt alſo. What it is, my Caius,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.
Cai. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Cæſar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Cæſ. NOR heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her ſleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæſar." Who's within?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord?

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæſar? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to-day.

Cæſ. Cæſar ſhall forth. The things, that threatened me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back; when they ſhall ſee
The face of Cæſar, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. Cæſar, I never ſtood on ceremonies,[1]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O Cæſar! theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

[1] *Cæſar, I never ſtood on ceremonies.*] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the Devil's Charter, 1607.

"The devil hath provided in his covenant,
"I ſhould not croſs myſelf at any time:—
"I never was ſo *ceremonious*." STEEVENS.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet Cæſar ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæſar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen:
The heavens themſelves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, [2]
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that [3] death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

[*Exit Servant.*

Cæſ. The Gods do this [4] in ſhame of cowardice:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæſar ſhall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæſar is more dangerous than he.

[2] This ſentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of Buſiris king of Egypt.

— "*Didſt thou e'er fear?*
Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear:
'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
And if death muſt be fear'd before 'tis felt,
Thy maſter is immortal.— STEEVENS.

[3] —*death, a neceſſary end,* &c.] This is a ſentence derived from the Stoical doctrine of predeſtination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæſar. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *in ſhame of cowardice:*] The ancients did not place courage but wiſdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

We

[5] We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæſar ſhall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend Mark Antony to the ſenate-houſe;
And he will ſay, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæſ. Mark Antony ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he ſhall tell them ſo.
Dec. Cæſar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæſar:
I come to fetch you to the ſenate-houſe.
Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the ſenators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day. Tell them ſo, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is ſick.
Cæſ. Shall Cæſar ſend a lye?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretcht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæſar will not come;
Dec. Moſt mighty Cæſar, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at, when I tell them ſo.

[5] In old editions,
We heard *two lions*—— The firſt folio,
——*We beare*——
The copies have been all corrupt, and the paſſage, of courſe, unintelligible. But the ſlight alteration, I have made, reſtores ſenſe to the whole; and the ſentiment will neither be unworthy of Shakeſpeare, nor the boaſt too extravagant for Cæſar in a vein of vanity to utter: that he and Danger were two twin-whelps of a lion, and he the elder, and more terrible of the two. THEOB.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfy the ſenate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt night ſhe ſaw my ſtatue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
[6] And theſe ſhe does apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a viſion, fair, and fortunate:
Your ſtatue, ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; [7] and that great men ſhall preſs
For

[6] *Theſe ſhe does apply for warnings and portents,*
And evils imminent.

The late Mr. *Edwards* was of opinion that we ſhould read

——— *warnings and portents*
Of evils imminent. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *and that great men ſhall preſs*
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, *and cognizance.*]

That this dream of the ſtatue's ſpouting blood ſhould ſignify, the increaſe of power and empire to Rome from the influence of Cæſar's arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble Romans through his beneficence, expreſſed by the words, *From you great Rome ſhall ſuck reviving blood*, is intelligible enough. But how theſe great men ſhould literally preſs *for tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance*, when the ſpouting blood was only a ſymbolical viſion, I am at a loſs to apprehend. Here the circumſtances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,

For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance,

muſt needs be in way of ſimilitude only; and if ſo, it appears that ſome lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want

For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is ſignify'd.
Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay;
And know it now; the ſenate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæſar.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
" Break up the ſenate 'till another time,
" When Cæſar's wife ſhall meet with better dreams."
If Cæſar hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
" Lo, Cæſar is afraid!"
Pardon me, Cæſar, for my dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
[8] And reaſon to my love is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, Calphurnia?

want ſhould, for the future, be marked with aſteriſks. The ſenſe of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in queſtion. The ſpeaker had ſaid, the ſtatue ſignified, that by Cæſar's influence Rome ſhould flouriſh and increaſe in empire, and that great men ſhould preſs to him to partake of his *good fortune*, juſt as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Chriſtian hiſtory; but ſo ſmall an anachroniſm is nothing with our poet. Beſides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: for the line in queſtion can bear no other ſenſe than as an alluſion to the blood of the martyrs, and the ſuperſtition of ſome churches with regard to it. WARBURTON.

I am not of opinion that any thing is loſt, and have therefore marked no omiſſion. This ſpeech, which is intentionally pompous, is ſomewhat confuſed. There are two alluſions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cogniſance*,; the other to martyrs, whoſe reliques are preſerved with veneration. The Romans, ſays Brutus, all come to you as to a ſaint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

[8] *And reaſon*, &c.] And reaſon, or propriety of conduct and language, is ſubordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

I am

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard is it for women to keep counſel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæſar doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way haſt thou been?

Art. At mine own houſe, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæſar yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet. I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to Cæſar, haſt thou not?

Art. That I have, lady. If it will pleaſe Cæſar
To be ſo good to Cæſar, as to hear me,
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.

Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm intended towards him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance;
Good-morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng, that follows Cæſar at the heels,

Of

Of ſenators, of prætors, common ſuitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæſar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I muſt go in—ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a ſuit,
That Cæſar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE STREET.

The Capitol; the Senate ſitting.

Flouriſh. Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothſayer.

CÆSAR.

THE ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæſar, but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæſar! read this ſchedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'er-read
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.
Art. O Cæſar, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit
That touches Cæſar nearer. Read it, great Cæſar.
Cæſ. What touches us ourſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæſar; read it inſtantly.

Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet? Come to the Capitol.

[*Cæſar enters the Capitol, the reſt following.*]

Pop. I wiſh, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Caſ. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What ſaid Popilius Lena?

Caſ. He wiſh'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive. I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæſar. Mark him.

Caſ. Caſca, be ſudden, for we fear prevention. Brutus, what ſhall be done? If this be known, Caſſius, or Cæſar, never ſhall turn back, For I will ſlay myſelf.

Bru. Caſſius, be conſtant. Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſes; For, look, he ſmiles, and Cæſar doth not change.

Caſ. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And preſently prefer his ſuit to Cæſar.

Bru. He is addreſt*: preſs near, and ſecond him.

Cin. Caſca, you are the firſt that rear your hand.

Cæſ. Are we all ready? What is now amiſs, That Cæſar and his ſenate muſt redreſs?

Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant Cæſar, Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat [*Kneeling.* An humble heart:—

Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, Cimber.

* *He is* addreſt:] i. e. he is ready. So in *K. Henry* V. "To-morrow for our march we are *addreſt*." STEEVENS.

Theſe

Theſe couchings and theſe lowly curteſies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
[1] And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
[2] Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæſar bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curtſies, and baſe ſpaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed:
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.[3]

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great Cæſar's ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?

Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæſar;
Deſiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæſ. What, Brutus!

Caſ. Pardon, Cæſar; Cæſar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Caſſius fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for Publius Cimber.

Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

[1] *And turn* pre-ordinance—] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already eſtabliſhed. WARB.

[2] *Into the lane of children.*] I do not well underſtand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I ſhould read, the *law* of children. It was, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the* law *of children*; into ſuch ſlight determinations as every ſtart of will would alter. *Lane* and *law* in ſome manuſcripts are not eaſily diſtinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

[3] *Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe*
Will he be ſatisfied.]
Ben Jonſon quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Diſcoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News*. "Cry you mercy; *you never did wrong, but with juſt cauſe?*" STEEVENS.

But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true, fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The ſkies are painted with unnumbred ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and [4] apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know [5] but one
That unaſſailable [6] holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant, Cimber ſhould be baniſh'd;
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cim. O Cæſar,——

Cæſ. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæſar,——

Cæſ. [7] Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?

Caſca. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Et tu, Brute?——Then fall Cæſar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets.

[4] ——*apprehenſive*;] Suſceptible of fear, or other paſſions. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*but one*] One, and only one. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*holds on his rank*,] Perhaps, *hol'ſ on his* race; continues his courſe. We commonly ſay, To *hold* a *rank*, and To *hold on* a *courſe* or *way*. JOHNSON.

[7] *Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?*] I would read,

Do *not Brutus bootleſs kneel!* JOHNSON.

Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?] I cannot ſubſcribe to Mr. Johnſon's opinion. Cæſar, as ſome of the conſpirators are preſſing round him, anſwers their importunity properly; *See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What ſucceſs can you expect to your ſolicitations, when his are ineffectual?* This might have put the late editor in mind of the paſſage of Homer, which he has employed in his preface. *Thou?* (ſaid Achilles to his captive) *when ſuch a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, doſt thou complain of the common lot of mortality?* STEEVENS.

Caſ.

Caſ. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
" Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement!"
Bru. People, and ſenators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.
Caſca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Caſſius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friends of Cæſar's
Should chance——
Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe: ſo tell them, Publius.
Caſca. And leave us, Publius; leſt that the people,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.
Bru Do ſo; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſ. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures:—
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.
Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæſar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—[8] Stoop, Romans, ſtoop;
And

[8] *Stoop, Romans, ſtoop,* &c.] In all the editions this ſpeech is aſcribed to Brutus, than which nothing is more inconſiſtent with his mild and philoſophical character. But (as I often find ſpeeches

And let us bathe our hands in Cæſar's blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords:
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh. How many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in Cæſar's blood.*
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted o'er,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times ſhall Cæſar bleed in ſport,
That now on Pompey's baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

Caſ. Ay, every man away:
Brutus ſhall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the firſt publiſhed by the author) I think this liberty not unreaſonable.
POPE.

——*Stoop, Romans, ſtoop*;] Mr. Pope has arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this ſpeech from Brutus, and placed it to Caſca: becauſe he thinks nothing is more inconſiſtent with Brutus's mild and philoſophical character. I have made bold to reſtore the ſpeech to its right owner. Brutus eſteem'd the death of Cæſar a ſacrifice to liberty: and, as ſuch, gloried in his heading the enterprize. Beſides, our poet is ſtrictly copying a fact in hiſtory. Plutarch, in the life of Cæſar, ſays, "Brutus and his followers, *being* "*yet hot with the murder*, march'd in a body from the ſenate houſe "to the capitol, with their *drawn ſwords*, with an air of confidence "and aſſurance." And, in the life of Brutus,—"Brutus and "his party betook themſelves to the Capitol, and in their way, "*ſhewing their hands all bloody*, and their naked ſwords, *proclaim'd* "*liberty* to the people." THEOB.

Dr. Warburton follows Pope. JOHNSON.

Serv.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; [*Kneeling.*
And, being proſtrate, thus he bade me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant, and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæſar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchſafe that Antony
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How Cæſar hath deſerv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony ſhall not love Cæſar dead,
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod ſtate,
With all true faith. So ſays my maſter Antony.

Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we ſhall have him well to friend.

Caſ. I wiſh we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæſar! doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, [9] who elſe is rank:

[9] —*who elſe is rank*;] Who elſe may be ſuppoſed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public ſafety. JOHNS.

If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As Cæſar's death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoke,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by Cæſar, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee, we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæſar. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
[1] Our arms in ſtrength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

[1] *Our arms exempt from malice,*] This is the reading only of the modern editions, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has,
Our arms in ſtrength of *malice.* JOHNSON.
The old reading I believe to have been what the author meant, and the laſt editor ſeems to have given a ſanction to the alteration of his predeceſſors without conſidering the context.
To you, (ſays Brutus) *our ſwords have leaden points; our arms, ſtrong in the deed of malice they have juſt performed, and our hearts united like thoſe of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all poſſible affection.* The ſuppoſition that Brutus meant, *their hearts were of brothers temper in reſpect of Antony,* ſeems to have miſled thoſe who have conſidered this paſſage before. I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Pope firſt ſubſtituted the words *exempt from,* in its place. STEEVENS.

Caſ.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love Cæſar when I ſtrook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
Firſt, Marcus Brutus, will I ſhake with you;—
Next, Caius Caſſius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Caſca, your's;—
Tho' laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæſar, oh, 'tis true:
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and [2] crimſon'd in thy lethe.

O

[2] —*crimſon'd in thy* lethe.] Mr. Theobald ſays, *The dictionaries acknowledge no ſuch word as* lethe; *yet he is not without ſuppoſition, that*

O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, ſtricken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lie?

Caſ. Mark Antony——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Caſſius:
The enemies of Cæſar ſhall ſay this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing Cæſar ſo;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends?
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæſar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,
Why, and wherein Cæſar was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe this were a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the ſon of Cæſar,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I ſeek:
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You ſhall, Mark Antony.

Caſ. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do; do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That Antony ſpeak in his funeral:

that Shakeſpear coin'd the word; and yet, for all that, the l *might be a* d *imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have* death *inſtead of it.* After all this pother, *lethe* was a common French word, ſignifying *death* or *deſtruction*, from the Latin *lethum.* WARB.

Lethe is uſed by many of the old tranſlators of novels, for *death.* STEEVENS.

Know

Know you, how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myſelf into the pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our Cæſar's death.
What Antony ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented Cæſar ſhall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It ſhall advantage more than do us wrong.

Caſ. I know not what may fall: I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæſar's body.
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of Cæſar;
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion,
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conſpirators.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived [3]in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—

[3]—*in the tide of times.*] That is, in the courſe of times. JOHNS.

A curſe

A curſe ſhall light [4] upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the various parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds:
And Cæſar's ſpirit ranging for revenge,
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
[5] Cry *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That

[4] —*upon the* LIMBS *of men*;] We ſhould read,
————LINE *of men*;
i. e. human race. WARB.
Hanmer reads,
————kind *of men.*
I rather think it ſhould be,
————*the* lives *of men.*
unleſs we read,
————theſe lymms *of men*;
That is, *theſe bloodhounds* of men. The uncommonneſs of the word *lymm* eaſily made the change. JOHNSON.
I think the old reading may very well ſtand. Antony means only, that a future curſe ſhall commence in diſtempers ſeizing on *the limbs of men*, and be ſucceeded by commotion, cruelty, and deſolation over all Italy. STEEVENS.

[5] *Cry* Havock,—] A learned correſpondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter ſhould be given.
In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Conſtable & Mareſchall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:
" The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that fol-
" loweth hym. etit. v."
" Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vo-
" catur *Havok*."
" Alſo that no man be ſo hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne that
" he that is begynner ſhal be deede therefore: & the remanent
" that doo the ſame or folow ſhall loſe their horſe & harneis:
" and the perſones of ſuch as foloweth & eſcrien ſhal be under ar-
" reſt

That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You ſerve Octavius Cæſar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæſar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth,——
O Cæſar! [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Paſſion, I ſee, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within ſeven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for Octavius yet[6];
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have borne this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young Octavius of the ſtate of things.
—Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæſar's body.*

" reſt of the Coneſtable & Mareſchall warde unto tyme that they " have made fyn; & founde ſuretie no morr to offende; & his " body in priſon at the Kyng wylle.—" JOHNSON.

[6] *No Rome of ſafety*, &c.] If Shakeſpeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, he is at leaſt countenanced in it by other authors.

So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

——" You ſhall have my *room*,
" My *Rome* indeed, for what I ſeem to be
" Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

THE FORUM.

Enter Brutus and Caſſius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be ſatisfied: Let us be ſatisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers.—
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe, that will follow Caſſius, go with him;
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of Cæſar's death.
1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus ſpeak.
2 *Pleb.* I will hear Caſſius; and compare their reaſons,
When ſeverally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit Caſſius, with ſome of the Plebeians, Brutus goes into the roſtrum.*
3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is aſcended: ſilence!
Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt.
Romans, [7] countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my

[7] *Countrymen, and lovers!* &c.] There is no where, in all Shakeſpeare's works a ſtronger proof of his not being what we call a ſcholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This ſpeech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was ſimple, natural, and eaſy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheſes. In a word, a brevity, that for its falſe eloquence would have ſuited any character, and for its good ſenſe would have become the greateſt of our author's time; but yet, in a ſtile of declaiming, that fits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowſers or collar-band would have done. WARB.

This artificial gingle of ſhort ſentences was affected by moſt of the

my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom; and awake your ſenſes that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer:—Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and dye all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæſar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pauſe for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhall do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæſar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony:

the orators in Shakeſpeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The ſpeech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the falſe eloquence then in vogue, than as a ſpecimen of laconic brevity. STEEVENS.

who,

who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart; that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæſar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæſar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! Brutus ſpeaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæſar's corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair,
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for Brutus' ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.
We are bleſt, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can ſay.
Ant. You gentle Romans,——
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæſar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon! Bear with me,

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings,
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
[8] Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, maſters? I fear there will a worſe
Come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
Have ſtood againſt the world: now lies he there,
[9] And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

[8] *Cæſar has had great wrong.*] 3 Pleb. *Cæſar had never wrong but with juſt cauſe.* If ever there was ſuch a line written by Shakeſpeare, I ſhould fancy it might have its place here, and very humourouſly in the character of a plebeian. One might believe Ben Johnſon's remark was made upon no better credit than ſome blunder of an actor in ſpeaking that verſe near the beginning of the third act,

Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied ———

But the verſe, as cited by Ben Johnſon, does not connect with, *Will he be ſatisfied.* Perhaps this play was never printed in Ben Johnſon's time, and ſo he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleaſed to ſpeak it. POPE.

I have inſerted this note, becauſe it is Pope's, for it is otherwiſe of no value. It is ſtrange that he ſhould ſo much forget the date of the copy before him, as to think it not printed in Jonſon's time. JOHNSON.

[9] *And none ſo poor* ——] The meaneſt man is now too high to do reverence to Cæſar. JOHNSON.

I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of Cæſar,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will:—We will hear Cæſar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæſar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæſar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs;
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You ſhall read us the will; Cæſar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o'erſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar: I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the teſtament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpſe of Cæſar,
And let me ſhew you him that made the will.
Shall I deſcend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony;—moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me; ſtand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! in this place, ran Caſſius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Caſca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it;
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel[1]:
Judge, O you Gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him!
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all:
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart:
[2] And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even

[1] *For Brutus, as you know, was* CÆSAR'S ANGEL:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia.* STEEVENS.

[2] *And, in his mantle,* &c.] Read the lines thus,

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue. Plu-

Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity[1]: theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæſar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about,—ſeek,--burn,--fire,--kill,--ſlay!--let not a traitor live.

Plutarch tells us, that Cæſar received many wounds in the face on this occaſion, ſo that it might be ſaid to run blood. But, inſtead of that, the ſtatue, in this reading, and not the face, is ſaid to do ſo; it is plain theſe two lines ſhould be tranſpoſed: And then the reflection, which follows,

O what a fall was there——

is natural, lamenting the diſgrace of being at laſt ſubdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor. WARB.

The image ſeems to be, that the blood of Cæſar flew upon the ſtatue, and trickled down it. And the exclamation,

O what a fall was there——

follows better after

——*great Cæſar fell*,

than with a line interpoſed. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakeſpeare meant that the very ſtatue of Pompey lamented the fate of Cæſar in tears of blood Such poetical hyperboles are not uncommon. Pope, in his *Eloiſa*, talks of

——*pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep.*

Shakeſpeare has enumerated *dews of blood* among the prodigies on the preceding day, and, as I have ſince diſcovered, took theſe very words from Sir Thomas North's Tranſlation of Plutarch: "—againſt the very baſe whereon Pompey's image ſtood, *which ran all a gore blood*, till he was ſlain" STEEVENS.

[1] *The dint of pity* is the impreſſion of pity. STEEVENS.

Ant. Stay, countrymen,——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him.
[*] For I have neither writ, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood: I only ſpeak right on:
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny—

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

[*] *For I have neither wit,——*] The old copy reads, *For I have neither* writ, *nor words,———* which may mean, I have no *penned* and premeditated oration. JOHNSON.

I have inſerted the old reading. STEEVENS.

All.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæſar thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not. I muſt tell you then.—
You have forgot the will, I told you of.

All. Moſt true;—the will,—let's ſtay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæſar's ſeal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble Cæſar! We'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæſar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
[5]On this ſide Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a Cæſar: When comes ſuch another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never: come, away, away:

[5] *On this ſide Tiber;*] The ſcene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the moſt frequented part of the city; but Cæſar's gardens were very remote from that quarter.

Trans Tiberim *longe cubat is, prope* Cæſaris hortos,

ſays Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæſar were ſeparated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote,

On that *ſide Tyber*; ———

and Plutarch, whom Shakeſpeare very diligently ſtudied, in the life of Marcus Brutus, ſpeaking of Cæſar's will, expreſly ſays, That he left to the public his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tiber. THEOB.

This emendation has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors; but hear the old tranſlation, where *Shakeſpeare's ſtudy* lay. "He "bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome ſeventy five drachmas a "man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, "which he had on this ſide of the river Tiber." FARMER.

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houſes.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!——How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæſar's houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him ſay, Brutus and Caſſius
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] SCENE III.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with Cæſar,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

[6] The ſubject of this ſcene is taken from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to anſwer every man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly. Wiſely, I ſay, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed: Directly.

Cin Directly, I am going to Cæſar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is anſwer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling:—Briefly.

Cin Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, ſir. Truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his bad verſes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conſpirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck out his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands.
To Brutus', to Caſſius', burn all. Some to Decius' houſe,
And ſome to Caſca's; ſome to Ligarius's: Away:—Go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

On [7] *a ſmall Iſland near Mutina.*

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANTONY.

THESE many then ſhall die. Their names are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too muſt die; conſent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do conſent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. [8] Upon condition, Publius ſhall not live,
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, Mark Antony.

Ant. He ſhall not live. Look, with a ſpot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæſar's houſe;
Fetch the will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What, ſhall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a ſlight, unmeritable man,

[7] *A ſmall Iſland*] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the ſcene here to be at Rome. The old copies ſay nothing of the place. Shakeſpeare, I dare ſay, knew from Plutarch, that theſe Triumvirs met, upon the proſcription, in a little iſland; which Appian, who is more particular, ſays, lay near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. THEOB.

A ſmall iſland in the little river Rhenus near Bononia. HANMER.

[8] *Upon condition, Publius ſhall not live.*] Mr. Upton has ſufficiently proved that the poet has made a miſtake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus. *Lucius*, not *Publius*, was the perſon meant, who was uncle by the mother's ſide to Mark Antony: and in conſequence of this, he concludes, that Shakeſpeare wrote,

You are his ſiſter's ſon, *Mark Antony.*

This miſtake, however, is more like the miſtake of the author, (who has already ſubſtituted *Decius* in the room of *Decimus*) than of his tranſcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

Meet

Meet to be ſent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Octa. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prick'd to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you:
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſlanderous loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, Octavius: and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
[9] A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds

On

[9] In the old editions,

A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, *and imitations*, &c.

'Tis hard to conceive, why he ſhould be call'd a *barren ſpirited* fellow that could feed either on *objects* or *arts*: that is, as I preſume, form his ideas and judgment upon them: *ſtale* and *obſolete imitation*, indeed, fixes ſuch a character. I am perſuaded, to make the poet conſonant to himſelf, we muſt read, as I have reſtored the text,

On abject orts,————

i. e. on the *ſcraps* and *fragments* of things *rejected* and *deſpiſed* by others. THEOBALD.

It

On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Liſten great things.——Brutus and Caſſius
Are levying powers: we muſt ſtrait make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our beſt friends made, our beſt means ſtretcht;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwer'd.

Octa. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have, in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp, near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Caſſius near?
Luc. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.

It is ſurely eaſy to find a reaſon why that devotee to pleaſure and ambition, Antony, ſhould call him *barren-ſpirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *ſpeculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*. I have therefore taken the liberty of bringing back the old reading to its place, tho' Mr. Theobald's emendation is ſtill left before the reader. Lepidus, in the Tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is repreſented as inquiſitive about the ſtructures of Egypt, and that too when he is almoſt in a ſtate of intoxication. Antony, as at preſent, makes a jeſt of him, and returns him unintelligible anſwers to very reaſonable queſtions.

STEEVENS.

Bru.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your maſter, Pindarus,
'In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius—
How he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd.

Luc. With courteſy, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd

'*In his own* change, *or by ill officers,*] The ſenſe of which is this, *Either your maſter, by the* change *of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abuſing the power he had intruſted to them, hath done ſome things I could wiſh undone.* This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the caſe. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's ſaying, *His maſter was full of regard and honour,* he replies, *He is not doubted.* To reconcile this, we ſhould read,

In his own CHARGE, *or by ill officers,*

i. e. *Either by thoſe under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abuſed their truſt.* *Charge* is ſo uſual a word in Shakeſpeare, to ſignify the forces committed to the truſt of a commander, that I think it needleſs to give any inſtances. WARBURTON.

The arguments for the change propoſed are inſufficient. Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by thoſe who were immediately under the command of Caſſius, or thoſe under his officers. The anſwer of Brutus to the ſervant is only an act of artful civility; his queſtion to Lucilius proves, that his ſuſpicion ſtill continued. Yet I cannot but ſuſpect a corruption, and would read,

In his own change, or by ill offices.

That is, either *changing* his inclination *of himſelf,* or *by* the *ill offices* and bad influences of others. JOHNSON.

A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſts, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with Caſſius. [*March within.*

Enter Caſſius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Caſ. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

Caſ. Brutus, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly.—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which ſhould perceive nothing but love, from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Caſſius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Caſ.

Caſ. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The inſide of Brutus's tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Caſſius.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man, was ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That [a] every nice offence ſhould bear its comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.
Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus, that ſpeak this;
Or, by the Gods, this ſpeech, were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of Caſſius honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.
Caſ. Chaſtiſement!
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,

[a] —*every* nice offence—] i. e. ſmall trifling offence. WARB.
So in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V.
"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge
"Of dear import." STEEVENS.

And

And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours,
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?—
[3] I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.

Caſ. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourſelf,
[4] To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier; ay,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
[5] To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not Caſſius.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf;
Have mind upon your health,—tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, ſlight man!

Caſ. Is't poſſible?——

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?

Caſ. O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?

[3] *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*
Than ſuch a Roman.] The poets and common people, who generally think and ſpeak alike, ſuppoſe the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightneſs; an alluſion to this notion makes the beauty of the paſſage in queſtion: Brutus hereby inſinuates a covert accuſation againſt his friend, that it was only envy at Cæſar's glory which ſet Caſſius on conſpiring againſt him; and ancient hiſtory ſeems to countenance ſuch a charge. Caſſius underſtood him in this ſenſe, and with much conſcious pride retorts the charge by a like inſinuation,

—*Brutus, bay not* me. WARB.

[4] *To hedge me in*;—] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or cenſure. JOHNSON.

[5] *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my diſpoſal. JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
Go, ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you: For, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way,—you wrong me, Brutus;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier; not a better:
Did I ſay better?

Bru. If you did I care not.

Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not!—

Bru. No.

Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do that, I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, [6] than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not:——he was but a fool,
That brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

[7] *Bru.* I do not, till you practiſe them on me.

Caſ. You love me not.

[6] ——*than to* wring
From the hard *hands of peaſants their vile traſh.*]

This is a noble ſentiment, altogether in character, and expreſſed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjuſtly*, and to uſe *force* in getting: and *hard hands* ſignify both the peaſant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingneſs* to quit his hold. WARBURTON.

[7] Bru. *I do not*, TILL *you practiſe them on me.*] But was this talking like Brutus? Caſſius complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which Brutus replies, not till thoſe infirmities were injuriouſly turned upon me. But was this any excuſe for *aggravating* his friend's failings? Shakeſpeare knew better what was fit for his hero to ſay, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus,

I do not. STILL *you practiſe them on me.*

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a freſh injury done me. WARBURTON.

The meaning is this; I do not look for your faults, I only ſee them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practiſing them on me.* JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Caſ. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come;
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!——There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
[1] If that thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth.

[1] *If that thou* BE'ST A ROMAN, *take it forth*, &c] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a Roman? There is no other ſenſe but this, If you have the courage of a Roman. But this is ſo poor, and ſo little to the purpoſe, that the reading may be juſtly ſuſpected. The occaſion of this quarrel was Caſſius's refuſal to ſupply the neceſſities of his friend, who charges it on him as a diſhonour and crime, with great aſperity of language. Caſſius, to ſhew him the injuſtice of accuſing him of avarice, tells him, he was ready to expoſe his life in his ſervice; but at the ſame time, provoked and exaſperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the ſeverity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender; and delighted in his blood, though a Roman, and attached to him by the ſtrongeſt bonds of alliance: hereby obliquely inſinuating the caſe of Cæſar. The ſenſe being thus explained, it is evident we ſhould read,

If that thou NEEDST A ROMAN'S, *take it forth.*

i.e. if nothing but another Roman's death can ſatisfy the unrelenting ſeverity of your temper, take my life as you did Cæſar's.
WARBURTON.

I am not ſatisfied with the change propoſed, yet cannot deny, that the words, as they now ſtand, require ſome interpretation. I think he means only, that he is ſo far from Avarice, when the cauſe of his country requires liberality, that if any man ſhould wiſh for his heart, he would not need enforce his deſire any otherwiſe, than by ſhewing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didſt at Cæſar; for, I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath Caſſius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Caſ. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think, your mother chides, and leave you ſo.
[*A noiſe within.*

Poet within. Let me go in to ſee the generals;
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. within. You ſhall not come to them.

Poet within. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you generals; what do you mean?
Love,

[9] Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I am ſure, than ye.

Caſ. Ha, ha;—how vilely doth this cynick rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Caſ. Away, away, begone. [*Exit Poet.*

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring Meſſala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. O Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.

Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears ſorrow better:—Portia's dead.

Caſ. Ha! Portia!——

Bru. She is dead.

Caſ. How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?—
O inſupportable and touching loſs!—
Upon what ſickneſs?

[9] *Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;*
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.

This paſſage is a tranſlation from the following one in the firſt book of Homer,

Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ' ἄμφω δὶ νεωτέρω ἐσσὶ γεγῶτε.

which is thus given in ſir Thomas North's Plutarch,

" My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
" For I have ſeen more years than ſuch ye three."

STEEVENS.

Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong; (for with her death
That tidings came) with this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.[1]

Caſ. And dy'd ſo?

Bru. Even ſo.

Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Re-enter Lucius with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*

Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:——Welcome, good Meſſala.——

Enter Titinius, and Meſſala.

Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.

Caſ. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.——
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

[1] *And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.*] This circumſtance is taken from Plutarch.

It may not, however, be amiſs to remark, that the death of Portia wants that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illneſs while Brutus was abroad; but ſome writers ſeem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a diſtinguiſhed character.

STEEVENS.

Meſ.

Meſ. Myſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by proſcription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred ſenators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy ſenators, that dy'd
By their proſcriptions, Cicero being one.
Caſ. Cicero one?
Meſ. Cicero is dead;
And by that order of proſcription —
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Meſſala.
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Meſſala.
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aſk you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Meſ. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel, Portia.—We muſt die, Meſſala:
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Even ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us:
So ſhall we waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,

Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.

Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on, refreſh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.

Caſ. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We at the height are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,[2]
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

Caſ. Then, with your will, go on; we will along
Ourſelves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay.

[2] *There is a tide*, &c.] This paſſage is poorly imitated by B. and Fletcher, in the Cuſtom of the Country.

There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happineſs, if then he ſeize it, &c. STEEVENS.

Caſ.

Caſ. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we riſe, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel, good Meſſala,
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Caſſius,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls,
Let it not, Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius with the gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.
Tit. Meſ. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here, in the tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!——

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, ſirs, lie in my tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my brother Caſſius.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo: lie down, good ſirs;
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canſt

Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, ſir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick and a ſong.*
This is a ſleepy tune:——O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick?—Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
—Let me ſee, let me ſee,—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He ſits down to read.*

Enter the ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?
Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at Philippi.
Bru. Well: then I ſhall ſee thee again? [3]

[3] *Well then, I ſhall ſee thee again.*] This reply is taken exactly from the old tranſlation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at Philippi then.——
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill ſpirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs! awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he is ſtill at his inſtrument.—
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didſt thou dream, Lucius, that thou ſo criedſt out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt: didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius! Fellow! [4] thou! awake.

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, ſirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Caſſius;
Bid him ſet on his pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Thou! awake.*] The accent is ſo unmuſical and harſh, 'tis impoſſible the poet could begin his verſe thus. Brutus certainly was intended to ſpeak to both his other men; who both awake, and anſwer, at an inſtant. I read,

Varro! awake. WARBURTON.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, Antony, our hopes are anſwered.
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not ſo: their battles are at hand,
They mean to [5] warn us at Philippi here,
Anſwering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To viſit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew:
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

[5] ——*warn us*——] To *warn*, ſeems to mean here the ſame as to *alarm*. Hanmer reads,
They mean to wage *us*. JOHNSON.

Drum.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, and their Army.

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.
Caſ. Stand faſt, Titinius. We muſt out and talk.
Octa. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæſar, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have ſome words.
Octa. Stir not until the ſignal.
Bru. Words before blows. Is it ſo, countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witneſs the hole you made in Cæſar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæſar!"
Caſ. Antony,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too;
For you have ſtol'n their buzzing, Antony;
And very wiſely, threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of Cæſar:
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing Cæſar's feet;
While damned [6] Caſca, like a cur behind,
Struck Cæſar on the neck. Oh you flatterers!
Caſ. Flatterers! now, Brutus, thank yourſelf;

[6] —*Caſca*,—] Caſca ſtruck Cæſar on the neck, coming *like a degenerate cur behind him.* JOHNSON.

This

This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If Caſſius might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you that the ſword goes up again?
Never, 'till Cæſar's [7] three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæſar
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.
Bru. Cæſar, thou canſt not die by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' ſword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou could'ſt not die more honourable.
Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Caſſius ſtill!
Octa. Come, Antony; away:
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*
Caſ. Why, now blow wind; ſwell billow; and ſwim bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
[*Lucilius and Meſſala ſtand forth.*
Luc. My lord. [*Brutus ſpeaks apart to Lucilius.*

[7] —*three and thirty wounds*] Thus all the editions implicitly; but I have ventured to reduce this number to *three* and *twenty* from the joint authorities of Appian, Plutarch, and Suetonius: and, I am perſuaded, the error was not from the poet but his tranſcribers. THEOBALD.

Caſ.

Caſ. Meſſala.
Meſſ. What ſays my general?
Caſ. Meſſala,[8]
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Caſſius born. Give me thy hand, Meſſala:
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus ſtrong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things, that do preſage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghoſt.
Meſ. Believe not ſo.
Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all perils very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo, Lucilius.
Caſ. Now, moſt noble Brutus,
The Gods to-day ſtand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But ſince the affairs of men reſt ſtill uncertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battle, then is this

[8] *Meſſala*, &c.] Almoſt every circumſtance in this ſpeech is taken from ſir Thomas North's Tranſlation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

The

[9] The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philoſophy,[1]
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himſelf; (I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life:) [2] arming myſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.

Caſ. Then, if we loſe this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the ſtreets of Rome?

Bru. No, Caſſius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that work, the Ides of March begun;

[9] *The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.*

What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am reſolved in ſuch a caſe to kill myſelf. What are you determined of? WARB.

[1] ——*of that philoſophy,*] So in ſir Thomas North's *Plutarch*: "I truſt (I know not how) a certain rule of philoſophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himſelf, as being no lawful nor godly act, &c."

There is an apparent contradiction between the ſentiments contained in this and the following ſpeech of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his reſolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he ſhould ſurvive the battle, he would never ſubmit to be led in chains to Rome. This ſentence in ſir Thomas North's tranſlation, is perplexed, and might be eaſily miſunderſtood. Shakeſpeare, in the firſt ſpeech, makes that to be the preſent opinion of Brutus, which, in Plutarch, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, tho' at that time he condemned it. STEEVENS.

[2] —*arming myſelf with patience,* &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this ſpeech ſomething is loſt, but there needed only a parentheſis to clear it. The conſtruction is this; I am determined to act according to that philoſophy which directed me to blame the ſuicide of Cato, arming myſelf with patience. JOHNSON.

And,

And, whether we ſhall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlaſting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Caſſius!
If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs, ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alarm. Enter Brutus and Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Meſſala, ride, and give theſe bills
Unto the legions, on the other ſide: [*Loud alarm.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing;
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Meſſala: Let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarm. Enter Caſſius and Titinius.

Caſ. O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This enſign here of mine was turning back;
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Caſſius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having ſome advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by Antony are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord:—fly further off.
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Caſſius, fly far off.

Caſ. This hill is far enough.——Look, look, Titinius.
Are thoſe my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Caſ. Titinius, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yon' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

[3] *Caſ.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My ſight was ever thick:—Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.
—This day I breathed firſt: time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run his compaſs.—Sirrah, what news?

Pind. above. Oh, my lord!

Caſ. What news?

Pind. Titinius is encloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;—
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him; now,
Titinius! Now ſome 'light:—oh, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*

Caſ. Come down, behold no more.—
Oh, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

[3] This dialogue between Caſſius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by B. and Fletcher in their Tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. Sc. 5. STEEVENS

Re

Re-enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword,
That ran through Cæſar's bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer: here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword.—Cæſar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the ſword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himſelf.*

Pind. So I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. Oh, Caſſius!
Far from this country Pindarus ſhall run,
Where never Roman ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius and Meſſala.

Meſſ. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Caſſius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort Caſſius.

Meſſ. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All diſconſolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Meſſ. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Meſſ. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Meſſala,
But Caſſius is no more. Oh, ſetting ſun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to-night,
So in his red blood Caſſius' day is ſet;
The ſun of Rome is ſet! our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.

Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Pindarus?

Meſſ. Seek him, Titinius; whilſt I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thruſting this report
Into his ears: I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this ſight.

Tit. Hie you, Meſſala,
And I will ſeek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Meſ.*
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave Caſſius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding —Brutus, come apace;
And ſee how I regarded Caius Caſſius.—
By your leave, Gods.—This is a Roman's part.
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Come, Caſſius' ſword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Meſſala, doth his body lie?

Meſ. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is ſlain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæſar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy

Thy ſpirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarms.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Caſſius!—
Bru. Are yet two Romans living, ſuch as theſe?
Thou laſt of all the Romans! fare thee well!
It is impoſſible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.—
I ſhall find time, Caſſius, I ſhall find time.—
Come, therefore, [4] and to Thaſſos ſend his body:
His funeral ſhall not be in our camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field,—
Labeo and Flavius, ſet our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads!
Cato. What baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato,—ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato,—ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend:—Know me for Brutus.
[*Exit.*

[4] *and to Tharſus ſend his body:*] Thus all the editions hitherto very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of hiſtory warrants us to write, as I have reſtored the text, *Thaſſos.* THEOB.

Luc. Oh young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'ſt as bravely as Titinius;
And, may'ſt be honour'd, [5] being Cato's ſon.

Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.

[6] *Luc.* Only I yield to die:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We muſt not.—A noble priſoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* [7] I'll tell the news. Here comes the general:—
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord,

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himſelf.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth: keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And ſee if Brutus be alive or dead;

[5] ——*being Cato's ſon.*] i. e. worthy of him. WARB.

[6] Luc. *Only I yield to die:*
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;] Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or paſſages broken by omiſſion, throughout this play. I think he has been always miſtaken. The ſoldier here ſays, *Yield, or thou dieſt.* Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is ſo much gold as thou ſeeſt in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for ſpeedy death. What now is there wanting? JOHNSON.

[7] *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads,
I'll tell thee *news.*—— JOHNSON.

And

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, reſt on this rock.

Cli. Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or ſlain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: ſlaying is the word;
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, Clitus—
[*Whiſpering.*

Cli. What I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myſelf.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. Shall I do ſuch a deed?

Cli. Oh, Dardanius!

Dar. Oh, Clitus!

Cli. What ill requeſt did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; liſt a word.

Vol. What ſays my lord?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius:
The ghoſt of Cæſar hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this laſt night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not ſo, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, Volumnius.
Thou ſeeſt the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarm.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourſelves,
Than tarry, 'till they puſh us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarm ſtill.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
[8] Farewell to thee too, Strato.——Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarm. Cry within.* Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.——

Bru. Hence; I will follow.
I pr'ythee, Strato, ſtay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmack of honour in it:
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand firſt! fare you well, my lord.

[8] *Farewell to thee too, Strato.*] Thus the modern editions. I think, rightly. The old folio reads,
Farewell to thee, to Strato, *countrymen.* JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæſar, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.

[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucilius, and the army.

Octa. What man is that?

Meſ. My maſter's man.—Strato, where is thy maſter?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Meſſala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himſelf,
And no one elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus ſhould be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou haſt prov'd Lucilius' ſaying true.

Octa. All that ſerv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
—Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Meſſala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do ſo, good Meſſala.

Meſ. How died my maſter, Strato?

Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Meſ. Octavius, then take him to follow thee
That did the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæſar;
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, *This was a man!*

Octa. According to his virtue, let us uſe him;
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night ſhall lie,
Moſt like a ſoldier, order'd honourably.—

So,

So, call the field to reſt: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt o*

Of this tragedy many particular paſſages deſerve regarc the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Caſſius is u ſally celebrated; but I have never been ſtrongly agitated i uſing it, and think it ſomewhat cold and unaffecting, con with ſome other of Shakeſpeare's plays; his adherence to t ſtory, and to Roman manners, ſeems to have impeded the n vigour of his genius. Joh

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Perſons Repreſented.

M. ANTONY,
Octavius Cæſar, } *Triumvirs.*
Æmilius Lepidus,
Sex. Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Derçetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *Friends of* Antony.
Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus, } *Friends of* Cæſar.
Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius, } *Friends of* Pompey.
Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæſar.
Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes, } *Servants to* Cleopatra.
A Soothſayer.
Clown.
Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras, } *Ladies attending on* Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Soldi*
Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *is diſperſed in ſeveral Parts of*
Roman Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, 'reneges all temper;

'—*reneges*—] Renounces. POPE.

And

[2] And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a [3] gypſy's luſt. Look, where they come!

Flouriſh. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, and their trains, Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
[4] The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a ſtrumpet's fool. Behold, and ſee.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me, how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll ſet a [5] bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. [6] Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me. [7] The ſum.

[2] *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To cool a gypſy's luſt.—] In this paſſage ſomething ſeems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly uſed for contrary purpoſes, were probably oppoſed by the author, who might perhaps have written,

———is become the bellows, and the fan,
To kindle and *to cool a gypſy's luſt.* JOHNSON.

[3] *—gypſy's luſt.*—] *Gypſy* is here uſed both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental ſenſe for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

[4] *The triple pillar*——] *Triple* is here uſed improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three maſters of the world. WARBURTON.

[5] *—bourn*—] Bound or limit. POPE.

[6] *Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven*, &c.] Thou muſt ſet the boundary of my love at a greater diſtance than the preſent viſible univerſe affords. JOHNSON.

[7] *——The ſum.*] Be brief, *ſum* thy buſineſs in a few words. JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
"Perform't, or elſe we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance, nay, and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's proceſs? Cæſar's, I would ſay?—
Both?—
—Call in the meſſengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou bluſheſt, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager: elſe ſo thy cheek pays ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds. The meſſengers—
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! [8]and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind
On pain of puniſhment, the world [9]to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.

[8] ——*and the wide arch*
Of the rang'd empire fall!—] Taken from the Roman cuſtom of raiſing triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.
I am in doubt whether Shakeſpeare had any idea but of a fabrick ſtanding on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raiſed* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was firſt given. JOHNSON.
The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Coriolanus:*

——bury all which yet diſtinctly *ranges*
In heaps and piles of ruin. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*to weet,*] To know. POPE.

Cleo.

Cleo. [*Aſide.*] Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll ſeem the fool, I am not. [1] Antony
Will be himſelf.
Ant. But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh:
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: What ſport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the embaſſadors.
Ant. Fy, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No meſſenger, but thine;—and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt, with their train.*
Dem. Is Cæſar with Antonius priz'd ſo ſlight?
Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with Antony.
Dem. I am full ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus ſpeaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy?
[*Exeunt.*

[1] ——— *Antony*
Will be himſelf.
Ant. *But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.*] *But*, in this paſſage, ſeems to have the old Saxon ſignification of *without*, *unleſs*, *except*. *Antony*, ſays the queen, *will recollect his thoughts*. Unleſs *kept*, he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra*. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another part of the palace.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothſayer.

Char. Alexas, ſweet Alexas, moſt any thing Alexas, almoſt moſt abſolute Alexas, where's the ſoothſayer that you prais'd ſo to the queen? Oh! that I knew this huſband, which you ſay, muſt [2] change his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, ſir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite book of ſecrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good ſir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience; be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

[2] change *his horns with garlands.*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is, *muſt* CHARGE *his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns his garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dreſs*, or *to dreſs with changes of* garlands. JOHNSON.

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved

[3] *Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let m be married to three kings in a forenoon, and wido them all; let me have a child at fifty, [4] to whoe Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me, to marr with Octavius Cæſar, and companion me with m miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the lady whom you ſerve

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better tha figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer forme fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. [5] Then, belike, my children ſhall have n names:

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have

Sooth. [6] If every of your wiſhes had a womb, an foretel every wiſh, a million.

Cha

[3] *I had rather heat my liver*—] To know why the lady is ſ averſe from *beating* her *liver*, it muſt be remembered, that a hea ed liver is ſuppoſed to make a pimpled face. JOHNSON

[4] ——*to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage!*] Herod pai homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom o Judea. STEEVENS

[5] *Then, belike, my children ſhall* have no names:] If I have al ready had the beſt of my fortune, then I ſuppoſe *I ſhall neve name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tel me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?* JOHNSON

A fairer fortune, I believe, means—a more reputable one. He anſwer then implies, that belike all her children will be baſtards who have no right to the name of their father's family. STEEV

[6] *If every of your wiſhes had a womb,*
And foretold *every wiſh, a million.*] This nonſenſe ſhould b reformed thus,

If ev'ry of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertil *ev'ry wiſh,*—————— WARBURTON

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the latter copies have *foretold* *Foretel* favours the emendation, which is made with great acute neſs; yet the original reading may, I think, ſtand. *If you had a*

many

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes to-night, ſhall be, —— drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

[7] *Char.* Our worſer thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune; his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet Iſis, I beſeech thee!

many wombs as you will have wiſhes, and I ſhould *foretel all thoſe wiſhes, I ſhould foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipſis very frequent in converſation; *I ſhould ſhame you, and tell all*; that is, *and if I ſhould* tell all. *And* is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is ſtill provincially uſed for *if*. JOHNSON.

[7] Char. *Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend.*

Alex. *Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a woman,* &c.] Whoſe fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in ſhort, this I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the obſervation of all the editors; eſpecially of the ſagacious Mr. Pope, who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very* names *of the perſons*, he believes

thee! And let her die too, and give him a worſe and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all fo low him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckol Good Iſis, hear me this prayer, though thou de me a matter of more weight; good Iſis, I beſee thee!

Iras. Amen, dear goddeſs, hear that prayer the people! for as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a han ſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to b hold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear If keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen!

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to mal me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whor but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth; but on the ſudd A Roman thought hath ſtruck him.—Enobarbus,

believes *one might have applied them* with certainty *to every ſpea* But in how many inſtances has Mr. Pope's want of judgm falſified this opinion? The fact is evidently this; Alexas bri a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and ſays himſelf, *We'll k all our fortunes.* Well; the ſoothſayer begins with the wom and ſome jokes paſs upon the ſubject of huſbands and chaſti after which, the women hoping for the ſatisfaction of having ſo thing to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out hand, and wiſh heartily that he may have the prognoſtication cuckoldom upon him. The whole ſpeech, therefore, muſt plac'd to Charmian. There needs no ſtronger proof of this be a true correction, than the obſervation which Alexas immedia ſubjoins on their wiſhes and zeal to hear him abuſed. THEOBA

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here at your ſervice. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Meſ. Fulvia thy wife firſt came into the field

Ant. Againſt my brother Lucius?

Meſ. Ay:

But ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt Cæſar,
Whoſe better iſſue in the war from Italy,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt?

Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On.
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.

Meſ. Labienus (this is ſtiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, [a] extended Aſia;
From Euphrates his conquering banner ſhook,
From Syria to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilſt—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldſt ſay,—

Meſ. Oh, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome:

[a] —— *extended Aſia*;] i. e. widened or extended the bounds of the Leſſer Aſia. WARB.

To *extend*, is a term uſed for to *ſeize*; I know not whether that be not the ſenſe here. JOHNSON.

Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
[9] When our quick winds lie ſtill; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Meſ. At your noble pleaſure.

Ant. From Sicyon, how the news? Speak there.

Meſ. The man from Sicyon.—Is there ſuch an one?

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Attend. He ſtays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—
Theſe ſtrong Ægyptian fetters I muſt break,

Enter another Meſſenger.

Or loſe myſelf in dotage. What are you?

2 *Meſ. Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died ſhe?

2 *Meſ.* In Sicyon.
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Meſſenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it our's again; [1] the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf: ſhe's good, being gone;
The

[9] *When our quick* WINDS *lie ſtill*;——] The ſenſe is, that man, not agitated by cenſure, like ſoil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *the preſent pleaſure,*
By revolution lowring, *does become*
The oppoſite *of itſelf*;———] The alluſion is to the ſun's diurnal courſe; which riſing in the *eaſt*, and *by revolution lowering*, or ſetting in the *weſt*, becomes *the oppoſite of itſelf*. WARB.

This is an obſcure paſſage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton

[1] The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now, Enobarbus?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, ſir?

Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: we ſee, how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far [3] poorer moment; I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, ſir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears; they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhower of rain as well as Jove.

burton has offered is ſuch, that I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps Shakeſpeare, who was leſs learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleaſures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

[1] *The hand could pluck her back*, &c.] The verb *could* has a peculiar ſignification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The ſenſe is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again*. REVISAL.

[3] *poorer moment*;] For leſs reaſon; upon meaner motives. JOHNSON.

Ant. 'Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. Oh, ſir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work; which, not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, ſir, give the Gods a thankful ſacrifice. When it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, [4] it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with conſolation; your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat:—And, indeed, the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs, ſhe hath broached in the ſtate, Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs, you have broached here, cannot be without you; eſpecially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpoſe: I ſhall break

[4] *it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein,* &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harſh and obſcure, I know not how to amend. Sir Tho. Hanmer reads, They ſhew *to man the tailors of the earth comforting* him therein. I think the paſſage, with ſomewhat leſs alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may ſtand thus; *It ſhews to* men *the tailors of the earth, comforting* them, *&c.* JOHNSON.

The meaning is this. *As the Gods have been pleaſed to take away your wife Fulvia, ſo they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.* ANONYMOUS.

The

[5] The cauſe of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with [6] more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
[7] Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæſar, and commands
The empire of the ſea. Our ſlippery people
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his ſon, who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whoſe quality, going on,
The ſides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the [8] courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. [9] Say, our pleaſure
To ſuch whoſe places under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *The cauſe of our* expedience--] *Expedience* for expedition. WARB.

[6] ——*more urgent touches,*] Things that touch me more ſenſibly, more preſſing motives. JOHNSON.

[7] *Petition us at home.*——] Wiſh us at home; call for us to reſide at home. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*the courſer's hair,* &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horſe dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

[9] ——*Say, our pleaſure*
To ſuch whoſe places under us require
Our quick remove from hence.] Such is this paſſage in the firſt copy. The late editors have all altered it, or received it altered in ſilence thus:

——*Say, our pleaſure,*
To ſuch whoſe place is *under us,* requires
Our quick remove from hence.

This is hardly ſenſe. I believe we ſhould read,

Their *quick remove from hence.*

Tell our deſign of going away to thoſe, who being by their places obliged to attend us, muſt remove in haſte. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he does.——

[1] I did not ſend you.—If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report,
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt, like a fool, the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too far. I wiſh forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.

[1] *I did not ſend you.*—] You muſt go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

What

What ſays the marry'd woman?—You may go;
'Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you:—Her's you are.
Ant. The Gods beſt know,—
Cleo. O never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? Riotous madneſs,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!
Ant. Moſt ſweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliſs in our brows' bent; none our parts ſo poor,
But was [1] a race of heaven. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.
Ant. How now, lady?
Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in Ægypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a-while; but my full heart

[1] ——*a race of heaven.*——] i. e. had a ſmack or flavour of heaven. WARB.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taſte of the ſoil. Sir T. Hanmer, not underſtanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

Remains

[3] Remains in uſe with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil ſwords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome.
Equality of two domeſtic powers
Breeds ſcrupulous faction: The hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriven
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. [4] My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs.—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy ſovereign leiſure read
The garboils ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt,
See, when, and where ſhe died.

[3] *Remains in uſe*————] The poet ſeems to allude to the legal diſtinction between the *uſe* and *abſolute poſſeſſion*. JOHNSON.

[4] ————*My more particular,*
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſave my going,
Is Fulvia's death.] Thus all the more modern editions; the firſt and ſecond folio's read *ſafe*: All corruptedly. Antony is giving ſeveral reaſons to Cleopatra, which make his departure from Ægypt neceſſary; moſt of them, reaſons of ſtate; but the death of Fulvia, his wife, was a particular and private call. Cleopatra is jealous of Antony, and ſuſpicious that he is ſeeking colours for his going. Antony replies to her doubts, with the reaſons that obliged him to be abſent for a time; and tells her, that, as his wife Fulvia is dead, and ſo ſhe has no rival to be jealous of, that circumſtance ſhould be his beſt plea and excuſe, and have the greateſt weight with her for his going. Who does not ſee now, that it ought to be read,

————*ſhould* ſalve *my going*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton reads, I think rightly,

————*ſafe* my going. JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. [5]O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhouldſt fill
With ſorrowful water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In Fulvia's death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give the advices. By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' ſlime, I go from hence,
Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come:—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well.
—So, Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and ſay, the tears
Belong [6] to Egypt. Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: No more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my ſword,—

Cleo. And target,——Still he mends;
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

[5] *O moſt falſe love!*
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhouldſt fill
With ſorrowful water?——] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans ſometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*to Egypt.*——] To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

Sir,

Sir, you and I muſt part,—but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: ſomething it is, I would:
[7] Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. [8] But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.

[7] *Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,*
And I am all forgotten.] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfu makes me forget myſelf.* But ſhe expreſſes it by calling *forgetfu Antony*; becauſe *forgetfulneſs* had forgot her, as *Antony* had d For want of apprehending this quaintneſs of expreſſion, the O editor is forced to tell us news, *That* all forgotten *is an old w ſpeaking, for* apt to forget every thing. WARBUR

I cannot underſtand the learned critic's explanation. I pears to me, that ſhe ſhould rather have ſaid,

O my remembrance *is a very* Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

It was her memory, not her oblivion, that, like Antony, forgetting and deſerting her. I think a ſlight change will re the paſſage. The queen, having ſomething to ſay, which ſhe i able, or would not ſeem able to recollect, cries out,

O my oblivion!—'Tis *a very Antony.*

The thought of which I was in queſt is a very Antony, is trea rous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me,

And I am all forgotten.

If this reading ſtand, I think the explanation of Hanmer mu received. JOHN

Dr. Warburton's explanation is certainly juſt, and I canno any occaſion for alteration. Cleopatra has ſomething to which ſeems to be ſuppreſs'd by ſorrow, and after many atte to produce her meaning, ſhe cries out, *This quality I have of getting what concerns me nearly, too much reſembles Antony, or Antony, and my welfare is alike forgotten by him and by myſelf.* STEEV.

[8] *But that your royalty*
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.] i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who the* greateſt *fool on earth, in chains, I ſhould have adjudged you the* greateſt. That this is the ſenſe is ſhewn by her anſwer,

Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As Cleopatra, this. But, ſir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! Upon your ſword
Sit laurell'd victory! and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our ſeparation ſo abides, and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, go'ſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Cæſar's palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæſar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæſ. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæſar's natural vice to hate
[1]One great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manly
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he.
Hardly gave audience, or
Vouchſaf'd to think he had partners. You ſhall find there
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults
That all men follow.

[1] *'Tis ſweating labour,*
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As Cleopatra, this.——— WARBURTON.

[1] *One great competitor.*——] Perhaps, *Our* great competitor. JOHNSON.

Lep.

Lep. I muſt not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem [1] as the ſpots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than [2] purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.

Cæſ. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: [3] ſay, this becomes him,
(As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt Antony
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
[4] So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,

[1] ——————*as the ſpots of heav'n,*
More fiery by night's blackneſs;] If by ſpots are meant ſtars, as night has no other fiery ſpots, the compariſon is forced and harſh, ſtars having been always ſuppoſed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counter-part of this ſimile, which anſwers to night's blackneſs. Hanmer reads,
——————*ſpots* on ermine,
Or fires, *by night's blackneſs*. JOHNSON.

[2] —*purchas'd*;—] Procured by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNSON.

[3] ——————*ſay, this becomes him*;
As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;—] This ſeems inconſequent. I read
And *his compoſure*, &c.
Grant that this becomes him, and *if it can become him, he muſt have in him ſomething very uncommon*; yet, &c. JOHNSON.

[4] *So great weight in his lightneſs.*——————] The word *light* is one of Shakeſpeare's favourite play-things. The ſenſe is, His trifling levity throws ſo much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

Call

[5]Call on him for't: but to confound ſuch time,—
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate and our's,—'tis to be chid,
As we rate [6] boys; who being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news?

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble Cæſar, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea;
And, it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
[7]That only have fear'd Cæſar: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Caeſ. I ſhould have known no leſs:
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That [8]he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love,
'Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like

[5] *Call on him for't.*———] *Call on him*, is, *viſit him.* Says Cæſar, *If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leiſure, I ſhould leave him to be puniſhed by their natural conſequences, by* ſurfeits *and* dry bones. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*boys; who, being mature in knowledge,*] For this Hanmer, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconſiſtent idea, has put,

——*who*, immature *in knowledge*,

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty.* JOHNSON.

[7] *That only have fear'd Cæſar:*] Thoſe whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæſar, now ſhew their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:*
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*] Let us examine the ſenſe of this

Like to a vagabond flag, upon the ſtream,
[9] Goes to and back, lackying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.[1]

Meſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; [2] which they ear and woui
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
[3] Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth [4] revol
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon

in plain proſe. *The earlieſt hiſtories inform us, that the man in ſ preme command was always wiſh'd to gain that command, till he h obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a l condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear by them.* But do the multitude fear a man, becauſe they wa him? Certainly, we muſt read,

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Beſides, the context requir this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the peop flock to young Pompey, and what occaſion'd this reflection. in *Coriolanus*,

I ſhall be lov'd, *when I am* lack'd. WAR

[9] *Goes to, and back,* laſhing *the varying tide,*
To rot itſelf with motion.] How can a flag, or ruſh, floating up a ſtream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of t water gives it, be ſaid to laſh the tide? This is making a ſcour of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in own power. All the old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, the is no ſenſe in that reading; but the addition of a ſingle lett will not only give us good ſenſe, but the genuine word of our a thor into the bargain.

———Lacquing *the varying tide,*

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tid like a page, or *lacquey*, at his maſter's heels. THEO

[1] Perhaps *another meſſenger* ſhould be noted here, as enteri with freſh news. STEEVEN

[2] ———*which they ear*——] To *ear*, is to *plow*; a comm metaphor. JOHNSO

[3] *Lack blood to think on't,*——] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSO

[4] —*and fluſh youth*—] *Fluſh youth* is youth ripened to manhoo *youth* whoſe blood is at the flow. STEEVEN

Take

Taken as ſeen; for Pompey's name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails. When thou once
Wert beaten from Modena, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and Panſa conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughеſt berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt:—On the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'ſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now)
Was bore ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i' the field; and, to that end,
Aſſemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæſar,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To 'front this preſent time.

Cæſ. Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord.
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.

Cæſ. Doubt it not, ſir; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha—give me to drink [5] mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of tim
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon.—
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou! eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highneſs' pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſu
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Haſt thou affection
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothi
But what in deed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. Oh, Charmian!
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits h
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, 'horſe! for, wot'ſt thou, whom th
mov'ſt?

[5] —*mandragora.*] A plant of which the infuſion was ſuppoſed procure ſleep. Shakeſpeare mentions it in *Othello:*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Can ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep. JOHNSO

T

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
[6] And burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, "*Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?*—
For ſo he calls me; now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! [7] Broad-fronted Cæſar,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!
Cleo. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony!
Yet coming from him, [8] that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.——
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl:—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Ægypt ſends*
This treaſure of an oyſter: at whoſe foot,

[6] *And burgonet of man.*] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*. Hen. VI.

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet.

So in Heywood's Iron Age, 1632.

I'll hammer on thy proof-ſteel'd burgonet. STEEVENS.

[7] *Broad-fronted Cæſar.*] Mr. Seyward is of opinion, that the poet wrote *bald-fronted Cæſar.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*that great medicine hath with his tinct gilded thee.*] Alluding to the philoſopher's ſtone, which, by its touch, converts baſe metal into gold. The alchemiſts call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform tranſmutation, a *medicine.* JOHNSON.

To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the eaſt,
Say thou, *ſhall call her miſtreſs.* So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an [9] arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
[1] Was beaſtly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the extreams
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided diſpoſition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian.—'Tis the man. But note him:
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy: but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,

[9] —*arm-gaunt ſteed.*] i. e. his ſteed worn lean and thin by much ſervice in war. So Fairfax,

His ſtall-worn *ſteed the champion ſtout beſtrode.* WARB.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very laviſh of his pleaſantry, and indeed has juſtly cenſured the miſquotation of *ſtall-worn*, for *ſtall worth*, which means *ſtrong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seyward, in his preface to Beaumont, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* ſteed is a ſteed with *lean ſhoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonick word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, ſignifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. Edwards's obſervation, that a worn out horſe is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horſe here mentioned ſeems to be a poſt-horſe, rather than a war horſe. Yet as *arm-gaunt* ſeems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horſe ſo ſlender that a man might claſp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads,

———*arm-girt ſteed.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Was beaſtly* DUMB *by him.*] Mr. Theobald reads *dumb'd*, put to ſilence. *Alexas means*, (ſays he) *the horſe made ſuch a neighing, that if he had ſpoke he could not have been heard.* JOHNSON.

The

The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
—Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæſar ſo?
Char. Oh, that brave Cæſar!
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæſar!
Cleo. By Iſis I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæſar paragon again
My man of men
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. [2] My ſallad days!
When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then.—But come away;

[2] *My ſallad days!*
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then.——]

This puzzles the late editor, Mr. Theobald. He ſays, *Cleopatra may ſpeak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: but how truly with regard to the coldneſs of her blood may admit ſome queſtion:* and then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* ſeaſon of her *blood*, ſhe had ſeen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be juſtified, becauſe Plutarch calls Cleopatra at thoſe years, Κόρη, which by ill luck proves juſt the contrary; for that ſtate which the Greeks deſigned by Κόρη, was the very height of blood. But Shakeſpeare's beſt juſtification is reſtoring his own ſenſe, which is done merely by a different pointing:

My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
To ſay as I ſaid then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expoſtulation to her maid. *Thoſe*, ſays ſhe, *were my ſallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold at my judgment, if you have the ſame opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

Get me ink and paper: he ſhall have every day
A ſeveral greeting, or I'll [3] unpeople Ægypt.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Meſſina. Pompey's Houſe.

Enter [4] *Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.*

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. [5] While we are ſuitors to their throne, decay
The thing we ſue for.

Me

[3] ——*unpeople Egypt.*] By ſending out meſſengers. JOHNSON.

[4] The perſons are ſo named in the firſt edition; but I kno not why Menecrates appears; Menas can do all without him. JOHNSON.

[5] *While we are ſuitors to their throne,* DECAYS
The thing we ſue for.]

This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,

While we are ſuitors to their throne, DELAY'S
The thing we ſue for.

Menecrates had ſaid, *The Gods do not deny that which they dela* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replie *Delay is the very thing we beg of them,* i. e. the delay of our en mies in making preparation againſt us: which he explains afte wards, by ſaying, Mark Antony was tied up by luſt in Ægypt Cæſar by avarice at Rome; and Lepidus employed in keepin well with both. WARB.

It is not always prudent to be too haſty in exclamation; t reading which Dr. Warburton rejects as *nonſenſe*, is in my opinic right

Men. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good: ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pomp. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
[6] My power's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. Cæſar gets money, where
He loſes hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæſar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.
Men. From Silvius, ſir.
Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, ſoften [7] thy wan lip!

Let

right; if *delay* be what they ſue for, they have it, and the conſolation offered becomes ſuperfluous. The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray* is loſing its value.

JOHNSON.

[6] In old editions,

My powers *are creſcent, and my auguring hope*
Says it *will come to th' full.*]

What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *ſenſe* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's alluſion is to the *moon*; and Pompey would ſay, he is yet but a half moon, or *creſcent*; but his hopes tell him, that creſcent will come to a *full* orb.

THEOBALD.

[7] ——*thy wan lip!*] In the old edition it is
——*thy* wand *lip!*

Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, ſays Dr. Johnſon. *Wand*, if it ſtand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle.

Ye

Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts;
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulneſs—

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius?

Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver.
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; ſince he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think,
This amorous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war: his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain. [8] But let us rear,
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-luſt-wearied Antony.

Men.

Yet this expreſſion of Pompey's perhaps, after all, implies a wiſh only, that every charm of love may confer additional ſoftneſs on the lips of Cleopatra; i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover. The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to ſhew the ſpeaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Aſiatics are paler than thoſe of European nations. STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *But let us rear*
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The near *luſt-wearied Antony.*]

Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing that Antony is every hour expected in Rome, does not much reliſh the news. He is twice the ſoldier, (ſays he) that Octavius and Lepidus are; and I did not think, the petty war, which I am raiſing, would rouze him from his

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to Cæſar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Wer't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant, they ſhould [9] ſquare between themſelves;
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our Gods will have it! it only ſtands
[1] Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

his amours in Ægypt——But why ſhould Pompey hold a higher opinion of his own expedition, becauſe it awaked Antony to arms, who was *near* weary, *almoſt* ſurfeited, of laſcivious pleaſures? Indolent and ſtupid editors, that can diſpenſe with words without ever weighing the reaſon of them! How eaſy is the change to the true reading!

The ne'er-*luſt-wearied Antony.*

If Antony, though *never* tired of luxury, yet moved from that charm, upon Pompey's ſtirring, it was a reaſon for Pompey to pride himſelf upon being of ſuch conſequence. THEOBALD.

Could it be imagined, after this ſwelling exultation, that the firſt edition ſtands literally thus,

The neere *luſt wearied Antony.* JOHNSON.

[9] —*ſquare*—] That is, *quarrel.*

[1] *Our lives upon,*] This play is not divided into acts by the authour or firſt editors, and therefore the preſent diviſion may be altered at pleaſure. I think the firſt act may be commodiouſly continued to this place, and the ſecond act opened with the interview of the chief perſons, and a change of the ſtate of action. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that it is of ſmall importance, where theſe unconnected and deſultory ſcenes are interrupted.
JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

ROME.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to entreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer, like himſelf: if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
[a] Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not ſhav't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not, if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæſar.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to Parthia:
—Hark, Ventidius.

[a] *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,*
I would not ſhav't to-day.]
Alluding to the phraſe, I will beard him. WARB.
I believe he means, *I would meet him undreſſed, without ſhew reſpect.* JOHNSON.

C

Cæſ. I do not know, Mecænas, aſk Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
[3] Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.
Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit. [4]
Ant. Sit, ſir!
Cæſ. Nay, then——
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.

[3] *Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.*] Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *ſubject* of our difference. JOHNSON.

[4] Cæſ. *Sit.*
Ant. *Sit, ſir!*]
Antony appears to be jealous of a circumſtance which ſeemed to indicate a conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority in his too ſucceſsful partner in power; and accordingly reſents the invitation of Cæſar to be ſeated: Cæſar anſwers, *Nay then*—— i. e. *if you are ſo ready to reſent what I meant an act of civility, there can be no reaſon to ſuppoſe you have temper enough for the buſineſs on which at preſent we are met.* The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceding ſpeech. STEEVENS.

The following circumſtance may ſerve to ſtrengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebaſtian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the firſt exchange of civilities, he ſaid, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being aſked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the ſuperiority expreſſed by ſuch permiſſion, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebaſtian. JOHNSON.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæſar, what was't to you?

Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in Egypt
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and [5] their conteſtation
Was

[5] —*their conteſtation*
Was theam *for you, you were the word of war.*]

The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæſar, was theam for Antony too to make war; or was the occaſion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which ſhews, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote;

————*and their conteſtation*
Was theam'd *for you.*

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and ſubject of their inſurrection. WARB.

I am neither ſatisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *theam'd* is, I think, a word unauthoriſed, and very harſh. Perhaps we may read,

————*their conteſtation*
Had *theme* from *you, you were the word o' th' war.*

The diſpute derived its ſubject from you. It may be corrected by mere tranſpoſition,

————*their conteſtation*
You were theme for, *you were the word.* JOHNS.

Was

Was theam for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; [6] my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports [7]
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
[8] Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
[9] As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,

Was theam for you I believe means only, *was propoſed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extenſive plan*; as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. STEEVENS.

[6] *my brother never*
Did urge me in his act:———]
i. e. never did make uſe of my name as a pretence for the war. WARBURTON.

[7] —— *true reports.*] Reports for *reporters.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Having alike your cauſe?*—] The meaning ſeems to be, *having the ſame cauſe as you to be offended with me.* But why, becauſe he was offended with Antony, ſhould he make war upon Cæſar? May it not be read thus,

———*Did he not rather*
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Hating *alike* our *cauſe?* JOHNSON.

[9] *As matter whole you* have *not to make it with,*] The original copy reads,

As matter whole you have *to make it with.*

Without doubt erroneouſly; I therefore only obſerve it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this authour's works have neceſſarily taken. JOHNSON.

Your

Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which [1] 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would, you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, [2] her garboiles, Cæſar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: for that, you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
[3] I told him of myſelf; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife; if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you ſhall never

[1] —*fronted*—] i. e. *oppoſed*. JOHNSON

[2] —— *her garboiles*—] i. e. the diſturbance ſhe made. The word is uſed by Heywood, in the Rape of Lucrece, 1616.

——" thou, Tarquin, doſt alone ſurvive
" The head of all theſe *garboiles*."

And by Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation of the firſt four books of Virgil. 1582.

" Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt, and martial horror."
STEEVENS

[3] *I told him of myſelf*;] i. e. told him the condition I was in when he had his laſt audience. WARB.

Ha-

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæſar.——

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak;

[4] The honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæſar.
The article of my oath,—

Cæſ. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs; nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the preſent need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of

[4] *The honour's* ſacred—] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated. WARB.

Dr. Warburton ſeems to underſtand this paſſage thus; *The honour which he* talks *of me as* lacking, *is* unviolated, *I never lacked it.* This may perhaps be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I underſtood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæſar, on the ſuppoſition that what he is about to ſay will be too harſh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak, the ſecurity of* honour on which he now ſpeaks, *on which this conference is held now*, is ſacred, *even* ſuppoſing that I lacked *honour* before. JOHNSON.

Pompey, return it again. You ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a ſoldier only; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence; therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then: [5] your conſiderate ſtone——

Cæſ. [6] I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for it cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' the world, I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar.

Cæſ. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, Agrippa;

[5] ——*your conſiderate ſtone.*—] This line is paſſed by all the editors, as if they underſtood it, and believed it univerſally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any poſſible meaning. I would therefore read,

Go to then, you *conſiderate* ones.

You, who diſlike my frankneſs and temerity of ſpeech, and are ſo *conſiderate* and diſcreet, *go to,* do your own buſineſs. JOHNSON.

I believe *Go to then, your conſiderate ſtone* means only this: *If I muſt be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble ſtatue, which ſeems to think, though it can ſay nothing.* STEEVENS.

[6] *I do not much diſlike the* matter, *but*
The manner of his ſpeech:—]

I do not, ſays Cæſar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interpoſition; *for't cannot be, we ſhall remain in friendſhip: yet if it were poſſible, I would endeavour it.* JOHNSON.

If

leopatra heard you, [7] your reproof
re well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.
nt. I am not married, Cæſar: let me hear
ippa further ſpeak.
gr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
nake you brothers, and to knit your hearts
n an unſlipping knot, take Antony
via to his wife; whoſe beauty claims
vorſe a huſband than the beſt of men;
ſe virtue, and whoſe general graces, ſpeak
which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
ittle jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
all great fears, which now import their dangers,
ld then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
re now half tales be truths: her love to both
ld, each to other, and all loves to both
after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke;
tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
ity ruminated.
t. Will Cæſar ſpeak?
f. Not 'till he hears, how Antony is touch'd
what is ſpoke already.
t. What power is in Agrippa
would ſay, *Agrippa, be it ſo,*
nake this good?
f. The power of Cæſar, and
power unto Octavia.
t. May I never

[7] ——*your reproof*
Were well deſerv'd——]
old edition,
——*your* proof
Were well deſerv'd——
Mr. Theobald, with his uſual triumph, changes to *approof*, he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inſerted *reproof* properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own. JOHNSON.
expreſſion means the ſame as—*a reproof of your raſhneſs*. T.T.

To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace: and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

Cæſ. There is my hand.
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and ne
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'g
Pompey,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me:—I muſt thank him only,
[8] Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us muſt Pompey preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæſ. About the mount Miſenum.

Ant. What is his ſtrength by land?

Cæſ. Great, and increaſing: but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had ſpoke together! haſte we for i
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.

Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus, not lack your compan

[8] *Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;*] Leſt I be though willing to forget benefits, I muſt barely return him thanks, then I will defy him. JOHNS

Lep. Noble Antony, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, ſir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæſar, worthy Mecænas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay ſir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there:——Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd, indeed; or my reporter Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with 'em: the oars were ſilver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiſſue)
[9] O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee

[9] *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee,* &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. c. 10. WARB.

The fancy out-work nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
[1] And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, [2] tended her i' the eyes,
[3] And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
A ſeem-

[1] *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read leſs harſhly,
And what they did, undid. JOHNSON.

[2] —*tended her i' th' eyes.*] Perhaps *tended her* by th' *eyes*, diſcovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

[3] *And made their bends* ADORNINGS.] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be underſtood thus; her maids bowed with ſo good an air that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakeſpeare would ſay: Cleopatra, in this famous ſcene, perſonated Venus juſt riſing from the waves: at which time the Mythologiſts tell us, the Sea-deities ſurrounded the Goddeſs to *adore* and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable Cleopatra has dreſſed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole therefore conformable to the ſtory repreſented, we may be aſſured, Shakeſpeare wrote,

And made their bends ADORINGS.

They did her obſervance in the poſture of *adoration*, as if ſhe had been Venus. WARBURTON.

That Cleopatra perſonated Venus we know; but that Shakeſpeare was acquainted with the circumſtance of homage being paid her by the Deities of the ſea, is by no means as certain. The old reading will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard ſo much about *the line of beauty*. The whole paſſage is taken from the following in ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch. "She diſdained to ſet "forward otherwiſe, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cyd"nus, the poope whereof was of gold, the ſailes of purple, and "the owers of ſiluer, which kept ſtroke in rowing after the ſounde "of the muſicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and ſuch "other inſtruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now "for the perſon of her ſelfe: ſhe was layed vnder a pauil"lion of cloth of gold of tiſſue, apparelled and attired like the "Goddeſſe Venus, commonly drawen in picture: and hard by "her,

A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her: and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to the air; [4] which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Ægyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe intreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;

" her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as " painters do ſet forth God Cupide, with litle fannes in their " hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her la- " dies and gentlewomen alſo, the faireſt of them were apparelled " like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the " waters) and like the Graces, ſome ſtearing the helme, others " tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which " there came a wonderfull paſſing ſweete ſauor of perfumes, that " perfumed the wharfes ſide, peſtered with innumerable multi- " tudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongeſt " the riuers ſide: others alſo ranne out of the citie to ſee her com- " ming in. So that in thend, there ranne ſuch multitudes of " people one after an other to ſee her, that Antonius was left " poſt alone in the market place, in his imperiall ſeate to geve " audience:" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —*which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone——]
Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum.* WARBURTON.

He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.
Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.
Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A bleſſed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, ſir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia between them; attendants, and a ſoothſayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, Sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report,
I have not kept my ſquare; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Octa. Good night, ſir.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæſar and Octavia.*

Ant. Now, ſirrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in Ægypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor [you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reaſon.

Sooth. [5] I ſee it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me
Whoſe fortunes ſhall riſe higher, Cæſar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæſar's.——
Therefore, oh Antony, ſtay not by his ſide:
Thy Dæmon, that thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæſar's is not: but near him, thy angel
[6] Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore

[5] *I ſee it in*
My motion, have it not in my tongue:——]

What *motion?* I can trace no ſenſe in this word here, unleſs the author were alluding to that *agitation* of the *divinity*, which diviners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them; but then, I think verily, he would have wrote, *emotion*. I am perſuaded, Shakeſpeare meant that the ſoothſayer ſhould ſay, he ſaw a reaſon in his *thought* or *opinion*, though he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. THEOBALD.

I ſee it in my motion,—] i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARB.

[6] *Becomes a* Fear,——] i. e. a fearful thing. The abſtract for the concrete. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads,

Becomes afear'd,————

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* is a perſonage in ſome of the old moralities. Fletcher alludes to it in the Maid's Tragedy, where Aſpaſia is inſtructing her maids how to deſcribe her ſituation in needle-work.

————" and then a *Fear:*
" Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.————"

The whole thought is borrowed from ſir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch. " For thy dæmon (ſaid he) that is to ſay, the good " angel and ſpirit that keepeth thee, is afraid of his: and being " courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and " timorous, when he cometh near unto the other." STEEVENS.

Make

Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when thee.——

If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to loſe; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds: thy luſtre thicken
When he ſhines by. I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone.
Say to Ventidius, I would ſpeak with him.

[*Exit Soothſayer.*

He ſhall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he ſpeeds:
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and [7] his quails ever
Beat mine, [8] inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' the eaſt my pleaſure lies.—Oh, come, Ventidius.
You muſt to Parthia: your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt*

[7] ——*his quails*—] The ancients uſed to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

Lucian ſays that quail-fighting was exhibited among the publick ſhews at Athens. STEEVENS.

[8] —*inhoop'd, at odds.*——] Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *incloſed, confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read *Beat mine*, in whoop'd-*at odds.*— JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no farther. Pray you, haſten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiſs Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldiers' dreſs
Which will become you both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs!
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me ſome muſick; [9] muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Omnes. The muſick, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with Mardian.

[9] —*muſick, moody food*] The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental diſpoſition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the Engliſh begins, *Groot-moedig Volk*, [*great-minded nation.*] Perhaps here is a poor jeſt intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of muſick. JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, ſir
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good-will is ſhew'd, tho' it come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river: there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
[1] Tawny-finn'd fiſh: my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, *ah, ha! you're caught.*
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!——oh times!
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, [2] whilſt
I wore his ſword Philippan. Oh! From Italy;—

Enter

[1] *Tawny-finn'd fiſh;*—] The firſt copy reads,
Tawney fine *fiſh.*——— JOHNSON.

[2] *whilſt*
I wore his ſword Philippan.]

We are not to ſuppoſe, nor is there any warrant from hiſtory, that Antony had any particular ſword ſo called. The dignifying weapons, in this ſort, is a cuſtom of much more recent date. This therefore ſeems a compliment à poſteriori. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boaſting of his own proweſs at Philippi.

Ant. *Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept*
His ſword e'en like a dancer; while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; &c.

That was the greateſt action of Antony's life; and therefore this ſeems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his ſword ought to be

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings [3] in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam! madam!—
Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs;
But well and free,
If ſo thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kiſſing.
Meſ. Firſt, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark; we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſ. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodneſs in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful——ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? If not well,
Thou ſhouldſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
[4] Not like a formal man.
Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt:

be denominated from that illuſtrious battle, in the ſame manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their ſwords pompous names. THEOBALD.

[3] *Ram thou thy fruitful tidings*—] Shakeſpeare probably wrote, *Rain thou*, &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Not like a* formal *man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary. WARB.
Rather decent, regular. JOHNSON.
By a *formal* man, Shakeſpeare means, a man *in his ſenſes*. *Informal* women, in Meaſure for Meaſure, is uſed for women *beſide themſelves*. STEEVENS.

Yet,

Yet, if thou ſay Antony lives, 'tis well, [5]
Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
[6] I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And friends with Cæſar.

Cleo. Thou art an honeſt man.

Meſ. Cæſar, and he are greater friends than e

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet, madam——

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*; it does allay
The good precedence: fy upon *but yet:*
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæ

[5] *I have a mind to ſtrike thee ere thou ſpeak'ſt;*
Yet, if thou ſay Antony lives, 'TIS WELL,
Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.——]

We ſurely ſhould read IS WELL. The meſſenger is to have his
ward, if he ſays, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and *either fri*
with Cæſar, or not captive to him.

Obſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 176

[6] *I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail*
Rich pearls upon thee.]

That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eaſtern c
mony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with g
duſt, and *ſeed-pearl*; ſo Milton,

—the gorgeous eaſt with liberal hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

In the life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane, written by a Perſian c
temporary author, are the following words, as tranſlated
Monſ. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coro
tion, book ii. chap. i. *Les princes du ſang royal & les emirs rep*
dirent à pleines mains ſur ſa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries ſel
la coûtume.

WARI

In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt free.

Meſ. Free, madam! no: I made no ſuch report. He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Meſ. For the beſt turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Meſ. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*

Meſ. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*

Hence horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls from me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*

Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Meſ. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

Meſ. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*

Meſ. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! Call the ſlave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:
[7] Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf; ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe.—Come hither, ſir.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay, *Yes.*
Meſ. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lye, madam?
Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didſt;
So half my Ægypt were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! Go, get thee hence,
Hadſt thou Narciſſus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly. He is married?—
Meſ. I crave your highneſs' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you
To puniſh me for what you make me do.
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. Oh, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,

[7] *Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike*
A meaner than myſelf;—]

This thought ſeems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry which forbad a knight to engage with his inferior. STEEVENS.

Tha

That art not what thou'rt ſure of!—Get thee hence,
nerchandiſe which thou haſt brought from Rome,
ıll too dear for me: lye they upon thy hand,
be undone by 'em! [*Exit Meſſenger.*
ır. Good your highneſs, patience.
o. In praiſing Antony, I have diſprais'd Cæſar.
ır. Many times, madam.
o. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
t; oh Iras, Charmian—'tis no matter.—
the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
rt the feature of Octavia, her years,
nclination, let him not leave out
olour of her hair:—bring me word quickly—
him for ever go:—let him not,—Charmian;—
gh he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
ther way he is a Mars:—bid you Alexas

ou art not what thou'rt ſure of!—] For this, which is not nderſtood, Sir Thomas Hanmer has given,

That ſay'ſt but *what thou'rt ſure of!*

ot ſatisfied with the change, which, though it affords ſenſe, s little ſpirit. I fancy the line conſiſts only of abrupt ſtarts.

b that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
hat art—not what?—Thou'rt ſure on't.—Get thee hence,

s fault ſhould make a knave of thee that art—but what *ſhall I art not?* Thou art then ſure of this *marriage*.—Get thee

Warburton has received Sir T. Hanmer's emendation. JOHNSON.

t him for ever go.——] She is now talking in broken ſen- not of the meſſenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

ther way's a Mars:] In this paſſage the ſenſe is clear, but, , may be much improved by a very little alteration. patra, in her paſſion upon the news of Antony's marriage ſays,

Let him for ever go—let him NOT—*Charmian,—*
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars.——

I think, would be more ſpirited thus,

Let him for ever go—let him—NO,—*Charmian;*
Though he be painted, &c.

bſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

Bring word, how tall ſhe is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But ſpeak not to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Miſenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, with ſoldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent:
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pomp. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods—I do not know
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon and friends; ſince Julius Cæſar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Caſſius to conſpire? And what
Made thee, all-honour'd, honeſt Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whoſe burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To ſcourge the ingratitude that deſpightful Rome
Caſt on my noble father.
Cæſ. Take your time.

An

Ant. [2] Thou canſt not fear us, Pompey, with thy ſails;
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land, thou know'ſt,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe:
[3] But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth, embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates: then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to ſome impatience:—though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,
When Cæſar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;

[2] *Thou canſt not fear us—*] Thou canſt not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON

[3] *But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,*] Since, like the cuckow, that ſeizes the neſts of other birds, you have invaded a houſe which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNS.

And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, ſir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the eaſt are ſoft: and thanks to you
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither;
For I have gain'd by it.
Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.
Pomp. Well, I know not,
[4] What counts hard fortune caſts upon my face;
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pomp. I hope ſo, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed
I crave, our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd between us.
Cæſ. That's the next to do.
Pomp. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part; and let
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That I will, Pompey.
Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, firſt or laſt, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæ
Grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pomp. I have fair meanings, ſir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pomp. Then ſo much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried——
Eno. No more of that:—he did ſo.
Pomp. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæſar in a mattreſs.
Pomp. I know thee now: how far'ſt thou, ſoldier
Eno. Well;

[4] *What* counts *hard fortune* caſts, &c.] Metaphor from m
ing marks or lines in caſting accounts in arithmetick. WARI

A

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feaſts are toward.

Pomp. Let me ſhake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew us the way, ſir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*

Men. [*Aſide.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—
You and I have known, ſir.

Eno. At ſea, I think.

Men. We have, ſir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. [5] I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-ſervice. But give me your hand, Menas: if your eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

[5] *I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me,*] The poet's art in delivering this humourous ſentiment (which gives us ſo very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be ſufficiently admired. The confeſſion could come from none but a frank and rough character like the ſpeaker's: and the moral leſſon inſinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the moſt ſtubborn manners, deſerves our ſerious reflexion. WARB.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No ſlander; they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have ſaid, ſir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæſar's ſiſter is called Octavia.

Men. True, ſir, ſhe was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now ſhe is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, ſir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæſar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſy ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian diſh again: then ſhall the ſighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæſar and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of the variance. Antony will uſe his affection where it is: he married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, ſir, will you aboard I have a health for you.

Eno.

Eno, I ſhall take it, ſir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley.

Muſick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man; [6] ſome o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the leaſt wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high colour'd.

1 *Serv.* [7] They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* [8] As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as [9] a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* [1] To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets

[6] *Some o' their plants*] *Plants*, beſides its common meaning, is here uſed for the *ſoot*, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

[7] *They have made him drink* alms-drink.] A phraſe, amongſt good fellows, to ſignify that liquor of another's ſhare which his companion drinks to eaſe him. But it ſatirically alludes to Cæſar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themſelves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

[8] *As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition.*] A phraſe equivalent to that now in uſe, of *Touching one in a ſore place.* WARB.

[9] *A partizan*] A pike. JOHNSON.

[1] *To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.*]

Trumpets. Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus they do, ſir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain ſcales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: the higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes. As it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You have ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your ſerpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun: ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pomp. Sit, and ſome wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be,
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' Pyramiſies are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain, [*Aſide.*
And hear me ſpeak a word.

This ſpeech ſeems to be mutilated; to ſupply the deficiencies i impoſſible, but perhaps the ſenſe was originally approaching to this *To be called into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in it,* is very ignominious ſtate; great offices *are the holes where eyes ſhoul be, which,* if eyes be wanting, *pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.* JOHNS

Pomp

Pomp. Forbear me, 'till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, ſir, like it ſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, elſe he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To Menas aſide.*] Go hang, ſir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool.

Pomp. [*Riſes and walks aſide.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To Menas.*] Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith. What's elſe to ſay?—
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, 'fore you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What ſay'ſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pomp. How ſhall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men.

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup;
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove;
Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors,
Are in thy veſſel: Let me cut the cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,
And not have ſpoke of it. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow [2] thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him aſhore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, Menas.—
[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man;
See'ſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: Would, it were all,

[2] —*thy* pall'd *fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *vapid*, paſt its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has loſt its original ſpritelineſs. JOHNSON.

That

That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.
Men. Come.
Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feaſt.
Ant. It ripens towards it. [3] Strike the veſſels, ho.
Here is to Cæſar.
Cæſ. I could well forbear it.
It's monſtrous labour, when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæſ. Poſſeſs it,
I will make anſwer: but I had rather faſt
From all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.
Pomp. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſic:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy ſhall ſing:
[4] The holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

The

[3]—*Strike the veſſels,*—] Try whether the caſks ſound as empty. JOHNSON.

—*Strike the veſſels, ho.*] I believe *ſtrike the veſſels* means no more than *chink the veſſels one againſt the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking,* as we now ſay, *chink glaſſes.* STEEVENS.

[4] In old editions,

The holding every man ſhall beat,—

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet ſtiles, the

The SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne;
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more? Pompey, good night.—
Good brother,
Let me requeſt you off: our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbus
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the ſhore.

Ant. And ſhall, ſir. Give's your hand.

Pomp. [5] Oh, Antony, you have my father's houſe,
But

the Holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *fides?* I am perſuaded, the poet wrote,

The holding ev'ry man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong fides can volly.

The breaſt and *fides* are immediately concerned in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plauſible; and yet *beat* I believe to have been the poet's word, however harſh it may appear at preſent. In Hen. VIII. we find a ſimilar expreſſion,

——let the muſic KNOCK it. STEEVENS.

The holding every man ſhall beat,—] Every man ſhall accompany the chorus by drumming on his ſides, in token of concurrence and applauſe. JOHNSON.

[5] *Oh, Antony, you have my father's houſe.*] The hiſtorian Paterculus ſays, *Cum Pompeia quoque circa Miſenum pax inita: Qui haud abſurdè cum in navi Cæſaremque et Antonium cæna exciperet, dixit:*
In

But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not, Menas:
I'll not on ſhore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—Theſe
Drums!—Theſe trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell
To theſe great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo, ſays 'a! There's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain! come! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after conqueſt; with Silius and other Romans, and the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting Parthia, art thou [6]ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Craſſus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our army: Thy Pacorus, Orodes!
Pays this for Marcus Craſſus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,

In Cæinis ſuis ſe cœnam dare: *reflectens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio poſſidebatur.* Our author, though he loſt the joke, yet ſeems willing to commemorate the ſtory. WARBURTON.

[6] *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou whoſe darts have ſo often ſtruck others, art ſtruck now thyſelf. JOHNSON.

Whilſt

Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: Spur through Medi
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly:—So thy grand captain Antony
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh, Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's awa
Cæſar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. Soſſius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown;
Which he atchiev'd by the minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, Ventidius, [7] that, without the whic
A ſoldier and his ſword grant ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,

[7] ——— *that, without the which*
A ſoldier and his ſword grant ſcarce diſtinction:] *Grant,* I afford. It is badly and obſcurely expreſſed; but the ſenſe is th *Thou haſt that, Ventidius, which if thou didſt want, there would no diſtinction between thee and thy ſword. You would be both equa cutting and ſenſeleſs.* This was wiſdom or knowledge of the wor Ventidius had told him the reaſons why he did not purſue his a vantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges the to be of weight. WARBURTO

The ne'er-yet-beaten horſe of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to Athens. Whither with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with us will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. On there;—paſs along.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ROME.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatch'd with Pompey; he is gone.
The other three are ſealing. Octavia weeps,
To part from Rome: Cæſar is ſad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feaſt, as Menas ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs,

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loves Cæſar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæſar? why he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the God of Jupiter.

Eno. Speak you of Cæſar? how? the nonpareil!

Agr. Oh Antony! oh thou [8] Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praiſe Cæſar, ſay,—Cæſar; go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves Cæſar beſt;—yet he loves Antony:

[8] ——*Arabian bird!*] The phœnix. JOHNSON.

Ho!

Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, ſcribes, [9] bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho! his love
To Antony. But as for Cæſar, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.—
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle. So—
This is to horſe.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*
Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, ſir.
Cæſ. You take from me a great part of myſelf:
Uſe me well in it.—Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and [1] as my furtheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof.—Moſt noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſh'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.
Cæſ. I have ſaid.
Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe

[9] —*bards, poets,*—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correſpondent action for the *poet*, whoſe buſineſs in the next line is only to *number*, makes me ſuſpect ſome fault in this paſſage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect no fault Verſes are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this ſenſe) of Shakeſpeare's coining, is *to make verſes*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*as my furtheſt bond*] As I will venture the greateſt pledge of ſecurity, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

or what you ſeem to fear: ſo the Gods keep you,
nd make the hearts of Romans ſerve your ends!
/e will here part.

Cæſ. Farewell, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
hy ſpirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's ſpring,
nd theſe the ſhowers to bring it on. Be chearful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—

Cæſ. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
er heart inform her tongue: the ſwan's down feather,
hat ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
nd neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæſar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a horſe;[a]
› is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
/hen Antony found Julius Cæſar dead,
'e cried almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
/hen at Philippi he found Brutus ſlain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;
/hat willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæſ.

[a] *The elements be kind,* &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean, *May the different* elements *of the body, or principles of life, maintain ch proportion and harmony as may keep you chearful.* JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe means only, *May the four elements, of which this world is compoſed, unite their influences to make her chearful.* STEEVENS.

[a] *—were he a horſe;*] A horſe whoſe eyes appear dull and cloudy, is always ſuſpected as likely to go blind. STEEVENS.

[1] *Believe it, till I* weep *too.*] I have ventur'd to alter the tenſe

Cæſ. No, ſweet Octavia,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, ſir, come;
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Cæſ. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæſ. Farewell, farewell!
Ant. Farewell! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, ſir.

Enter the Meſſenger.

Alex. Good majeſty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,

of the verb here, againſt the authority of all the copies. There was no ſenſe in it, I think, as it ſtood before. THEOBALD

I am afraid there was better ſenſe in the paſſage as it ſtood before, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. *Believe it* (ſays Enobarbus) *that Antony did ſo*, i. e. *that he wept over ſuch an event, till you ſee me weeping on the ſame occaſion, when I ſhall be obliged to you for putting ſuch a conſtruction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.* I have replaced the old reading. Theobald reads, "*till I* wept *too*." STEEVENS

Throug

Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Meſ. Moſt gracious majeſty,—

Cleo. Didſt thou behold Octavia?

Meſ. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Meſ. Madam, in Rome I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?[4]

Meſ. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or low?

Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak? ſhe is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not ſo good. He cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? oh Iſis! 'tis impoſſible.

Cleo. I think ſo, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and dwarfiſh!—
What majeſty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'ſt on majeſty.

Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body rather than a life;
A ſtatue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.

Char. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't.—There's nothing in her yet.—

[4] *Is ſhe as tall as me?* &c. &c. &c.] This ſcene (ſays Dr. Gray) is a manifeſt alluſion to the queſtions put by queen Elizabeth to ſir James Melvil, concerning his miſtreſs, the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himſelf the trouble to conſult his Memoirs, will probably ſuppoſe the reſemblance to be more than accidental. STEEVENS.

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.

Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? Charmian, hark.

Meſ. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? Is it long, or round?

Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.

Cleo. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair, what colour?

Meſ. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo. I repent me much,
That I ſo harry'd him[5]. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.

Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? Iſis elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good Charmian:—

[5] ——ſo harry'd *him.*—] To *harry*, is *to uſe roughly.* I meet with the word in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607.

"He *harried* her, and midſt a throng, &c."

So in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601,

"Will *harry* me about inſtead of her."

Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the body of Rich. III. ſays, it was "*harried* on horſeback, dead." STEEVENS.

But

ut 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
/here I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antony's houſe at Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
hat were excuſable, that and thouſands more
f ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
ew wars 'gainſt Pompey; made his will and read it
o public ear;
oke ſcantily of me: when perforce he could not
t pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
e vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me:
When the beſt hint was given him, he not took it,
r did it from his teeth.
Oct. Oh, my good lord,
lieve not all; or, if you muſt believe,
omach not all. A more unhappy lady,
this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
aying for both parts: The good Gods will mock me
hen I ſhall pray, "Oh, bleſs my huſband!" preſently
ndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh, bleſs my brother!" Huſband win, win brother,
ays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
wixt theſe extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle Octavia,
et your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks

[6] *When the beſt hint was given him, he* o'erlook'd.
Or did it from his teeth.] The firſt folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. Warburton advis'd the emendation which I have inſerted in the text.
THEOBALD.

Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf: better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſte
Yourſelf ſhall go between us: [7] the mean time, la
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtain your brother: Make your ſooner haſt
So, your deſires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, moſt weak, moſt we
Your reconciler! [8] Wars 'twixt you 'twain would
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain me
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your goi
Chuſe your own company, and command what
Your heart has mind to. [*Exe*

[7] ——— *the mean time, lady,*
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war.
Shall ſtain *your brother*;——] Thus the printed copies. ſure, Antony, whoſe buſineſs here is to mollify Octavia, do with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of ſatisfying to tell her the war, he raiſes, ſhall *ſtain*, i. e. caſt an odium on her brother. I have no doubt, but we muſt read, with addition only of a ſingle letter,

Shall ſtrain *your brother*;———

i. e. ſhall lay him under conſtraints; ſhall put him to ſuch ſh that he ſhall neither be able to make a progreſs againſt, c prejudice me. Plutarch ſays, that Octavius, underſtanding ſudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was aſtoniſh it; for he himſelf was in many wants; and the people ſorely oppreſſed with grievous exactions. THEOBA

I do not ſee but *ſtain* may be allowed to remain unalte meaning no more than *ſhame* or *diſgrace*. JOHN

[8] —*wars 'twixt you twain would be*, &c.] The ſenſe is, war between Cæſar and Antony would engage the world bet them, and that the ſlaughter would be great in ſo extenſi commotion. JOHN

SCE

SCENE V.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's ſtrange news come, ſir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæſar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the ſucceſs?

Eros. Cæſar, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt Pompey, preſently denied him [9] rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. [1] Upon his own appeal, ſeizes him: ſo the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. [2] Then 'would thou had'ſt a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him: cries, "Fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

[9] *rivality,*] Equal rank. JOHNSON.

[1] *Upon his own appeal,*] To *appeal*, in Shakeſpeare, is to *accuſe*; Cæſar ſeized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæſar's accuſation. JOHNSON.

[2] *Then 'would thou had'ſt a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?*] This is obſcure, I read it thus,

Then, world, *thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more,*
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one the *other. Where's Antony?*

Cæſar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. Sir T. HANMER.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy and Cæſar. [3] More, Domitius;
My lord deſires you preſently: My news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

ROME.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæſ. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more,
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it:—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, ſat
Cæſarion, whom they call my father's ſon;
And all the unlawful iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'ſtabliſhment of Ægypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, [4] Lydia,

[3] —*More, Domitius;*] I have ſomething *more* to tell you, which I might have told at firſt, and delayed my news. Antony requires your preſence. JOHNSON.

[4] For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has reſtored *Lybia*. JOHNSON.

In the tranſlation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North, in folio, 1597*, you will at once ſee the origin of this miſtake.—"Firſt of all he did eſtabliſh Cleopatra queen of Ægypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria."

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated;

"'Twas Greek at firſt, that Greek was Latin made,
That Latin French, that French to Engliſh ſtraid:
Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there's more difference,
Than i' th' ſame Engliſhman return'd from France."

FARMER.

Abſo-

Abſolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæſ. I'the common ſhew-place, where they exerciſe;
His ſons he there proclaim'd, the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he aſſign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia:—She
In the habiliments of the Goddeſs Iſis
That day appear'd: and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſy with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſ. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæſ. Cæſar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtor'd: Laſtly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone.
I told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change. For what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter

Enter Octavia.

Octa. Hail, Cæſar, and my lord! hail, moſt Cæſar!

Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have cauſe.

Cæſ. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? come not
Like Cæſar's ſiſter: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love, which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæſ. [5] Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

[5] *Which ſoon he granted,*
Being an abſtract *'tween his luſt and him.*] Antony very comply'd to let Octavia go at her requeſt, ſays Cæſar; and v Becauſe ſhe was an *abſtract* between his inordinate paſſion

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter: Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
'The kings o' the earth for war? He hath aſſembled
Bocchus the king of Libya; Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphus king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger liſt of ſcepters.

Octa. Ay me, moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæſ. Welcome hither:
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wronged,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high Gods,

him; this is abſurd. We muſt read,

Being an obſtruct *'tween his luſt and him.*

i. e. his wife being an obſtruction, a bar to the proſecution of his wanton pleaſures with Cleopatra. WARBURTON.

[6] Mr. Upton remarks, that there are ſome errours in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings; but it is probable that the authour did not much wiſh to be accurate. JOHNSON.

To

To do you juſtice, make their miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his [7] potent regiment to a trull,
That noiſes it againſt us.

Oct. Is it ſo, ſir?

Cæſ. It is moſt certain. Siſter, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience, my deareſt ſiſter!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Antony's camp near the promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt [8] foreſpoke my being in theſe wars,
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? Why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?

Eno. [*Aſide.*] Well, I could reply:
If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,

[7] —*potent regiment*—] *Regiment*, is *government*, *authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a falſe woman.
It may be obſerved, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of ſlight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

[8] —*foreſpoke my being*—] To *foreſpeak*, is to *contradict*, to *ſpeak againſt*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

The

The horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear
A ſoldier, and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What ſhould not then be ſpared. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' the war;
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the emperor.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

Cleo. By ſea! what elſe?

Can. Why will my lord do ſo?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey: But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time's in labour, and thr
forth
Each minute ſome. [*Exe*

SCENE VIII.

A PLAIN.

Enter Cæſar, Taurus, &c.

Cæſ. Taurus.—
Taur. My lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke
battle,
Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcrowl: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exe*

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yon' ſide o' the h
In the eye of Cæſar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exe*

Enter Canidius, marching with his land-army one
over the ſtage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæ
the other way. After their going in, is heard the
of a ſea-fight. Alarm. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
longer:
[3] The Antoniad, the Ægyptian admiral,

[3] *The Antoniad*, &c.] Which Plutarch ſays, was the name
Cleopatra's ſhip. Po

W

With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddeſſes,
All the whole ſynod of them!

Eno. What's thy paſſion?

Scar. [4] The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide like the [5] token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon' [6] ribauld nag of Ægypt,
[7] Whom leproſy o'ertake! i' the midſt o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd

[4] *The greater* cantle——] A piece or lump. POPE.
Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæſar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*token'd*——] Spotted. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*ribauld*——] A luxurious ſquanderer. POPE.
The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not underſtand, but mention it, in hopes others may raiſe ſome happy conjecture. JOHNSON.
——*Yon ribauld* nag *of Ægypt*,] I believe we ſhould read, *beg*. What follows ſeems to prove it:

——She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her *magic*, Antony,
Claps on his ſea-wing ——

Obſervations and Conjectures, printed at Oxford, 1766.
The brieze, or œſtrum, the fly that ſtings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

[7] *Whom leproſy o'ertake!*—] *Leproſy*, an epidemical diſtemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line.

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum. JOHNSON.
Surely leproſy is no diſorder among horſes. STEEVENS.

Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;
The brieze upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being looft[9],
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his ſea-wing, and like a doating mallard
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly by his own.
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night
Indeed.
Can. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.
Can. To Cæſar will I render
My legions, and my horſe; ſix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow

[9] —*being* looft,] To *loof* is to bring a ſhip cloſe to the wind.

STEEVENS.

T

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE IX.

The palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony, with Eros and other attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
I am ſo [a] lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever:—I have a ſhip
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæſar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myſelf; and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders.—Friends, be gone:
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour:—Take it.—Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, begone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs: take the hint,
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let that be left,

[1] *The wounded chance of Antony,*—] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the ſports of the field, might not have written,

The wounded chaſe *of Antony,*——

The alluſion is to a deer wounded and chaſed, whom all other deer avoid. *I will,* ſays Enobarbus, *follow Antony,* though *chaſed* and *wounded.*

The common reading, however, may very well ſtand. JOHNS.

[a] —*ſo lated in the world,*—] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

Which leaves itſelf.—To the ſea-ſide. Straightway
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:——
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, [3]I have loſt command,
Therefore, I pray you:—I'll ſee you by and by.

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.
Iras. Do, moſt dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit down: oh Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, ſir!
Ant. Oh fy, fy, fy.
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam, oh good empreſs!
Eros. Sir, ſir.
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—[4]He at Philippi kept
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtruck
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; [5]and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: [6]he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had

[3] —*I've loſt command,*] I am not maſter of my own emotions. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*He at Philippi kept*
His ſword e'en like a dancer,—] In the Moriſco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held ſwords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*and 'twas I,*
That the mad *Brutus ended:*—] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madneſs.* WARBURTON.

[6] ——*he alone*
Dealt on lieutenantry,——] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæſar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNSON.

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy,* made war by his lieutenants. STEEVENS.

In

In the brave ſquares of war: yet now—no matter—
Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen—
Iras. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him;
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me: oh!
Eros. Moſt noble ſir, ariſe; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and [7] death will ſeize her; but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving,—
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, Ægypt? See,
[8] How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I have left behind,
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.
Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder [9] ty'd by the ſtrings
And thou ſhouldſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who,
With half the bulk o' the world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,

[7] *death will ſeize her, but*
Your comfort, &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unleſs*. JOHNSON.
[8] *How I convey my ſhame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your ſight. JOHNSON.
[9]—*ty'd by the ſtring*,] That is by the *heart ſtring*. JOHNSON.

How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me.—
We ſent our ſchoolmaſter; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine,
Within there, and our viands. Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Cæſar's camp, in Egypt.

Enter Cæſar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæſ. Let him appear, that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach, and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf[9]
To his grand ſea.

Cæſ.

[9] ——————*as petty to his ends,*
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his *grand ſea.*] Thus the old copy. To *whoſe* grand ſea? I know not. Perhaps we ſhould read,
To this *grand ſea.*

We

Cæſ. Be it ſo. Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts; and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
[1] The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From Ægypt drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there.—This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Ambaſſador.*

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time: diſpatch,
From Antony win Cleopatra: promiſe, [*To Thyreus.*
And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes, ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.

Cæſ. Obſerve, [2] how Antony becomes his flaw;

We may ſuppoſe that the ſea was within view of Cæſar's camp, and at no great diſtance. T. T.

The modern editors arbitrarily read,—"*the* grand ſea." STEEVENS.

[1] *The circle of the Ptolomies*—] The diadem; the enſign of royalty. JOHNSON.

[2] —*how Antony becomes his flaw*;] That is, how Antony conforms himſelf to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves,
Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt*

SCENE XI.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. [3] Think, and die.

Cleo

[3] *Think, and die.*] Read,

Drink, *and die.*

This reply of Enobarbus ſeems grounded upon a peculiarity i the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra, which is related by Plu tarch: that, after their defeat at Actium, they inſtituted a ſocie of friends, who entered into engagement to die with them, n abating, in the mean time, any part of their luxury, exceſs, ar riot, in which they had liv'd before. HANMER

This reading, offered by ſir T. Hanmer, is received by D Warburton and Mr. Upton, but I have not advanced it into t page, not being convinced that it is neceſſary. *Think, and di* that is, *Reflect on your folly, and leave the world*, is a natural anſwe JOHNSO

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

Drink, *and die.*

And his emendation has been approved, it ſeems, by Dr. Warbu ton and Mr. Upton. Mr. Johnſon, however, "has not advanc "it into the page, not being convinced that it is neceſſa "*Think, and die*;" ſays he, "that is, *Reflect on your own fol* "*and leave the world*, is a natural anſwer." I grant it would b *according to this explanation*, a very proper anſwer from a moral or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor t other. He is drawn as a *plain, blunt ſoldier*; not likely, howev to offend ſo groſly in point of delicacy as ſir T. Hanmer's alte tion would make him. I believe the true reading is,

Wink, *and die.*

When the ſhip is going to be caſt away, in the *Sea-voyage* of Bea mont and Fletcher, (Act i. Scene 1.) and Aminta is lamentin Tibalt ſays to her,

G

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nick'd his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, [4] he being
The meered queſtion. 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambaſſador.

Ant. Is that his anſwer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen ſhall then have courteſy,
So ſhe will yield us up.

Amb. He ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know it.
To the boy Cæſar ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

———Go, take your gilt
Prayer-book, and to your buſineſs; *wink, and die:*

infinuating plainly, that ſhe was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the ſame inſinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra's deſponding queſtion.

Obſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

[4] ———*he being*
The meered queſtion.———]The *meered* queſtion is a term I do not underſtand. I know not what to offer, except,

The mooted *queſtion.*———

That is, the *diſputed* point, the ſubject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered queſtion*, if it can mean any thing, may, with ſome violence of language, mean, the *diſputed boundary*.

JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the r
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſho
note
Something particular: his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's; whoſe miniſters would prev
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' the command of Cæſar. I dare him there
To lay [5] his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone. I'll write it; follow me.
[*Exit Ant*

Eno. Yes, like enough high-battled Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to the ſhew
Againſt a ſworder.—I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!—Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A meſſenger from Cæſar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, ſir.

Eno. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare.
[6] The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure

[5] ——————*his gay compariſons apart,*
And anſwer me declin'd,—] I require of Cæſar not to depend that ſuperiority which the *compariſon* of our different fortunes m exhibit to him, but to anſwer me man to man, in this decline my age or power. JOHNSO

[6] *The loyalty, well held to fools,* &c.] After Enobarbus has ſai that his honeſty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls in

To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' the ſtory.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæſar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends. Say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, ſir, as Cæſar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæſar pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whoſe he is, we are; and that is Cæſar's.
Thyr. So.——
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd; [7] Cæſar intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is Cæſar.
Cleo. Go on:——Right royal.
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

this generous reflection: "Tho' loyalty, ſtubbornly preſerv'd to "a maſter in his declin'd fortunes, ſeems folly in the eyes of "fools; yet he, who can be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as "great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read,

Though *loyalty, well held, to fools does make*
Our faith meer folly—— THEOBALD.

I have preſerved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon deſertion, and finding it is more prudent to forſake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no poſitive concluſion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*Cæſar intreats,*
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is Cæſar.] i. e. *Cæſar intreats, that at the ſame time you conſider your deſperate fortunes, you won'd conſider he is Cæſar:* That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to reſtore them. WARB.

Cleo.

Cleo. Oh! [*A*

Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, I
Does pity as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielde
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be ſure of that,
I will aſk Antony.—Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit Enobar*

Thyr. Shall I ſay to Cæſar
What you require of him? For he partly begs
To be deſired to give. It much would pleaſe hir
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon.
But it would warm his ſpirits, to hear from me
You had left Antony, and put yourſelf
Under his ſhroud, the univerſal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. [8] Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this; In deputation
I kiſs his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel.
[9] Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Th

[8] *Moſt kind meſſenger,*
Say to great Cæſar this in DISPUTATION,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:——] The poet certainly wrote,

Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this; in DEPUTATION
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:———

i. e. by *proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name.

WA

[9] *Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath,* &c.—] *Doom* is
clared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*

ſup

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. [1] Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæſar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by Jove, that thunders!—
[*Seeing Thyreus kiſs her hand.*
What art thou fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there!—ah, you kite!—Now, Gods and Devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cry'd, ho!
[2] Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,

ſuppoſe we ought to read,
———*all*-obeyed breath. JOHNSON.

[1] —*Give me grace*—] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

[2] *Like boys unto a* muſs,——] i. e. a ſcramble. POPE.
So uſed by Ben Jonſon in his *Magnetic Lady*:
————nor are they thrown
To make a *muſs* among the gameſome ſuitors.
And again in his *Bartholomew Fair*:
God's ſo, a *muſs*, a *muſs*, a *muſs*, a *muſs*!
So in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Maſters*, 1608:
"I would you could make ſuch another *muſs*.
"Do'ſt call it a *muſs*?" STEEVENS.

And

And cry, *your will?* Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Enter Attendants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and ſtars!—
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæſar, ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe here, (what's her name,
Since ſhe was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: This Jack of Cæſar's ſhall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt with Thyreus.*
You were half blaſted, ere I knew you: Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in Rome,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
[3] By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
(Oh miſery on't!) the wiſe Gods ſeel our eyes
In our own filth; drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. Oh, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead Cæſar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; beſides what hotter hours,

[3] *By one that looks on feeders?*] One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNSON.

Un-

gifter'd in vulgar fame, you have
riouſly pick'd out:—For I am ſure,
igh you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
know not what it is.
o. Wherefore is this?
t. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
ſay, *God quit you!* be familiar with
layfellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
plighter of high hearts!—O that I were
the hill of Baſan, to out-roar
horned herd, for I have ſavage cauſe!
to proclaim it civilly, were like
ter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
eing yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants with Thyreus.

end. Soundly, my lord.
t. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?
end. He did aſk favour.
t. If that thy father live, let him repent
waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
llow Cæſar in his triumph, ſince
haſt been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
white hand of a lady fever thee,
thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæſar,
him thy entertainment: look, thou ſay,
akes me angry with him: For he ſeems
d and diſdainful; harping on what I am,
what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
at this time, moſt eaſy 'tis to do't;
n my good ſtars, that were my former guides,

e horned herd,——] It is not without pity and indignation
e reader of this great poet meets ſo often with this low jeſt,
is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.
JOHNSON.

Have

Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abiſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done; tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, [5] to quit me:—Urge it thou.
Hence with thy ſtripes, begone. [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of Antony.

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.——

Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart, let heaven ingender hail,
And poiſon it in the ſource; and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! [6] the next Cæſarion ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
[7] By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land

[5] ——*to quit me:*——] To repay me this inſult; to *requite* me. JOHNSON.

[6] —*the next Cæſario ſmite!*] Cæſario was Cleopatra's ſon by Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.

[7] *By the* diſcattering *of this pelletted ſtorm,*] This reading we owe firſt, I preſume, to Mr. Rowe: and Mr Pope has very faithfully fallen into it. The old folio's read, *diſcandering:* from which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the word with which I have reform'd the text. THEOBALD.

Hath

ıth nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
ve knit again, [8] and float, threatning moſt ſea-like.
here haſt thou been, my heart? Doſt thou hear, lady?
from the field I ſhould return once more
kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
ıd my ſword will earn my chronicle;
ere's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
d fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Vere nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
d ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
t's have one other gaudy night: call to me
l my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
t's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
ıad thought to have held it poor; but ſince my lord
Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them; and to-night I'll force
ıe wine peep through their ſcars.—Come on, my queen;
ıere's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
l make death love me; for I will contend

[8] ——*and float*,—] This is a modern emendation, perhaps ht. The old reading is,

——*and* fleet,—— JOHNSON.

[9] *Were nice and lucky*,—] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing peace. WARBURTON.

Nice rather ſeems to be, *juſt fit for my purpoſe, agreeable to my h.* So we vulgarly ſay of any thing that is done better than s expected, it is *nice*. JOHNSON.

Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear: and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and, I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart:—When valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with.—I will ſeek
Some way to leave him.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's CAMP.

Enter Cæſar, reading a letter, Agrippa, Mecænas, &c.

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt. My meſſenger
He hath whipt with rods; dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to Antony.—Let the old ruffian know,
[1] I have many other ways to die: mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec.

[1] I have *many other ways to die:*——] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he ſhould die under the unequal combat; but if we read,

He hath *many other ways to die: mean time,*
I *laugh at his challenge.*

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæſar. Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony ſent a challenge to Cæſar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for anſwer, that he might find ſeveral other ways to end his life.* UPTON, I think

Mec. Cæſar muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot [2] of his diſtraction: never anger
Made good guard for itſelf.

Cæſ. Let our beſt heads
Know, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
We mean to fight.—Within our files there are
Of thoſe that ſerv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feaſt the army: we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why ſhould he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

I think this emendation deſerves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by ſir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Moſt indiſputably this is the ſenſe of Plutarch, and given ſo in the modern tranſlations; but Shakeſpeare was miſled by the ambiguity of the old one. "Antonius ſent again to challenge Cæſar to fight him: Cæſar anſwered, that he had many other ways to die, than ſo" FARMER.

[2] *Make boot of*—] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, "; *take all.*"
Ant. Well ſaid. Come on.—
Call forth my houſhold ſervants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou;—
And thou;—and thou;—and thou:—you hav
ſerv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis [4] one of thoſe odd tricks, wh
ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too,
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The Gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to
Scant not my cups; and make as much of m
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;

[3] ——*take* all.] Let the ſurvivor take all. N
victory or death.

[4] ——*one of thoſe odd tricks,*—] I know not wha
editors find in this paſſage. *Trick* is here uſed i
which it is uttered every day by every mouth, el
gar: yet ſir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and
in his rage of Galliciſm, to *traits*.

Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; [5] or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance, to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the Gods yield you for't?

Eno. What mean you, ſir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep:
And I, an aſs, am [6] onion-ey'd: for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where thoſe drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe:
I ſpake to you for your comfort; did deſire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than [7] death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——— *or if,*
A mangled ſhadow.]

Or *if* you ſee me more, you will ſee me *a mangled ſhadow*, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

——— *or if,*
A mangled ſhadow.]

The thought is, as uſual, taken from ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch:—"for, ſaid he, you know not whether you "ſhall do ſo much for me to-morrow, or not, or whether you ſhall "ſerve another maſter: and it may be, you ſhall ſee me no more, "but a dead body." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*onion-ey'd*—] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

[7] —*death and honour.*—] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

SCENE III.

Before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the da
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way. Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good night t
you.
1 *Sold.* Well, ſir, good-night.
[*They meet with other ſoldier*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good-night.
[*They place themſelves on every corner of the ſtag*
2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of hautboys under the ſtag*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Muſick i' the air.——
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.——
4 *Sold.* It ſigns well, [7] does it not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay. What ſhould this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
2 *Sold.* How now, maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not ſtrange?

[7] *It ſigns well*, &c.] i. e. it does well, &c.

3 *Sold.*

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter;
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
Omnes. Content:—'Tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CLEOPATRA's PALACE.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with Charmian and others,

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come. Mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros.

Come, good fellow, put thine [8] iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. [9] Nay, I'll help too.
Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—Falſe, falſe; this, this—
Cleo. Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it muſt be.
[*Cleopatra puts the armour on Antony.*
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now.
Seeſt thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.
Eno. [1] Briefly, ſir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe

[8] ——*thine iron*——] I think it ſhould be rather,
——mine *iron*—— JOHNSON.

[9] *Nay, I'll help too.*] Theſe three little ſpeeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily diſentangled by ſir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

[1] *Briefly, ſir.*] That is, *quickly*, ſir. JOHNSON.

To doff it for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.—
Thou fumbleſt, Eros; and my queen's a 'ſquire
More tight at this, than thou. Diſpatch.—O love!
That thou couldſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation! thou ſhouldſt ſee
A workman in it.

Enter an officer armed.

Good-morrow to thee; welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him, that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to it with delight.

Sold. A thouſand, ſir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter other officers and ſoldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair. Good-morrow, general!

All. Good-morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, ſo.—Come, give me that—this way—well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable, [*Kiſſes her.*
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't.—Adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Char. Pleaſe you to retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæſar might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, Antony.—But now,—Well!—On. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a ſoldier meeting them.

[2] *Sold.* The Gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The kings, that have revolted, and the ſoldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from Cæſar's camp
Say, "I *am none of* thine."
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæſar.
Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, ſend his treaſure after; do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings.
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe

[2] Eros. *The Gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewiſe conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line ſhould not be placed to Eros, but to the ſoldier, who, before the battle of Actium, adviſed Antony to try his fate at land. THEOB.

To

To change a maſter. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men![3] Diſpatch. Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

CÆSAR's CAMP.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus and Dolabella.

Cæſ. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
[4] Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it ſo known.

Agr. Cæſar, I ſhall.

Cæſ. The time of univerſal peace is near.
Prove this a proſperous day, the three-nook'd world
[5] Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Antony is come into the field.

Cæſ. Go, charge Agrippa;
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the van;

[3] — *Diſpatch, my Eros.*] Thus the modern editors. The old edition reads,

——— *Diſpatch Enobarbus.*

Perhaps, it ſhould be,

———*Diſpatch! To Enobarbus!* JOHNSON.

[4] *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is obſervable with what judgment Shakeſpeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; ſo the other was not to ſhine: yet being an hiſtorical character, there was a neceſſity to draw him *like*. But the antient hiſtorians, his flatterers, had delivered him down ſo fair, that he ſeems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidſt theſe difficulties Shakeſpeare has extricated himſelf with great addreſs. He has admitted all thoſe great ſtrokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-ſpirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. WARBURTON.

[5] *Shall bear the olive freely.*] i. e. ſhall ſpring up every where ſpontaneouſly and without culture. WARBURTON.

That

That Antony may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did [6] perſuade
Great Herod to incline himſelf to Cæſar,
And leave his maſter Antony: for this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the reſt,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
His bounty over-plus. The meſſenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true. Beſt you ſafed the bringer
Out of the hoſt; I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have don't myſelf. Your emperor
Continues ſtill a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am ſo moſt. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! [7] This blows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall

[6] ——*perſuade*] The old copy has *diſſuade*, perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*This blows my heart*;] All the latter editions have,
——*This* bows *my heart*;
I have given the original word again the place from which I think it

Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!——No: I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, [8] and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarm. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor! this is fought indeed!
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, ſir, and our advantage
ſerves
For a fair victory.

it unjuſtly excluded. *This generoſity*, (ſays Enobarbus) ſwells *my heart*, ſo that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a ſwifter mean.* JOHNSON.

[8] —*and our* oppreſſion.] *Oppreſſion* for oppoſition, WARB. Sir T. Hanmer has received *oppoſition*. Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

Scar.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up as we take hares, behind:
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Alarm. Enter Antony again in a march. Scarus with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; [9] run one before,
And let the queen know of our gueſts.—To-morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee us, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have ſhewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilſt they with joyful tears,
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole.—Give me thy hand,
[*To Scarus.*

[9] ——————*run one before,*
And let the queen know of our gueſts.——————]

What gueſts was the queen to know of? Antony was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a word of marching to Alexandria, and treating his officers in the palace. We muſt read,

And let the queen know of our geſts.

i. e. *res geſtæ*; our feats, our glorious actions. A term then in common uſe. WARBURTON.

This paſſage needs neither correction nor explanation. Antony after his ſucceſs intends to bring his officers to ſup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given her of their *gueſts*. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Cleopatra.

[1] To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown,
Yet have we a brain that nouriſhes our nerves,
And can [2] get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Kiſs it, my warriour:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a God, in hate of mankind, had
Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's. [3]
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled

[1] *To this great fairy*—] Mr. Upton has well obſerved, that *fairy*, which Dr Warburton and ſir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantreſs*, compriſes the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

[2] *—get goal for goal of youth.*—] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal*, is to be ſuperiour in a conteſt of activity. JOHNSON.

[3] *It was a king's.*] So in ſir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch. ——"Then came Antony again to the palace greatly "boaſting of this victory, and ſweetly kiſſed Cleopatra, armed "as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one "of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this "ſkirmiſh. Cleopatra, to reward his manlineſs, gave him an "armour and head-piece of clean gold." STEEVENS.

Like

Like holy Phœbus' car.——Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
[a] Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we would all ſup together,
And drink carowſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

CÆSAR's CAMP.

Enter a Sentry and his company. Enter Enobarbus.

Sent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to the court of guard: the night
Is ſhiny; and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By the ſecond hour i' the morn.

1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to us.

Eno. O bear me witneſs, night!—

2 *Watch.* What man is this?

1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent.

Sent. Enobarbus!

3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.

[a] *Bear our hack'd targets, like the men that owe them.*] i. e. hack'd as much as the men are to whom they belong. WARB.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with ſpirit and exaltation, ſuch as becomes the brave warriors *that own them?* JOHNSON.

Eno.

Eno. O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. [5] Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh Antony! oh Antony! [*Dies.*

1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.

Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern Cæſar.

2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo. But he ſleeps.

Sent. Swoons rather; for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, ſir, awake; ſpeak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, ſir?

Sent. The hand of death has raught him.
[*Drums afar off.*

[6] Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers!
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then; he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*Throw my heart*] The pathetick of Shakeſpeare is often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy di nity of this noble ſcene deſtroyed by the intruſion of a conceit far-fetched and unaffecting. JOHNSON

[6] *Hark, how the drums* demurely——] *Demurely* for ſolemnly WARBURTON

SCENE

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by ſea;
We pleaſe them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is given;
[7] They have put forth the haven.
[8] Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, and his army.

Cæſ. [9] But being charg'd we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take 't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarm afar off, as at a ſea-fight.*

[7] *They have put forth the haven.* Further on.] Theſe words, *further on*, though not neceſſary, have been inſerted in the later editions, and are not in the firſt. JOHNSON.

[8] *Where their* appointment *we may beſt diſcover,*
And look on their endeavour.]

i. e. where we may beſt diſcover their *numbers*, and ſee their *motions*. WARBURTON.

[9] *But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which, as I take't, we ſhall;]

i. e. unleſs we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I ſuppoſe we ſhall keep. *But being charged* was a phraſe of that time, equivalent to *unleſs we be*, which the Oxford Editor not underſtanding, he has alter'd the line thus,

Not *being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which as I take't we ſhall not. WARBURTON.

Re enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd.
Where yonder pine does ſtand, I ſhall diſcover all
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go.
[*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's ſails their neſts:—the augurs
Say, they know not,——they cannot tell,——look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is loſt; this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. [1] Triple turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them fly.—Begone,
Oh, ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here

[1] —*Triple-turn'd whore!*—] She was firſt for Antony, then ſuppoſed by him to have *turned* to Cæſar, when he found his meſſenger kiſſing her hand, then ſhe *turned* again to Antony, and now has *turned* to Cæſar. Shall I mention what has dropped in to my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written *triple-tongued? Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the preſent reading may ſtand. JOHNSON.

DO

Do we ſhake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts,
[2] That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming Cæſar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am:
Oh, this falſe ſoul of Egypt! [3] this grave charm,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whoſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipſy, hath, at faſt and looſe,
Beguil'd me [4] to the very heart of loſs.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou ſpell! avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?

Ant. Vaniſh; or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh Cæſar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting Plebeians;

[2] *That ſpaniel'd me at heels.*—] All the editions read,

That pannell'd *me at heels*,———

Sir T. Hanmer ſubſtituted *ſpaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reaſonable to expect that even rival commentators would be ſatisfied; yet Dr. Warburton propoſes *pantler'd*, in a note, of which he is not injur'd by the ſuppreſſion; and Mr. Upton having in his firſt edition propoſed plauſibly enough,

That paged *me at heels*, ———

in the ſecond edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he ſays, from a *pannel* of wainſcot. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *this grave charm.*] I know not by what authority, nor for what reaſon, *this* grave *charm*, which the firſt, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this* gay *charm*. By *this* grave *charm*, is meant, *this ſublime, this majeſtic beauty*. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *to the very heart of loſs.*] To the utmoſt loſs poſſible. JOHNSON.

Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex: [5] Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy viſage up
[6] With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
[*Exit Cleopatra.*
If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!
The ſhirt of Neſſus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage:
[7] Let me lodge, Lichas, on the horns o' the moon,
And with thoſe hands, that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the young Roman boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

[5] ——— *Moſt monſter-like be ſhewn*
For poor'ſt diminutives, for DOLTS;——] As the alluſion here is to monſters carried about in ſhews, it is plain, that the words, *for pooreſt diminutives*, muſt mean for the leaſt piece of money; we muſt therefore read the next word,

——— *for* DOITS,———

i. e. farthings, which ſhews what he means by *pooreſt diminutives.*
WARBURTON.

[6] *With her* prepared *nails*—] i. e. with nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe. WARB.

[7] *Let me lodge, Lichas*———] Sir T. Hanner reads thus,

——— *thy rage*
Led thee *lodge Lichas*——and———
Subdue thy *worthieſt ſelf.*———

This reading, harſh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do ſomething in my rage, becoming the ſucceſſor of Hercules. JOHNS.

Let me lodge, Lichas, on the horns o' th' moon,] This image our poet ſeems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who ſays Lichas being launched into the air, ſprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the ſame occaſion, talks at a much ſoberer rate.
WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
han Telamon for his ſhield; the boar of Theſſaly
'as never ſo emboſs'd.[8]
Char. To the monument,
here lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you are dead.
'he ſoul and body rive not more at parting,
'han greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
ay, that the laſt I ſpoke was, Antony;
ınd word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly: Hence, Mardian,
ınd bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Re-enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. [9] Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

[8] *Was never ſo* emboſs'd.] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *imboſt*. A dog alſo, when he is ſtrained with hard running, will have his knees ſwelled, and then he is ſaid to be *imboſt*, from the French word *boſſe*, which ſignifies a tumour. HANMER.

[9] *Sometimes we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh*, &c.] So Ariſtophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345.

Ἦδη ποτ' ἀναβλέψας εἶδες πρόλαν Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν;
Ἢ παρδάλει, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταύρῳ; RAWLINSON.

A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black Veſper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with thought,
[1] The rack diſſimns; and makes it indiſtinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for Ægypt: and the queen,—
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;
(Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, Eros, has
[2] Pack'd cards with Cæſar, and falſe play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us,
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

[1] *The rack diſſimns,*——] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds deſtroys the picture. STEEVENS.

[2] Pack'd cards *with Cæſar, and* falſe play'd *my glory*
Unto an enemy's triumph.——] Shakeſpeare has here, as uſual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial ſubject; but has ennobled it with much art, by ſo contriving that the principal term in the ſubject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, ſhould belong to, and ſuit the dignity of the ſubject to which the metaphor is *transferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleneſs of the thought. And this by the word TRIUMPH, which either ſignifies Octavius's conqueſt, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing ſort*. WARB.

This explanation is very juſt, the thought did not deſerve ſo good an annotation. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Mardian.

ı, thy vile lady!
e has robb'd me of my ſword.
Mar. No, Antony;
y miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
ith thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, ſaucy eunuch; peace.
e hath betray'd me, and ſhall die the death.
Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once;
ıd that ſhe hath diſcharg'd. What thou wouldſt do,
done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
as, Antony! moſt noble Antony!
ıen in the midſt a tearing groan did break
ıe name of Antony; it was divided
tween her heart and lips: ſhe rendred life,
ıy name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's taſk is done,
d we muſt ſleep:—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
es pay thy labour richly. Go.— [*Exit Mardian.*
; pluck off;—
: ſeven-fold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep
ıe battery from my heart. Oh, cleave my ſides!
rt, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
k thy frail caſe!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
ıore a ſoldier:—Bruiſed pieces, go;
have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit Eros.*
o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
ıgth is torture. Since the torch is out,

battery from my heart.———] I would read,
This *battery from my heart.*—— JOHNSON.

Lie down, and ſtray no further: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength: +Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ſhips, made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our Cæſar tells,
"*I am conqueror of myſelf.*" Thou art ſworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent is come, (which now
Is come indeed) when I ſhould ſee behind me
The inevitable proſecution of
Diſgrace and horror, that on my command,

+ ——Seal *then, and all is done.*——] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the ſealing completes the contract; ſo he had determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the ſtroke. The Oxford editor not apprehending the alters it to

——————ſleep *then,*—————— WARB.

I believe the reading is,

——————ſeel *then, and all is done.*——————

To *ſeel hawks*, is to cloſe their eyes. The meaning will be,

——————*ſince the torch is out,*
Lie down, and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does.—Seel *then, and all is done.*

Cloſe thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet.* JOHNSON.

Thou then wouldſt kill me. Do't, the time is come.
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis Cæſar thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy maſter thus [5] with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame; whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate Cæſar, drawn before him, branded
[6] His baſeneſs that enſued?
Eros. I would not ſee't.
Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.
Eros. Oh, ſir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein [7] the worſhip of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee.— [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My ſword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emperor! Let me ſay,

[5] —*pleacht arms,*—] Arms folded in each other. JOHNS.
[6] *His baſeneſs that enſued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.
[7] —*the worſhip of the whole world*——] The *worſhip*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. JOHNSON.

Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then— [*Eros kills himſelf*

Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow

Of Antony's death. [*Die*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!

Thou teacheſt me, oh, valiant Eros, what

I ſhould, and thou couldſt not. My queen and Er

Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me

A nobleneſs in record, [8] but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his ſwor*

I learn'd of thee! How! not dead? not dead?—

The guard?—ho!—oh, diſpatch me.

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I have done my work, ill friends: O make n end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*but I will be*

A bridegroom in my death, &c.] This thought has occurred before in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,

I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in my arms. STEEVENS.

Der-

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to Cæſar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not anſwer, man?
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.
Dio. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs Cleopatra ſent me to thee.
Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is ſhe?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a propheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs: for when ſhe ſaw,
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with Cæſar; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead;
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come.—Your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra 'bides;
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

Guard.

Guard. Woe, woe, are we, ſir! you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows: Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends;
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XIII.

A MONUMENT.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras above.

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other ſide your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter

Enter Antony, borne by the guard.

Cleo. [9] O ſun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o' the world! O Antony!
Antony, Antony!
Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.
Not Cæſar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itſelf.

Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but, woe, 'tis ſo!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only
[*] I here importune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not.

Dear

[9] *O ſun*
Burn *the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!*—darkling *ſtand*
The varying *ſhore o' th' world!*———] *The varying ſhore o' th' world!* i. e. of the *earth*, where light and darkneſs make an inceſſant *variation*. But then, if the ſun ſhould ſet on fire the whole ſphere, in which he was ſuppoſed to move, how could the earth *ſtand darkling?* On the contrary, it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we will allow Cleopatra not to be quite mad, we muſt believe ſhe ſaid,

TURN FROM *th' great ſphere*———

i. e. forſake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the conſequence would be, that the *varying ſhore* would become *invariably dark*.
WARBURTON.

She deſires the ſun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNSON.

[*] *I here importune death*——] I *ſolicit* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him waiting.

I here importune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.

Cleo.

Dear, dear, my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Leſt I be taken. Not the imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæſar ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me*; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, ha
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modeſt eyes
And [2] ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony.
Help me, my women;—We muſt draw thee up;
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. [3] Here's ſport, indeed!—How heavy weig
my lord!

Cleo. *I dare not,*
Dear, dear, my lord, your pardon; that I dare not,
Leſt I be taken.———

What curious hobbling verſification do we encounter here in t laſt line but one? Beſides, how inconſiſtently is the lady made reply? Antony ſays, he only holds life, till he can give her o laſt kiſs: and ſhe cries, ſhe dares not: What dares ſhe not d kiſs Antony? But how ſhould ſhe? ſhe was above, lock'd in h monument; and he below, on the outſide of it. With a ve ſlight addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a wa rant from Plutarch for it into the bargain.

Now Plutarch ſays, that "Antony was carried in his me "arms *into the entry* of the *monument*: Notwithſtanding Cleop "tra would not *open the gates*, but *came to the high windows*, a "caſt out certain chains and ropes, &c."—So that Antony mig very reaſonably deſire her to come down, and ſhe as reaſonab excuſe herſelf, for fear of being inſnared by Cæſar. THEOB

Mr. Theobald's emendation is received by the ſucceeding ed tors; but it ſeems not neceſſary that a dialogue ſo diſtreſſf ſhould be nicely regular. I have therefore preſerved the origin reading in the text, and the emendation below. JOHNS

* *Be* brooch'd *with me.*] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *broo* was an ornament formerly worn in the hair. STEEVENS

[2] ———*ſtill concluſion,*———] Sedate determination; file coolneſs of reſolution. JOHNSON

[3] *Here's ſport, indeed!*——] I ſuppoſe the meaning of the ſtrange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earneſt*. JOHNSON

Ot

Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The ſtrong-wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Jove's ſide. Yet come a little,—
Wiſhers were ever fools:—Oh come, come, come;—
[They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome! Die, where thou haſt liv'd:
[4] Quicken with kiſſing:—Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy ſight!
Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.[5]
Cleo. No, let me ſpeak; and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe [6] huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, ſweet queen.
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour with your ſafety.—Oh!—
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:—
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My reſolution and my hands I'll truſt;
None about Cæſar.
Ant. The miſerable change, now at my end,[7]
Lament

[4] *Quicken with kiſſing.*———] That is, *Revive by my kiſs.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Give me ſome wine,* &c.] This circumſtance, like almoſt every other, Shakeſpeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Tho. North, in his tranſlation, ſays,—"Antony made her ceaſe from lamenting, "and called for wine, either becauſe he was athirſt, or elſe for "that thereby to haſten his death."—— STEEVENS.

[6] —*huſwife Fortune*——] This deſpicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

[7] *The miſerable change,* &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in ſir Tho. North's tranſlation of Plutarch.—"As for himſelf, ſhe ſhould not "lament nor ſorrow for the miſerable change of his fortune at "the end of his days; but rather, that ſhe ſhould think him the "more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had re-"ceived, conſidering that while he lived, he was the nobleſt and "greateſt

Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with theſe my fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greateſt prince o' the world,
The nobleſt: and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more.— [*Antony dies.*

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
[8] The ſoldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. Oh, quietneſs, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our ſovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!—

Char. Oh madam, madam, madam,—

Iras. Royal Ægypt! empreſs!

Char. [9] Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman, and commanded
By

" greateſt prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not
" cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman."——
STEEVENS.

[8] *The ſoldier's pole*———] He at whom the ſoldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for obſervation. JOHNSON.

[9] The common copies,

Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. *No more but a meer woman,*———

Cleopatra is fallen into a ſwoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her ſeveral titles. At length, Charmian ſays to the other, *Peace, peace, Iras*; on which Cleopatra comes to herſelf, and replies to theſe laſt words, *No, you are miſtaken. I am*

ch poor paſſions as the maid that milks,
does the meaneſt chares.—It were for me
row my ſcepter at the injurious Gods;

To

mere woman like yourſelf. Thus ſtands this ſenſeleſs dia-
But Shakeſpeare never wrote it ſo: we muſt obſerve
hat the two women call her by ſeveral titles, to ſee which
aſed her; and this was highly in character: the ancients
t that not only men, but Gods too, had ſome names, which
thers they much delighted in, and would ſooneſt anſwer
we may ſee by the hymns of Orpheus, Homer, and Calli-
. The poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids
vereign lady, madam, royal Ægypt, empreſs. And now we
the place in queſtion: Charmian, when ſhe ſaw none of
itles had their effect, invokes her by a ſtill more flattering

Peace, peace, Isis!

t ſhould be read and pointed: i. e. Peace, we can never
er by theſe titles: let us give her her favourite name of
ddeſs Isis. And now Cleopatra's anſwer becomes perti-
d fine:

No more but a mere woman; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks.

ow ſee the folly of aſſuming to myſelf theſe flattering titles
nity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them,
ce me I am a mere woman, and ſubject to all the paſſions
meaneſt of my ſpecies. Here the poet has followed hiſtory
, and, what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who
at Cleopatra aſſumed the habit and attributes of that God-
nd gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under
ality of the NEW ISIS. κλεοπάτρα μὲν γὰρ καὶ τότε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλήθη ἐξιοῦσα, στολὴν ἐτέραν ἱερὰν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανεν, καὶ ΝΕΑ ἐχρημάτιζε. WARBURTON.

his note it may be truly ſaid, that it at leaſt deſerves to be
nor can he, that ſhall queſtion the juſtneſs of the emendation,
his eſteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is
ed.

mer had propoſed another emendation, not injudiciouſly,
ds thus,

Iras. *Royal Ægypt! empreſs!*
Cleo. *Peace, peace, Iras.*
No more but a mere woman, &c.

is, *no more an empreſs, but a mere woman.*

To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtolen our jewel. All's but naught:
Patience is ſottiſh; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what? Good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out:—Good ſirs, take heart:—
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*

It is ſomewhat unfortunate that the words, *mere woman*, which ſo much ſtrengthen the oppoſition to either *empreſs* or *Iſis*, are not in the original edition, which ſtands thus,

No more but in a *woman.*

Mere woman was probably the arbitrary reading of Rowe. I ſuppoſe, however, that we may juſtly change the ancient copy thus,

No more, but e'en a *woman.*

which will enough accommodate either of the editors.

I am inclined to think that ſhe ſpeaks abruptly, not anſwering her woman, but diſcourſing with her own thoughts,

No more—but e'en a *woman.*

I have no more *of my wonted greatneſs*, but am even a woman, *on the level with other women; were I what I once was,*

———It were for me
To throw my ſcepter, *&c.*

If this ſimple explanation be admitted, how much labour has been thrown away. *Peace, peace, Iras*, is ſaid by Charmian, when ſhe ſees the queen recovering, and thinks ſpeech troubleſome.

JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's CAMP.

[1] *Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, and train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.
[2] *Dol.* Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit Dolabella.*

Enter Dercetas, with the ſword of Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?

Der.

[1] *Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and* Menas.] But Menas and Menecrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who aſſiſted him to infeſt the Italian coaſt. We no where learn, expreſly in the play, that Menas ever attached himſelf to Octavius's party. Notwithſtanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the ſcene, where this character is made to ſpeak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* ſo that, as Dr. Thirlby ſagaciouſly conjectured, we muſt caſhier Menas, and ſubſtitute Mecænas in his room. Menas, indeed, deſerted to Cæſar no leſs than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to conſider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony kill'd himſelf, *anno* U. C. 723. Menas made the ſecond revolt over to Auguſtus, U. C. 717; and the next year was ſlain at the ſiege of Belgrade in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony. THEOB.

[2] Dol. *Cæſar, I ſhall.*] I make no doubt but it ſhould be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reaſonable to imagine he ſhould preſently depart upon Cæſar's command; ſo that the ſpeeches, placed to him in the ſequel of this ſcene, muſt be

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy,
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæſar; if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, oh Cæſar, Antony is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. [4] The round world
Should have ſhook lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a ſingle doom; in that name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæſar;
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf-hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: Behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.
Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends?
May the Gods rebuke me, [5] but it is tidings

transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Beſide, that Dolabella ſhould be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæſar aſks for him, he recollects that he had ſent him on buſineſs.
THEOBALD.

[4] ——*The round world ſhould have ſhook*
Lions into civil ſtreets, &c.] I think here is a line loſt, after which it is in vain to go in queſt. The ſenſe ſeems to have been this: *The round world ſhould have ſhook*, and this great alteration of the ſyſtem of things ſhould ſend *lions into ſtreets, and citizens into dens.* There is ſenſe ſtill, but it is harſh and violent.
JOHNSON.

[5] ——*but it is tidings*

waſh the eyes of kings!
gr. And ſtrange it is,
t nature muſt compel us to lament
moſt perſiſted deeds.
lec. His taints and honours
aged equal with him.
gr. A rarer ſpirit never
ſteer humanity: but you, Gods, will give us
e faults to make us men. Cæſar is touch'd.
lec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
needs muſt ſee himſelf.
ef. O Antony!
ve followed thee to this;—but we do lance
aſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
e ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
ook on thine; we could not ſtall together
ıe whole world. But yet let me lament
h tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
t thou, my brother, my competitor
ıp of all deſign, my mate in empire,
nd and companion in the front of war,
arm of mine own body, and the heart,
:re mine his thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars,
:conciliable, [7] ſhould divide
equalneſs to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon;

Enter an Ægyptian.

buſineſs of this man looks out of him,

waſh the eyes of kings!] That is, May *the Gods rebuke me,* if e not *tidings to make kings weep.*
', again, for *if not.* JOHNSON.
'aged equal with him.] For *waged*, the modern editions have *ıd.* JOHNSON.

———*ſhould divide*
r equalneſs to this.—] That is, *ſhould have made us,* in our ity of fortune, diſagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us die. JOHNSON.

We'll hear him what he ſays.—Whence are you?

Ægypt. [8] A poor Ægyptian yet; the queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her monument,
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To the way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For Cæſar cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. So the Gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, Proculeius; go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt, in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke,
She do defeat us: for [9] her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit Proculeius.*

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius. [*Exit Gallus.*

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.

[8] *A poor Ægyptian yet; the queen my miſtreſs,* &c.] If this punctuation be right, the man means to ſay, that he is *yet an Ægyptian*, that is, *yet a ſervant of the queen of Ægypt*, though ſoon to become a ſubject of Rome. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*her life in Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph.] Hanmer reads judiciouſly enough, but without neceſſity,

Would be eternalling *our triumph.*

The ſenſe is, *If ſhe dies here, ſhe will be forgotten, but if I ſend her* in triumph at Rome, *her memory and my glory* will be eternal. JOHNSON.

Go

Go with me to my tent; where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

THE MONUMENT.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæſar:
Not being fortune, he's but [1] fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; and it is great [2]
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.—

Enter

[1] ——*fortune's knave,*] The *ſervant* of fortune. JOHNS.

[2] ——————*and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts, up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the DUNG:
The beggars nurſe, and Cæſar's.——] The action of ſuicide is here ſaid, *to ſhackle accidents; to bolt up change; to be the beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.* So far the deſcription is intelligible. But when it is ſaid, that *it ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,* we find neither ſenſe nor propriety; which is occaſioned by the loſs of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the laſt word in the fourth. We ſhould read the paſſage thus,

——————*and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a ſound repoſe]
(Which ſleeps, and never palates more the DUOG:)
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

That this line in hooks was the ſubſtance of that loſt, is evident

Enter Proculeius, Gallus, &c.

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the queen of Ægypt;
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a queen his beggar, you muſt tell him
That majeſty, to keep decorum, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe,
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer:
You are fallen into a princely hand. Fear nothing:

from its making ſenſe of all the reſt: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over wearied nature to repoſe, (which now ſleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurſe of Cæſar and the beggar.* WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the loſs of a line, or the need of an emendation. The commentator ſeems to have entangled his own ideas; his ſuppoſition that *ſuicide* is called *the beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's*, and his conceſſion that the poſition is *intelligible*, ſhew, I think, a mind not intent upon the buſineſs before it. The difficulty of the paſſage, if any difficulty there be, ariſes only from this, that the act of ſuicide, and the ſtate which is the effect of ſuicide are confounded. Voluntary death, ſays ſhe, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a ſtate,

Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

Which has no longer need of the groſs and terrene ſuſtenance, in the uſe of which Cæſar and the beggar are on a level.

The ſpeech is abrupt, but perturbation in ſuch a ſtate is ſurely natural. JOHNSON.

Male

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency; and you ſhall find
A conqueror [3] that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I [4] ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.
[*Aſide.*] [5] You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.

[*Here Gallus and guard aſcend the monument, and enter behind.*

Guard her, 'till Cæſar come.

Iras.

[3] ——*that* will pray in aid *for kindneſs,*] *Praying in aid* is a law term, uſed for a petition made in a court of juſtice for the calling in of help from another that hath an intereſt in the cauſe in queſtion. HANMER.

[4] ——————*ſend him*
The greatneſs he has got.——] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his ſuperiority with complete ſubmiſſion. JOHNSON.

[5] Char. *You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.*] Here Charmian, who is ſo faithful as to die with her miſtreſs, by the ſtupidity of the editors is made to countenance and give directions for her being ſurprized by Cæſar's meſſengers. But this blunder is for want of knowing, or obſerving, the hiſtorical fact. When Cæſar ſent Proculeius to the queen, he ſent Gallus after him with new inſtructions: and while one amuſed Cleopatra with propoſitions from Cæſar, through the crannies of the monument, the other ſcaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and thoſe with her, priſoners. I have reformed the paſſage therefore, (as, I am perſuaded, the author deſigned it;) from the authority of Plutarch. THEOBALD.

This line in the firſt edition is given not to Charmian, but to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps miſ-

Iras. Royal queen!
Char. Oh Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Proculeius ruſhes in, and diſarms the queen.
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, [6] who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What of death too, that rids our dogs of
[7] languiſh?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuſe our maſter's bounty, by
The undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death

miſplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing ſpeech,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
[Aſide to Gallus.] *You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.*

Then while Cleopatra makes a formal anſwer, Gallus, upon the hint given, ſeizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his anſwer,

———*your plight is pity'd*
Of him that caus'd it.

Cries out,

Guard her till, Cæſar come. JOHNSON.

[6] ———*who are in this*

RELIEV'D, but *not betray'd.*] As plauſible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had Shakeſpeare uſed the word *reliev'd*, he would have added, *and* not betray'd. But that he uſed another word the reply ſhews, *What of death too:* which will not agree with *relieved*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is,

BEREAV'D, *but not betray'd.*

i. e. *bereaved* of death, or of the means of deſtroying yourſelf, but not *betray'd* to your deſtruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply ſhe alludes to her being before *bereaved* of Antony. And thus his ſpeech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent. WARB.

I do not think the emendation neceſſary, ſince the ſenſe is not made better by it, and the abruptneſs in Cleopatra's anſwer is more forcible in the old reading. JOHNSON.

[7] For *languiſh*, I think we may read, *anguiſh*. JOHNSON.

Will

ll never let come forth.
'leo. Where art thou, death?
ne hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
'orth many babes and beggars!
'ro. Oh, temperance, lady!
'leo. Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, ſir:
idle talk will once be neceſſary,
not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Cæſar what he can. Know, ſir, that I
ll not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court,
r once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
dull Octavia. Shall they hoiſt me up,
d ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
r me ſtark naked, and let the water flies
w me into abhorring! rather make
country's high pyramids my gibbet,*
d hang me up in chains!

Worth many babes and beggars.] Why, death, wilt thou not r ſeize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*. JOHNSON.

If idle TALK *will once be neceſſary,*] This nonſenſe ſhould be med thus,

If idle TIME *will once be neceſſary.*

if *repoſe* be neceſſary to cheriſh life, I will not ſleep. WARBURTON.

o not ſee that the nonſenſe is made ſenſe by the change. Sir anmer reads,

If idle talk will once be acceſſary;

her is this better. I know not what to offer better than an explanation. That is, *I will not eat*, and *if it will be neceſ- now for once* to waſte a moment in *idle talk* of my purpoſe, *I not ſleep neither.* In common converſation we often uſe *will* ith as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it be fit for me to dine firſt. JOHNSON.

My country's high pyramids my gibbet,] The poet ſeems either ve deſigned we ſhould read the word *country* as a triſſyllable, *ramides*, Lat. inſtead of *pyramids*. The verſe will otherwiſe fective. STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you
Find cauſe in Cæſar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter Cæſar kno
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the quee
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, Dolabella,
It ſhall content me beſt. Be gentle to her,—
To Cæſar I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
[*To C*
If you'll employ me to him.
Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit P*
Dol. Moſt noble empreſs, you have heard
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter, ſir, what I have heard, or
You laugh, when boys or women tell their
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I underſtand not, madam.
Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Ant
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and there
[1] A ſun and moon, which kept their cou
lighted
The little O the earth.
Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature!—

[1] *A ſun and moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted The little o' the earth.*

Dol. *Moſt ſovereign creature!*] What a bleſſed limp theſe *hemiſtichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ea the hitch in its pace? There is but a ſyllable wanting, I believe verily, was but of a ſingle letter. I reſtore,

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, when that to friends;
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. [2] For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and iſlands were
As plates [3] dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?

The little O *o' th' earth.*

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet in other paſſages chuſes to expreſs himſelf thus. THEOBALD.

[2] ———*For his bounty,*
There was no winter in't: an Antony it was,
That grew the more by reaping.] There was certainly a contraſt both in the thought and terms, deſign'd here, which is loſt in an accidental corruption. How could an Antony grow the more by reaping; I'll venture, by a very eaſy change, to reſtore an exquiſite fine alluſion; which carries its reaſon with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty.

———*For his bounty,*
There was no winter *in't: an* autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewiſe ſtarted this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book. THEOBALD.

I cannot reſiſt the temptation to quote the following beautiful paſſage from B. Jonſon's *New Inn*, on the ſubject of liberality.

He gave me my firſt breeding, I acknowledge;
Then ſhowr'd his bounties on me, like the hours
That open-handed ſit upon the clouds,
And preſs the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men. STEEVENS.

[3] *As plates*] *Plates* mean, I believe, *ſilver money.* STEEVENS.

Dol.

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the Gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms with fancy; [2] yet to imagine
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great; and you bear it,
As anſwering to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'ertake purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, ſir.

[2] *yet to imagine*
An Antony were Nature's PIECE *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.

This is a fine ſentiment; but by the falſe reading and pointing becomes unintelligible. Though when ſet right, obſcure enough to deſerve a comment. Shakeſpeare wrote,

yet to imagine
An Antony were Nature's PRIZE *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.

The ſenſe of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furniſh out real forms, for every model that the boundleſs power of the imagination can ſketch out:* [Nature wants matter to vie ſtrange forms with Fancy.] *But though this be true in general, that* nature *is more poor, narrow, and confined than* fancy, *yet it muſt be owned, that when* nature *preſents an Antony to us, ſhe then gets the better of* fancy, *and makes even the* imagination *appear poor and narrow:* or in our author's phraſe, [*condemns ſhadows quite.*] The word PRIZE, which I have reſtored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between *Nature* and *Imagination* about the larger extent of their powers; and *Nature* gaining the prize by producing Antony. WARBURTON.

In this paſſage I cannot diſcover any temptation to critical experiments. The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *paſt the ſize of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could preſent in ſleep. JOHNSON.

Know you, what Cæſar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſir,
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will. I know it.
All. Make way there,——Cæſar.

Enter Cæſar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæſ. Which is the queen of Ægypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you, riſe. Riſe, Ægypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts.
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole ſir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well

[3] *I cannot* project *mine own cauſe ſo well*] *Project* ſignifies to *invent* a cauſe, not to *plead* it; which is the ſenſe here required. It is plain then we ſhould read,

I cannot PROCTER *my own cauſe ſo well.*

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. WARB.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

I cannot parget *my own cauſe*—

meaning, I cannot *whitewaſh*, *varniſh*, or *gloſs* my cauſe. I believe the preſent reading to be right. To *project a cauſe* is to *repreſent* a cauſe; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a ſcheme of defence. JOHNSON.

To

To make it clear, but do confeſs, I have,
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce.
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
(Which towards you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave——
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſs'd of: [+] 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.

[+] ——'*tis exactly valued,*
Not petty things admitted.——]

Sagacious editors! Cleopatra gives in a liſt of her wealth, ſays, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this liſt: and then ſhe appeals to her treaſurer, that ſhe has reſerved nothing to herſelf. And when he betrays her, ſhe is reduced to the ſhift of exclaiming againſt the ingratitude of ſervants, and of making apologies for having ſecreted certain trifles. Who does not ſee, that we ought to read,

Not petty things omitted?

For this declaration lays open her falſhood; and makes her angry when her treaſurer detects her in a direct lie. THEOBALD.

Notwithſtanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have reſtored the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that ſhe is accuſed of having reſerved more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and ſir T. Hanmer follow Theobald. JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. This is my treaſurer; let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, I had rather [5] ſeal my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.

Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæſar! Oh, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. Oh ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe! * [*Striking him.*

Cæſ. Good queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Cæſar, what a wounding ſhame is this; [6]
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo meek, that mine own ſervant ſhould

[5] —*ſeal my lips,*] Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

[6] *O Cæſar,* &c.] This ſpeech of Cleopatra is taken from ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch, where it ſtands as follows. 'O Cæſar, is not this great ſhame and reproach, that thou 'having vouchſafed to take the pains to come unto me, and haſt 'done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought 'into this pitiful and miſerable eſtate, and that mine own ſervant ſhould come now to accuſe me. Though it may be that I 'have reſerved ſome jewels and trifles meet for women, but not 'for me (poor ſoul) to ſet out myſelf withal; but meaning to give 'ſome pretty preſents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making 'means and interceſſion for me to thee, thou mighteſt yet extend 'thy favour and mercy upon me," &c. STEEVENS.

O rarely baſe!] i. e. baſe in an uncommon degree. STEEVENS.

[7] Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæſar,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? The Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pry'thee, go hence;
[*To Seleucus.*
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
[8] Through the aſhes of my chance.—Wert thou a man
Thou wouldſt have mercy on me.

Cæſ. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. [9] Be't known, that we, the greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others merits in our names;
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæ

[7] *To parcel her diſgraces*, might be expreſſed in vulgar language *to bundle up her calamities.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Through the aſhes of my* chance.] Or *fortune.* The meaning is, Begone, or I ſhall exert that royal ſpirit which I had in my proſperity, in ſpite of the imbecillity of my preſent weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *miſchance.* WARBURTON.

[9] *Be't known, that we the greateſt are miſthought*
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.]

This falſe pointing has rendered the ſentiment, which was at very eaſy at beſt, altogether unintelligible. The lines ſhould be pointed thus,

Be't known, that we, the greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We anſwer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

i. e. We

æſ. Cleopatra,
: what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
we i' the roll of conqueſt: ſtill be it yours;
ow it at your pleaſure; and believe,
ar's no merchant to make prize with you
hings that merchants ſold. Therefore, be cheer'd;
ake not your thoughts your priſons: no, dear
queen;

We monarchs, while in power, are accuſed and blamed for the rriages of our miniſters; and when any misfortune hath ſub- us to the power of our enemies, we are ſure to be puniſhed for faults. As this is the caſe, it is but reaſonable that we ſhould the merit of our miniſters' good actions, as well as bear the blame ir bad. But ſhe ſoftens the word *merit* into *pity*. The rea- of her making the reflexion was this: her former conduct liable to much cenſure from Octavius, which ſhe would by artfully inſinuate was owing to her evil miniſters. And r preſent conduct, in concealing her treaſures, appeared to ier own act, ſhe being detected by her miniſter; ſhe begs, as ſhe now anſwers for her former miniſter's miſcarriages, ſo preſent miniſter's merit in this diſcovery might likewiſe be d to her account: which ſhe thinks but reaſonable. The Ox- editor is here again at his old work of altering what he did nderſtand, and ſo transforms the paſſage thus,

——*and when we fall,*
We pander *others' merits* with *our names*;
And *therefore to be pitied.* WARBURTON.

lo not think that either of the criticks have reached the ſenſe e author, which may be very commodiouſly explained thus; 'e ſuffer at our higheſt ſtate of elevation in the *thoughts of ind for that which others do, and when we fall,* thoſe that ented themſelves only to think ill before, call us to *anſwer r own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be d. Merits* is in this place taken in an ill ſenſe, for actions ting cenſure.

any alteration be neceſſary, I ſhould only propoſe,

Be't known, that we at *greateſt*, &c. JOHNSON.

Make not your thoughts your priſons;—] I once wiſhed to read,

Make not your thoughts your poiſon:——

not deſtroy yourſelf by muſing on your misfortune. Yet I would nge nothing, as the old reading preſents a very proper ſenſe. *not a priſoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.*

JOHNSON.

For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep:
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My maſter, and my lord!
Cæſ. Not ſo:———Adieu.
[*Exeunt Cæſar and his train.*
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I ſhould not
Be noble to myſelf: but hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whiſpers Charmian.*
Iras. Finiſh, good lady.—The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again.
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit Charmian.*

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, ſir.
Cleo. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæſar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen: I muſt attend on Cæſar. [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn

In

In Rome, as well as I: mechanic ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, Iras: ſaucy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets; and [2] ſcald rhimers
Ballad us out o'-tune. The [3] quick comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking Cleopatra [4] boy my Greatneſs,
I' the poſture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee it; for I am ſure my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents. Now, Charmian?

Enter

[2] ——————*ſcald rhimers*] Sir T. Hanmer reads,
——————ſtall'd *rhimers*.
ſcald was a word of contempt, implying poverty, diſeaſe, and filth. JOHNSON.

[3] —*quick comedians*] The gay inventive players. JOHNSON.

[4] —*boy my greatneſs*,] The parts of women were acted on the ſtage by boys. HANMER.
Naſh, in Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication, &c. 1595, ſays "Our players are not as the players beyond ſea, a ſort of ſquirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courteſans to play women's parts, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] *Their moſt abſurd intents.*—] Why ſhould Cleopatra call Cæſar's deſigns abſurd? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, ſuch, with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote,

Their moſt aſſur'd *intents*——

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.——
Now noble Charmian, we'll diſpatch indeed:——
And when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.—
Wherefore this noiſe? [*A noiſe within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
May do a noble deed!—He brings me liberty,
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-conſtant: [6] now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

[*Exit Guard.*

i. e. the purpoſes, which they make themſelves moſt ſure of accompliſhing. THEOBALD.

I have preſerved the old reading. The deſign certainly appeared *abſurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as ſhe thought it unreaſonable in itſelf, and as ſhe knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*now the fleeting moon*
No planet is of mine.]

Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Iſis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Iſis; but that Cleopatra having ſaid, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that ſhe had not *even the change of diſpoſition peculiar to the ſex, and which ſometimes happen as often as thoſe of the moon.* Why ſhould ſhe ſay on this occaſion that ſhe no longer made uſe of the forms of worſhip peculiar to her country? STEEVEN.

I *Re-enter*

Re-enter Guard, with the Clown bringing a baſket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*

Haſt thou [7] the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday: a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lye; as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt! truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' the worm; [8] but he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do. But this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm [9] will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewel.

—*the pretty worm of Nilus*—] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *ſerpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *ſlow-worm* ſtill in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monſter, ſeen ſometimes in the northern ocean, the *ſea-worm*. JOHNSON.

but he that will believe all *that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by that they do:*] Shakeſpeare's clowns are always jokers, and in ſly ſatire. It is plain this muſt be read the contrary way, *all* and *half* change places. WARB.

obably Shakeſpeare deſigned that confuſion which the critick d diſentangle. STEEVENS.

will do his kind.] The ſerpent will act according to his na- JOHNSON.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted but in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think, I am ſo ſimple, but I know, the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whoreſon devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewel.

Clown. Yes, forſooth, I wiſh you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the Gods give men
To excuſe their after-wrath. Huſband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So—have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian: Iras, long farewel.
[*Applying the aſp.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fall?[1] [*To Iras.*
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

[1] ——*Doſt fall?*] Iras muſt be ſuppoſed to have applied an aſp to her arm while her miſtreſs was ſettling her dreſs, or I know not why ſhe ſhould fall ſo ſoon. STEEVENS.

Which

Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*
Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may ſay,
The Gods themſelves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meet the curled Antony,
[2] He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
[*To the ſerpent.*
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh, couldſt thou ſpeak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæſar aſs,
Unpolicied!
Char. Oh eaſtern ſtar!
Cleo. Peace, Peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?
Char. O break! O break!
Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,—
[3] O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:——
[*Applying another aſp to her arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay—— [*Dies.*
Char. In this wild world? ſo fare thee well.
Now boaſt thee, death, in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd—Downy windows, cloſe;

[2] *He'll make demand of her.*] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiſs her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

[3] *O Antony! nay, I will take* thee *too.*] As there has been hitherto no break in this verſe, nor any marginal direction, *thee* neceſſarily muſt ſeem to refer to Antony. But Cleopatra is here deſigned to apply one aſpick to her arm, as ſhe had before clapp'd one to her breaſt. And the laſt ſpeech of Dolabella in the play is a confirmation of this.

The like is on her arm. THEOBALD.

And

And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! [4] Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play,——

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?
Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* Cæſar hath ſent——
Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.
[*Charmian applies the aſp.*
Oh, come. Apace, diſpatch:—I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well. Cæſar's beguil'd.
Guard. There's Dolabella ſent from Cæſar:—Call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here? Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal kings. [5]
[*Charmian di*
Ah, ſoldier!

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead!
Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

[4] ——*Your crown's awry*;] This is well amended by the
The old editions had,
——*Your crown's* away. Jo

[5] *Deſcended of ſo many royal kings*] Theſe very words
in ſir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch. The book
common, and therefore it would be impertinent to crow
with every circumſtance which Shakeſpeare has borr
the ſame original. S

Enter Cæſar and Attendants.

All. A way there, make way for Cæſar!

Dol. Oh, ſir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæſ. Braveſt at the laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?—
I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was the baſket.

Cæſ. Poiſon'd then!

1 *Guard.* Oh Cæſar!
This Charmian liv'd but now; ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.

Cæſ. Oh noble weakneſs!
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and [5] ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail: and theſe fig-leaves
Have ſlime upon them, ſuch as the aſpick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd: for her phyſician tells me,
She has purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die.—Take up her bed,

[5] *ſomething blown;*] The fleſh is ſomewhat *puffed* or *ſwoln.* JOHNSON.

And

And bear her women from the monument:—
She ſhall be buried by her Antony.
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THIS play keeps curioſity always buſy, and the paſſions always intereſted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick ſucceſſion of one perſonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiſſion from the firſt act to the laſt. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the ſcene; for, except the feminine arts ſome of which are too low, which diſtinguiſh Cleopatra, no character is very ſtrongly diſcriminated. Upton, who did not eaſily miſs what he deſired to find, has diſcovered that the language o Antony is, with great ſkill and learning, made pompous and ſu perb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction no diſtinguiſhable from that of others: the moſt tumid ſpeech in th play is that which Cæſar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are deſcribed according to hiſtory, are produced without any art of connexion or care of di poſition. JOHNSON.

TIMON

TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

Perſons Repreſented.

TIMON, *A noble* Athenian.
Lucius,
Lucullus,
Sempronius, } *Lords.*
Apemantus, *a Philoſopher.*
Alcibiades.
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Flaminius,
Lucilius,
Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*
Caphis,
Varro,
Philo,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortenſius, } *Servants.*
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *Friends.*
Cupid *and Maſkers.*
Strangers.

Phrynia,
Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON OF THENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Timon's Houſe.

r Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at ſeveral doors.

POET.

OOD day, ſir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long. How goes the world?

ain. It wears, fir, as it grows.

et. Ay, that's well known:

t what particular rarity! what ſtrange,

Which

The ſtory of the Miſanthrope is told in almoſt every collection : time, and particularly in two books, with which Shake- : was intimately acquainted; the Palace of Pleaſure, and nglish Plutarch. Indeed from a paſſage in an old play, Jack Drums Entertainement, I conjecture that he had be- nade his appearance on the ſtage. FARMER.

n the old copy, *Enter, &c. Merchant and Mercer, &c.*

But what particular rarity, &c.] Our author, it is obſerv- has made his poet in this play a knave. But that it might :flect upon the *profeſſion* he has made him only a pretender as appears from his having drawn him, all the way, with e taſte and judgment. One infallible mark of which, is a fondneſs

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's moſt fix'd.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, [4] breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs:
He paſſes——

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O pray, let's ſee't: for the lord Timon, ſir

Jew. If he will [5] touch the eſtimate. But for that——

Poet. [6] *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile*

fondneſs for every thing ſtrange, ſurprizing, and portentous; and a diſregard for whatever is common, or in nature. Shakeſpear therefore has with great delicacy of judgment put his poetaſt upon this inquiry. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator's note muſt ſhift for itſelf. I cannot but think that this paſſage is at preſent in confuſion. The po aſks a queſtion, and ſtays not for an anſwer, nor has his queſtio any apparent drift or conſequence. I would range the paſſag thus:

Poet. *Ay, that's well known.*
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
That manifold record not matches?
Pain. *See!*
Poet. *Magick of bounty,* &c.

It may not be improperly obſerved here, that as there is o one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and m liberty muſt be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *breath'd as it were*
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs.]

Breathed is *inured by conſtant practice*; ſo trained as not to be w ried. To *breathe* a horſe, is to exerciſe him for the courſe. JOHNSON.

[5] *—touch the eſtimate.*] Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

[6] *When we for recompence,* &c.] We muſt here ſuppoſe th

It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, ſir, in ſome work, ſome dedi-
To the great lord. [cation

Poet. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our poeſy is as a gum, [7] which oozes
From whence 'tis nouriſhed. The fire i' the flint
Shews not, 'till it be ſtruck: our gentle flame
Provokes itſelf, [8] and, like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there!

Pain. A picture, ſir. When comes your book
forth?

poet buſy in reading his own work; and that theſe three lines are the introduction of the poem addreſſed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARB.

[7] —*which oozes*] The folio copy reads, *which* uſes. The modern editors have given it, *which* iſſues. JOHNSON.

The folio copy reads, *Our poeſie is a gowne which uſes.* STEEVENS.

[8] —*and like the current flies*
Each bound it chafes.]

Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions, *chaſes.* WARBURTON.

This ſpeech of the poet is very obſcure. He ſeems to boaſt the copiouſneſs and facility of his vein, by declaring that verſes drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itſelf without the violence neceſſary to elicit ſparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean, that it expands itſelf notwithſtanding all obſtructions: but the images in the compariſon are ſo ill-ſorted, and the effect ſo obſcurely expreſſed, that I cannot but think ſomething omitted that connected the laſt ſentence with the former. It is well known that the players often ſhorten ſpeeches to quicken the repreſentation; and it may be ſuſpected, that they ſometimes performed their amputations with more haſte than judgment. JOHNSON.

Poet. [9] Upon the heels of my preſentment, ſir. Let's ſee your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis.

[1] This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. [2] How this grace

Speaks

[9] *Upon the heels*, &c.] As ſoon as my book has been preſented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

[1] *This* comes off *well and excellent.*] By this we are to underſtand what the painters call the *goings off* of a picture, which requires the niceſt execution. WARBURTON.

The note I underſtand leſs than the text. The meaning is, This figure riſes well from the canvas. *C'eſt bien relevè.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——*how this* grace
Speaks its own ſtanding?]

This relates to the attitude of the figure; and means that it ſtands judiciouſly on its own centre. And not only ſo, but that it has a graceful ſtanding likewiſe. Of which the poet in Hamlet ſpeaking of another picture, ſays,

A Station *like the Herald, Mercury,*
New-lighted on a heav'n-kiſſing hill.

which lines Milton ſeems to have had in view, where he ſays of Raphael,

At once on th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, *and to his proper ſhape returns.*
——Like Maia's ſon he ſtood. WARB.

This ſentence ſeems to me obſcure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace ſpeaks his own ſtanding*, is only, *The gracefulneſs of this figure ſhews how it ſtands.* I am inclined to think ſomething corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

——*how this ſtanding*
Speaks his own graces?

How this poſture diſplays its own *gracefulneſs.* But I will indulge conjecture further, and propoſe to read,

——*how this grace*
Speaks underſtanding? what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth?——

The

eaks his own ſtanding? What a mental power
his eye ſhoots forth? How big imagination
oves in this lip? To the dumbneſs of the geſture
ıe might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
ere is a touch. Is't good?

Poet. I'll ſay of it,
tutors Nature: [3] artificial ſtrife
ves in thoſe touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The ſenators of Athens! happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You ſee [4] this confluence, this great flood of viſitors.
ave, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
hom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
ith ampleſt entertainment. My free drift.
alts not particularly, but moves itſelf

he paſſage, to my apprehenſion at leaſt, *ſpeaks its own meaning*, ch is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that ands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own re. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witneſs to *propriety*.
STEEVENS.

—*artificial* ſtrife] *Strife* for action or motion. WARB.

trife is either the conteſt or act with nature.

Hic ille eſt Raphael, *timuit, quo ſæpite vinci*
Rerum magna parens, & moriente, mori.

it is the contraſt of forms or oppoſition of colours. JOHNS.

[4] *This confluence, this great flood of viſitors.*]

Mane ſalutantûm totis vomit ædibus undam. JOHNSON.

[5] *Halts not particularly,*] My deſign does not ſtop at any ſingle inſtance. JOHNSON.

[6] In a wide ſea of wax: [7] no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold;
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poet. [8] I'll unbolt to you.
You ſee, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of [9] glib and ſlippery creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality) tender down
Their ſervice to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance,
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the [1] glaſs-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf; [2] even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in Timon's nod.

[6] *In a wide ſea of wax*;] Anciently they wrote upon wax tables with an iron ſtile. HANMER.

[7] —*no* LEVELL'D *malice.*] Why this epithet to malice? which belongs to all actions whatſoever, which have their aim or *level.* Shakeſpeare wrote,

————*no* LEVEN'D *malice,*

which is not only a proper epithet for the acidity of that paſſion, but anſwers well to the next words *infects*, and *leaving no tract behind*, as any thing fermenting or corroſive does. WARBURTON.

To *level* is to *aim*, to point the ſhot at a mark. Shakeſpeare's meaning is, my poem is not a ſatire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any ſingle perſon; I fly like an eagle into the general expanſe of life, and leave not, by any private miſchief, the trace of my paſſage. JOHNSON.

[8] *I'll unbolt*—] I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

[9] —*glib and ſlipp'ry creatures,*] Hanmer, and Warburton after him, read, *naturis. Slip'ery* is *ſmooth*, unreſiſting. JOHNSON.

[1] —*glaſs-fac'd flatt'rer.*] That ſhows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON.

[2] *Even he drops down*, &c.] Either Shakeſpeare meant to put a falſhood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the enſuing ſcenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to the reſt. STEEVENS.

Pain.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The baſe o' the mount
Is [3] rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
[4] To propagate their ſtates: amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſovereign lady fix'd,
One do I perſonate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis [5] conceiv'd to ſcope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſs'd
[6] In our condition.

Poet. Nay, ſir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his ſtrides; his lobbies fill with 'tendance;
[7] Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear;

Make

[3] —*rank'd with all deſerts,*] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

[4] *To* propagate *their ſtates:*] To *propagate*, for to make. WARBURTON.

To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

[5] —*conceiv'd to ſcope.*] Properly imagined, appoſitely, to the purpoſe. JOHNSON.

[6] *In our condition.*] *Condition*, for art. WARBURTON.

[7] *Rain* ſacrificial *whiſp'rings in his ear*;] The ſenſe is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him.* The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumſtance of its being offered up in *whiſpers:* which ſhews it was the calumniating thoſe whom Timon hated or envied, or whoſe vices were oppoſite to his own. This offering up, to the perſon flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakeſpeare, with the utmoſt beauty of

Make ſacred even his ſtirrop; and [8] through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew, [9]
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words: yet you do well
To ſhew lord Timon, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Timon, addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to every ſuitor.

Tim. Impriſoned is he, ſay you? [*To a meſſenger.*

Meſ. Ay, my good lord. Five talents is his debt;
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtraight:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing him,
[1] Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! well;
I am not of that feather to ſhake off
My friend when he muſt need me. I do know him

thought and expreſſion, calls *ſacrificial whiſp'rings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols. WARBURTON.

[8] ——*through him*
Drink the free air.]

That is, catch his breath in affected fondneſs. JOHNSON.

[9] *A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew.*] Shakeſpeare ſeems to intend in this dialogue to expreſs ſome competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himſelf to have ſhewn, the painter thinks he could have ſhewn better. JOHNSON

[1] To *period* is, I believe, a verb of Shakeſpeare's own formation. STEEVENS

. gentleman, that well deſerves a help,
Vhich he ſhall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Meſ. Your lordſhip ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will ſend his ranſom;
nd, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
ıt to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſ. All happineſs to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have ſo: what of him?
Old Ath. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice.
Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
y night frequents my houſe. I am a man
hat from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift;
nd my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd
han one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
n whom I may confer what I have got:
he maid is fair, o' the youngeſt for a bride,
nd I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
ttempts her love: I pray thee, noble lord,

[1] *'Tis not enough*, &c.] This thought is better expreſſed by Dr. idden in his elegy on archbiſhop Boulter.

——H: thought it mean
Only to help the poor to beg again. JOHNSON.

Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
Old Ath. [a] Therefore he will be, Timon;
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us,
What levity is in youth.
Tim. [*To Lucil.*] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will chuſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.
Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endow'd
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the preſent; in future all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

[a] *Therefore he will be, Timon.*] The thought is cloſely expreſſed and obſcure: but this ſeems the meaning, *If the man be honeſt, lord, for that reaſon he will be ſo in this; and not endeavour an injuſtice of giving my daughter without my conſent.* WARB.

I rather think an emendation neceſſary, and read,

Therefore well be him, *Timon.*
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf.

That is, *If he is honeſt,* bene fit illi, *I wiſh him the proper hap of an honeſt man, but his honeſty gives him no claim to my daugh.*

The firſt tranſcriber probably wrote *will be him,* which the not underſtanding, changed to, *he will be.* JOHN.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: [3] never may
That ſtate, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exit Lucil and old Ath.*

Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip!

Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but out-ſide: [4] pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out. I like your work;
And you ſhall find I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preſerve you!

Tim. Well fare ye, gentlemen. Give me your hand,
We muſt needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd underpraiſe.

[3] ——*never may*
That ſtate, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not OW'D *to you!*]

i. e. may I never have any acceſſion of fortune which you are not the author of. An odd ſtrain of complaiſance. We ſhould read,

Which is not OWN'D *to you.*

i. e. which I will not acknowledge you laid the foundation of in this generous act. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, let me never henceforth conſider any thing that I poſſeſs, but as *owed* or *due* to you; held for your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*pencil'd figures are*
Ev'n ſuch as they give out.——]

Pictures have no hypocriſy; they are what they profeſs to be. JOHNSON.

Jew.

Jew. What, my lord, diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would [5] unclew me quite.
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
[6] Are prized by their maſters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here.

[7] *Enter Apemantus.*

Will you be chid?
Jew. We will bear with your lordſhip.
Mer. He'll ſpare none.
[8] *Tim.* Good-morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. 'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good-morrow.
When thou art Timon's dog, [9] and theſe knaves honeſt,—

Tim.

[5] —*unclew me quite.*] To *unclew*, is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole maſs of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

[6] *Are prized by their maſters:*] Are rated according to the eſteem in which their poſſeſſor is held. JOHNSON.

[7] *Enter Apemantus.*] See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his Auction of the Philoſophers; and how well Shakeſpeare has copied it. WARBURTON.

[8] Tim. *Good-morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!*
Apem. *'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good-morrow;*
When thou art Timon's dog, and theſe knaves honeſt,—]

The firſt line of Apemantus's anſwer is to the purpoſe; the ſecond abſurd and nonſenſical; which proceeds from the loſs of ſpeech dropt from between them, that ſhould be thus reſtored.

Ti

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not?

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'ſt I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing ſo much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. *Good-morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!*
Apem. *'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good morrow.*
[Poet. *When will that be?*]
Apem. *When thou art Timon's dog, and theſe knaves honeſt.*
WARBURTON.

I think my punctuation may clear the paſſage without any greater effort. JOHNSON.

[9] *When thou art Timon's dog.*] When thou haſt gotten a better character, and inſtead of being Timon, as thou art, ſhalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy of kindneſs and ſalutation. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet.

Poet. How now, philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt. Look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flatter'd is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. [9] That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—— Art thou not a merchant?

Mer.

[9] *That I had* NO ANGRY *wit, to be a lord.*] This reading is abſurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have reſtored the text, *that I had* ſo hungry a wit, *to be a lord*, it is ſatirical enough of conſcience, viz. I would hate myſelf, for having no more wit than to covet ſo inſignificant a title. In the ſame ſenſe, Shakeſpeare uſes *lean-witted* in his Richard II.

And thou a lunatick, lean-witted, *fool.* WARBURTON.

The

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!
Mer. If traffick do it, the Gods do it.
Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Meſ. 'Tis Alcibiades, and ſome twenty horſe,
All of companionſhip.[1]
Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us.
You muſt needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. I am joyful of your ſights.—

Enter Alcibiades, with the reſt.

Moſt welcome, ſir!
Apem. So, ſo; there!
Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints!—
That there ſhould be ſmall love 'mongſt theſe ſweet knaves,

The meaning may be, I ſhould hate myſelf for *patiently enduring to be a lord.* This is ill enough expreſſed. Perhaps ſome happy change may ſet it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

I confeſs my inability either to explain or amend this paſſage, which muſt be left for ſome more ſucceſsful commentator.

If I hazard one conjecture, it is with the ſmalleſt degree of confidence. By *an angry wit* Apemantus may mean *the poet*, who has been provoking him. The ſenſe will then be this: *I ſhould hate myſelf, becauſe I could find no captious wit (like him) to take the title in my ſtead.* STEEVENS.

[1] *All of companionſhip.*] This expreſſion does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all ſuch as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and ſets on a level with himſelf.* STEEVENS.

And

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and ſervice, from whoſe hel[redacted]
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt Ventidius. You miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives.
[5] If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dar[redacted]
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

[*They all ſtand ceremoniouſly looking on Timo*[redacted].

[5] *If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare,*
To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.]

Theſe two lines are abſurdly given to Timon. They ſhould [redacted] read thus:

Tim. *If our betters play at that game, we muſt not.*
Apem. *Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.*

This is ſaid ſatirically and in character. It was a ſober reflectio[redacted]n in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the Gods, which require [redacted]o be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in m[redacted]n to expect the ſame obſervance for the trifling good they do. Ap[redacted]. mantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this ſentiment; as [redacted]if Timon had ſpoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who exp[redacted]t largeſt returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically, repli[redacted]s as above. WARBURTON.

I cannot ſee that theſe lines are more proper in any other mou[redacted]h than Timon's, to whoſe character of generoſity and condeſcenſio[redacted]n they are very ſuitable. To ſuppoſe that by *our betters* are mea[redacted]t the Gods, is very harſh, becauſe to imitate the Gods has be[redacted]n hitherto reckoned the higheſt pitch of human virtue. The wh[redacted]e is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by Timon with a kind [redacted]of affected modeſty. If I would make any alteration, it ſhould [redacted]e only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we muſt not dare
T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
was but devis'd at firſt
to ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
but where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit.*

Luc. My lord, we always have confeſt it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apémantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you ſhall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fy, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They ſay, my lords, *Ira furor brevis eſt,*
But yonder man is ever angry,—
Go, let him have a table by himſelf;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thine own peril, Timon.
I come to obſerve. I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,
Therefore welcome: [6] I myſelf would have no power.
Pr'ythee, let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. [7] I ſcorn thy meat, 'twould choak me, for I ſhould
E'er flatter thee. O you Gods! what a number
Of

[6] —*I myſelf would have no power.*] If this be the true reading, the ſenſe is, *all Athenians are welcome to ſhare my fortune:* I would myſelf have no *excluſive right or* power *in this houſe.* Perhaps we might read, *I myſelf would have no* poor. I would have every Athenian conſider himſelf as joint poſſeſſor of my fortune.

JOHNSON.

[7] *I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choak me,* FOR *I ſhould*
NE'ER *flatter thee.*————]

Of men eat Timon, and he ſees them not!
It grieves me to ſee [8] ſo many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madneſs is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men:
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readieſt man to kill him. It has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I ſhould fear to drink at meals,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my [9] wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.
Tim. [1] My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.
Lucul.

A very pretty reaſon why his meat would choak him, *becauſe* he ſhould never flatter him. We ſhould read and point this nonſenſe thus,

I ſcorn thy meat: 'twould choak me 'FORE
I ſhould E'ER flatter thee.

i. e. before I ſhould ever flatter thee. WARBURTON.

Of this emendation there is little need. The meaning is, I could not ſwallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would ſtick in my throat. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*ſo many dip their meat*
In one man's blood;——]

The alluſion is to a pack of hounds trained to purſuit by being gratified with the blood of the animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chaſe. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*wind-pipe's dangerous notes*:] The notes of the wind-pipe ſeem to be only the indications which ſhew where the wind-pipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare is very fond of making uſe of muſical terms, when he is ſpeaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe* and *notes* favour very ſtrongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

[1] *My lord, in heart*;] That is, *my lord's health with ſincerity.* Another emendation has been propoſed thus:

Ply

ucul. Let it flow this way, my good lord;
'pem. Flow this way!
rave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
ſe healths will make thee, and thy ſtate, look ill.
e's that, which is too weak to be a ſinner,
ieſt water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
; and my food are equals. There's no odds.
ts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf:
Grant, I may never prove ſo fond
To truſt man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen; ſo fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.

:h good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!
im. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field

lc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.
im. You had rather been at a breakfaſt of ene-
, than a dinner of friends.
lc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's
neat like 'em. I could wiſh my beſt friend at
a feaſt.

My love *in heart*;———
t is not neceſſary. JOHNSON.

Apem. Would all theſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Luc. Might we but have that happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves [2] for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themſelves have provided that I ſhould have much help from you: [3] how had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, [4] did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told

[2] *for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happineſs. JOHNSON.

[3] *how had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands,*] The Oxford editor alters *charitable title to character and title.* He did not knw that *charitable* ſignifies, dear, endearing; nor conſequently underſtood what Milton meant by,

"Relations dear, and all the *charities*
"Of father, ſon, and brother———

Alms, in Engliſh, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our anceſtors knew well in what the virtue of almsgiving conſiſted; not in the *act*, but the *diſpoſition*. WARB.

[4] *did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*] I think it ſhould be inverted thus: *did I not chiefly belong to* your hearts. Lucius wiſhes that Timon would give him and the reſt an opportunity *of expreſſing ſome part of their zeals.* Timon anſwers that, *doubtleſs the Gods have provided that I ſhould have help from you; how elſe are you my friends?* why are you ſtiled my friends, if—what? *if I do not love you.* Such is the preſent reading; but the conſequence is not very clear; the proper cloſe muſt be, *if you do not love me*, and to this my alteration reſtores it. But, perhaps, the old reading may ſtand. JOHNSON.

Why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?] I believe Shakeſpeare wrote, "Why have you *not* that charitable title from thouſands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?" i. e. *Why do not thouſands more give you that charitable title of friends, if it were not that my heart hath peculiar and principal claim to your friendſhip?* REVISAL.

Why have you, &c.] The meaning is probably this. Why have you

told more of you to myſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your behalf; and thus far [5] I confirm you. Oh, you Gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? they were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and [6] would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſh'd myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! [7] O joy, e'en made away, ere it can be born! [8] Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

you diſtinguiſhed from thouſands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourſe of tenderneſs between you and me. JOHNSON.

[5] *I confirm you.*] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

[6] *they were the moſt needleſs creatures living, ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and*——] This paſſage I have reſtored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

[7] *O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born!*] For this Hanmer writes, *O joy, e'en made* a joy *ere't can be born*; and is followed by Dr. Warburton. I am always inclinable to think well of that which is approved by ſo much learning and ſagacity, yet cannot receive this alteration. Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, ſupplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he ſeldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleaſure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, deſtroyed, turned to tears, before *it can be born*, before it can be fully poſſeſſed. JOHNSON.

[8] *Mine eyes*, &c] In the original edition the words ſtand thus: *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this, *Mine eyes cannot hold out*; they *water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt [9] to make them drink, Timon.

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that inſtant, [1] like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taſte! The five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely

[9] ——*to make them drink,*——] Hanmer reads,

——*to make them drink* thee,

and is again followed by Dr. Warburton, I think without ſufficient reaſon. The covert ſenſe of Apemantus is, *what thou loſeſt, they get.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*like a babe*——] That is a *weeping babe.* JOHNSON.

I queſtion if Shakeſpeare meant the propriety of alluſion to be carried quite ſo far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expreſſion.

So in *Love's Miſtreſs*, by Heywood, 1636,

"Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes."

Again in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612,

"She makes him ſing ſongs to her, looks fortunes in his
"fits, and *babies* in his eyes." STEEVENS.

To

gratulate thy plenteous boſom :
ıe ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, pleas'd from thy table riſe,
:y only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.
im. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
ſick, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*
uc. You ſee, my lord, how amply you are belov'd.

ick. Re-enter Cupid, with a maſque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and laying.

ſpem. Heyday! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!
hey dance![4] They are mad women.
Like

[a former copies :

There *taſte, touch,* all *pleas'd from thy table riſe,*
They *only now*———]

five ſenſes are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only made out; and thoſe only in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we ſhould read,

TH'EAR, *taſte, touch,* SMELL, *pleas'd from thy table riſe,*
THESE *only now,* &c.

the five ſenſes, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; of them, viz. the *hearing, taſte, touch,* and *ſmell,* are all ed at thy board; and theſe ladies come with me to entertain r *fight* in a maſque. Maſſinger, in his *Duke of Millaine,* co- l the paſſage from Shakeſpeare; and apparently before it was ı corrupted; where, ſpeaking of a banquet, he ſays,

———*All that may be had*
To pleaſe the eye, *the* ear, taſte, touch, *or* ſmell,
Are carefully provided.——— WARBURTON.

[3] *They dance! They are mad women.*
Like madneſs, is the glory of this life;
As this pomp ſhews to a little oil and root.]

is is Apemantus's reflection on the maſque of ladies: and for obſcurity, would become any Pagan philoſopher. The *firſt*

Like madneſs is the glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhews to a little oil and root.
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite and envy. Who lives that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one ſpurn to their graves, of their friends gift?[5]
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me. It has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt the ſetting ſun.

line is a complete ſentence: the *ſecond* is the beginning of a new reflection; and the third, the concluſion of it by a ſimilitude. Hence it appears, that ſome lines are dropt out and loſt from between the ſecond and third verſes. I conjecture the ſenſe of the whole might be this, *The glory of* human *life* is *like* the *madneſs* of this maſk; it is a falſe aim at happineſs, which is to be obtained only by ſobriety and temperance in a private and retired life. But ſuperficial judges will always prefer pomp and glory; becauſe in outward appearance it has ſo much the advantage: as great as this *pompous* ſupper appears to have above my *oil and root*. This, in my opinion, was the ſentiment that connected the ſecond and third lines together: which for the future ſhould be read with aſteriſks between them. WARBURTON.

When I read this paſſage, I was at firſt of the ſame opinion with this learned man; but, upon longer conſideration, I grew leſs confident, becauſe I think the preſent reading ſuſceptible of explanation, with no more violence to language than is frequently found in our author. *The glory of this life is very near to madneſs*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philoſopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we ſee by example how few are the neceſſaries of life, we learn what madneſs there is in ſo much ſuperfluity. JOHNSON.

[4] *They dance!*——] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we ſhould read,

Theſe *are mad women.* T. T.

[5] *Of their friends gift?*] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

The

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon, and to ſhew their loves, each ſingles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women; a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with [6] mine own device:
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. [7] My lord, you take us even at the beſt.[8]

Apem. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold
Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

All Lad. Moſt thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

[6] ———*mine own device:*] The maſk appears to have been deſign'd by Timon to ſurpriſe his gueſts. JOHNSON.

[7] *My lord,*———] This anſwer ſeems rather to belong to one of the ladies. It was probably only mark'd *L* in the copy. JOHNSON.

In the old copy this ſpeech is given to the 1 *Lord.* I have ventured to change it to 1 *Lady*, as the author of the Reviſal, and Mr. Edwards, as well as the late editor, concur in the emendation. STEEVENS.

[8] ——even *at the beſt.*] Perhaps we ſhould read,

———ever *at the beſt.*

So Act III. Sc. 6.

Ever *at the beſt.* T. T.

Take us even at the beſt, I believe, means, you have ſeen the beſt we can do. They are ſuppoſed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in ſuch a confeſſion. STEEVENS.

Flav.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet?
There is no croſſing him in his humour, [*Aſide.*
Elſe I ſhould tell him,—well,—i'faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, [9] he'd be croſs'd then, if he could:
'Tis pity, bounty has not [1] eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched [2] for his mind.

Lucul. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

Luc. Our horſes.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
To ſay to you:—Look you, my good lord, I muſt
Intreat you, honour me ſo much, as [3] to
Advance this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

Luc. I am ſo far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate
Newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

[9] ———*he'd be* croſs'd *then, if he could*:] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *croſs'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *croſs'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old ſilver penny, uſed before K. Edward the firſt's time, which had a *croſs* on the reverſe with a creaſe, that it might be more eaſily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expreſſion derived, *I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

[1] ———*eyes behind*;] To ſee the miſeries that are following her. JOHNSON.

[2] ———*for his mind.*] For nobleneſs of ſoul. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *to*
Advance this jewel;———
To prefer it; to raiſe it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beſeech your honour,
Vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near! why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To ſhew them entertainment.
Flav. [*Aſide.*] I ſcarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath preſented to you,
Four milk-white horſes trapt in ſilver.
Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: Let the preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* Pleaſe you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has ſent your honour two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [*Aſide.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purſe; or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good:
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word. He is ſo kind, that he now
Pays intereſt for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves much wrong, you 'bate too much
Of your own merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle
Of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O! he is the very ſoul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courſer
I rode on; it is your's becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord, I know no man
Can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with my own:
[4] I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, [5] 'tis not enough to give
My thanks; I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. [6] I' defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.*

[4] *I tell you true.*———] The other editions,
I'll *tell you.*——— JOHNSON.

[5] ———*'tis not enough to give*;
Methinks, *I could deal kingdoms*———]
Thus the paſſage ſtood in all editions before Hanmer's, who reſtored *my thanks.* JOHNSON.

[6] *I' defiled land,*———] This is the old reading, which apparently

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound,—
Tim. And ſo am I to you.
2 *Lord.* So infinite endear'd,—
Tim. All to you.[7] Lights! more lights.
3 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!—
Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs, be worth the ſums
That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs:
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

arently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *is eſtate lies in a* pitch'd *field.* Now *pitch*, as Falſtaff ſays, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies, that his eſtate lies *in defiled ground.* This, as it happened, was not underſtood, and all the editors publiſhed,

I defy land,——— JOHNSON.

[7] *All to you.*——] i. e. all good wiſhes, or all happineſs to you. So Macbeth,

All to all. STEEVENS.

[8] SERVING *of becks*——] This nonſenſe ſhould be read,

SERRING *of becks* ———

om the French *ſerrer*, to join cloſe together. A metaphor taken om the billing of pigeons. WARBURTON.

The commentator conceives *beck* to mean the *mouth* or the *head*, ter the French, *bec*, whereas it means a ſalutation made with the ead. So Milton,

" Nods and *becks*, and wreathed ſmiles."

o *ſerve a beck*, is to offer a ſalutation. JOHNSON.

To *ſerve a beck*, means, I believe, *to pay a courtly obedience to a od.* STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29.

" And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete."

T. T.

[9] *I doubt whether their legs*, &c.] He plays upon the word *leg*, as it ſignifies a *limb* and a *bow* or *act of obeiſance.* JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for
If I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee, and thou wouldſt ſin the faſter.
Thou giv'ſt ſo long, Timon, [1] I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper ſhortly:
What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,
If you begin to rail once on ſociety,
I am ſworn not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better muſick.

Apem. So;——
Thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.
I'll lock
[2] Thy heaven from thee. Oh, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

[1] ——*I fear me, thou*
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper *ſhortly.*]

i. e. be ruined by his ſecurities entered into. But this ſenſe is flat, and reliſhes very little of the ſalt in Apemantus's other reflections. We ſhould read,

——*give away thyſelf in* proper *ſhortly.*

i. e. in perſon; thy proper ſelf. This latter is an expreſſion of our author's in the *Tempeſt*;

And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads very plauſibly,

——*thou*
Wilt give away thyſelf in perpetuum. JOHNSON.

I am ſatisfied with Dr. Warburton's explanation of the text, but cannot concur in his emendation. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thy heaven*—] The pleaſure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick place in the city.

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late, five thouſand to Varro;[3] and to Iſidore,
He owes nine thouſand; beſides my former ſum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horſe to Timon;
[4]Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me, ſtraight,
And

[3] *And late five thouſand to Varro; and to Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand.————]

Former editors point the paſſage thus,

And late five thouſand.—To Varro and to Iſidore, &c.

T. T.

[4] In old edition:

Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
An able horſe.————]

"If I want *gold* (ſays the ſenator) let me ſteal a beggar's dog, and "give it Timon, the dog coins me *gold*. If I would ſell my *horſe*, "and had a mind to buy *ten* better inſtead of him; why, I need "but give my horſe to Timon, to gain this point; and it pre-"ſently fetches me *an horſe*." But is that gaining the point propos'd? The firſt folio reads, leſs corruptly than the modern impreſſions,

————And *able* horſes.————

Which reading, joined to the reaſoning of the paſſage, gave me the hint for this emendation. THEOBALD.

Inſtead of *ten* horſes the old copy reads *twenty*. The paſſage which

And able horſes. [5] No porter at his gate;
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſs by. It cannot hold; [6] no reaſon
Can found his ſtate in ſafety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I ſay!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, ſir; what is your pleaſure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd,[7] when—
"*Commend me to your maſter.*"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—But tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates,
Has ſmit my credit. I love, and honour him;

which Theobald would alter, means only this. *If I give my horſe to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces* more, *but* able *horſes.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*No porter at his gate;*
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites]

I imagine that a line is loſt here, in which the behaviour of a ſurly porter was deſcribed. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*no reaſon*
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety.——]

The ſuppoſed meaning of this muſt be, *No reaſon*, by *ſounding*, fathoming, or trying, *his ſtate*, can find it *ſafe*. But as the words ſtand, they imply, that *no reaſon can* ſafely *ſound his ſtate*. I read thus,

——*no reaſon*
Can found *his ſtate in ſafety.*——

Reaſon cannot find his fortune to have any *ſafe* or ſolid *foundation*.

The types of the firſt printer of this play were ſo worn and defaced, that *ſ* and *ſ* are not always to be diſtinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*nor* then *ſilenc'd*,——] Thus the oldeſt copy, I would read,

——*nor* thou *ſilenc'd*,—— T. T.

But

But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone!
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull.
[a]Which flaſhes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, ſir.

Sen. I go, ſir?—[b]Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, ſir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Timon's hall.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no ſtop! So ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; and reſumes no care
Of what is to continue. [c]Never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.

What

[a] Which *flaſhes*, &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently uſed, as in this inſtance, by Shakeſpeare, inſtead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *perſons*. The uſe of the former inſtead of the latter is ſtill preſerved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

[b] ——*Take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in. Come.]

Certainly, ever ſince bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and theſe bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapſed. The ſenator's charge to his ſervant muſt be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the intereſt due upon them. THEOBALD.

[c] ——*Never mind*
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.]

What ſhall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter Capbis, with the ſervants of Iſidore and Varro.

Fy, fy, fy, fy!

Caph. [1] Good even, Varro. What, you come for money?

Var.

Nothing can be worſe, or more obſcurely expreſſed: and all for the ſake of a wretched rhime. To make it ſenſe and grammar, it ſhould be ſupplied thus,

———*Never mind*
Was [made] *to be ſo unwiſe*, [in order] *to be ſo kind.*

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuſe mind, never before endowed any man with ſo large a ſhare of folly. WARBURTON.

Of this mode of expreſſion converſation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." JOHNSON.

[1] *Good even, Varro.*———] It is obſervable, that this *good evening* is before dinner; for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again as ſoon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repaſt. I do not ſuppoſe the paſſage corrupt: ſuch inadvertencies neither author nor editor can eſcape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Iſidore ſink a few lines afterwards into the ſervants of Varro and Iſidore. Whether ſervants, in our author's time, took the names of their maſters, I know not. Perhaps it is a ſlip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it ſtands, *Enter Capbis, Iſidore, and Varro.* STEEVENS.

Good even, or, as it is ſometimes leſs accurately written, *God den*, was the uſual ſalutation from *noon*, the moment that Good morrow became improper. This appears plainly from the following paſſage. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Scene 4.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
Mercutio. God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.
Nur. Is it *good den?*
Merc. 'Tis no leſs I tell you; for the .....hand of the dial is now upon .... *noon.*

So in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. Scene 1. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I preſume, of the wide ſenſe of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without

Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?
Capb. It is: And your's too, Iſidore?
Iſid. It is ſo.
Capb. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!
Var. I fear it.
Capb. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, and his train.

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me, what is your will?
[*They preſent their bills.*
Capb. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Capb. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my ſteward.
Capb. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,[2]
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Capb. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.
Var. One Varro's ſervant, my good lord,—
Iſid. From Iſidore.
He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,—
Capb. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants,—
Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks,
And paſt.—
Iſid. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord, and I

any neceſſity, as from the courſe of the incidents, precedent and ſubſequent, the day may well be ſuppoſed to be turn'd of *noon*.
Obſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

[2] *That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occaſion in a manner conſiſtent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my maſter's page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company?—How doſt thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'ſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog; and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Even ſo, thou out-run'ſt grace.
Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon ſtay at home.
—You three ſerve three uſurers?

All. Ay; 'would they ſerv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

houſe, I ſuppoſe, from the diſſoluteneſs of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has theſe words: CORINTHI *ſuper mille proſtitutæ in templo Veneris aſſiduæ degere, & immenſa flammata libidine quæſtui meretritio operam dare, et velut ſacrorum miniſtræ Deæ famulari ſolebant.* Milton in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, ſays, *Or ſearching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has loſt himſelf, and raps up, without pity, the ſage and rheumatick prelateſs, with all her young* Corinthian *laity, to enquire for ſuch one.* WARBURTON.

For

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant. My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry; but they enter my miſtreſs's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-maſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometimes it appears like a lord; ſometimes like a lawyer; ſometimes like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's [7] artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all ſhapes that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man: as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aſide, aſide; here comes lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometimes the philoſopher.

[7] *his artificial one.*] Meaning the celebrated philoſopher's ſtone, which was in thoſe times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of thoſe who loſt conſiderable ſums in ſeeking of it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the laſt eminent men who entertained hopes of being ſucceſsful in this purſuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden houſe. STEEVENS.

Flav. Pray you, walk near. I'll ſpeak with you anon. [*Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus, and Fool.*

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me;
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back;
And that unaptneſs [8] made your miniſter
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay, you found them in my honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much, I have ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe. I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight, checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
[9] Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;

[8] ——*made your miniſter*] So the original. The later editions have all

——*made* you *miniſter*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time*;] i. e. Tho' it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the aſſiſtance of your friends, your future miſeries. Had the Oxford editor underſtood the ſenſe, he would not have altered the text to,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time.
WARBURTON.

I think Hanmer right, and have received his emendation.
JOHNSON.

The

greateſt of your having lacks a half
pay your preſent debts.
im. Let all my land be ſold.
lav. 'Tis all engag'd; ſome forfeited and gone;
what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
reſent dues: the future comes apace:
it ſhall defend the interim? and at length
goes our reckoning?
m. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.
av. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
e it all yours, to give it in a breath,
quickly were it gone?
m. You tell me true.
av. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry, or falſhood,
me before the exacteſt auditors,
ſet me on the proof. So the Gods bleſs me,
n all our offices have been oppreſt
riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;

[1] ——— *and at length*
How goes *our reckoning?*]

eward talks very wildly. The lord indeed might have what a lord ſeldom knows,

How goes our reckoning?

: ſteward was too well ſatisfied in that matter. I would erefore,

Hold good *our reckoning?*

xford editor would appropriate this emendation to himſelf, ring it to *make good.* WARBURTON.

common enough, and the commentator knows it is com- propoſe interrogatively, that of which neither the ſpeaker hearer has any doubt. The preſent reading may there- nd. JOHNSON.

my good lord, the world is but a world;] The folio reads,

———*but a* word;

is is the right. The meaning is, as the *world* itſelf may be ſed in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

I have

I have retired me to [2] a waſteful cock,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens! have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;[3]
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? Can'ſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
[4] And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men,

[2] ——*a waſteful cock,*] i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *waſteful cock*, ſignifies a garret lying in waſte, neglected, put to no uſe. HANMER.

Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently miſtaken. A *waſteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning ſtopple *running* to *waſte*. In this ſenſe, both the terms have their uſual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever uſed for *cockloft*, or *waſteful* for *lying in waſte*, or that lying in waſte is at all a phraſe. JOHNSON.

[3] *No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;*
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.]

Every reader muſt rejoice in this circumſtance of comfort which preſents itſelf to Timon, who, tho' beggar'd thro' want of prudence, conſoles himſelf with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the purſuit of guilty pleaſures. STEEVENS.

[4] *And try the* arguments—] *Arguments* for natures. WARB.

How *arguments* ſhould ſtand for natures I do not ſee. But the licentiouſneſs of our author forces us often upon far fetched expoſitions.

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And, in ſome ſort, theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe,
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive how you
Miſtake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeverally. You to lord Lucius.
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day.—You to Sempronius.—
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, ſay
That my occaſions have found time to uſe them
Toward a ſupply of money: let the requeſt
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!—

Tim. Go you, ſir, to the ſenators, [*To Flavius.*
(Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing) bid 'em ſend o' the inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,
(For that [5] I knew it the moſt general way)
To them to uſe your ſignet and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

ſidions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or for *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*I knew it the moſt gen'ral way*] *General* is not ſpeedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—You are honourable,—
But yet they could have wiſh'd,—They know not,—
Something hath been amiſs,—a noble nature
May catch a wrench,—'Would all were well,—'Tis pity,—
And ſo, [6] intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, [7] and theſe hard fractions,
With certain [8] half-caps, and [9] cold-moving nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You Gods reward them!—
I pr'ythee man look cheerly. Theſe old fellws
[1] Have their ingratitude in them hereditary;
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;

[6] *Intending* is *regarding, turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

So in the *Spaniſh Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher,

"Good ſir, *intend* this buſineſs." STEEVENS.

[7] —*and theſe* hard fractions,] An equivocal alluſion to fractions in decimal arithmetic. So Flavius had, like Littlewit, in Bartholomew-Fair, *a conceit left in his miſery*. WARBURTON.

This is, I think, no conceit in the head of Flavius, who, by *fractions*, means *broken* hints, *interrupted* ſentences, *abrupt* remarks. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*half caps*,——] A *half cap* is a *cap* ſlightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

[9] —— cold-moving *nods*,] All the editions exhibit theſe as two diſtinct adjectives, to the prejudice of the author's meaning; but they muſt be joined by an hyphen, and make a compound adjective out of a ſubſtantive and a particle, and then we have the true ſenſe of the place; *cold-moving, cold-provoking*; nods ſo diſcouraging, that they chilled the very ardor of our petition, and *froze us into ſilence*. THEOBALD.

[1] *Have their ingratude in them* hereditary:] *Hereditary*, for by natural conſtitution. But ſome diſtempers of natural conſtitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude ſo. WARB.

And

And nature as it grows again toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.[2]—
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee:—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents. That had, give it theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That Timon's fortune's 'mong his friends can ſink.

Stew. [3] I would, I could not think it.
That thought is bounty's foe;
Being [4] free itſelf, it thinks all other ſo. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *And nature, as it grows again toward earth,*
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—]
The ſame thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Beſide, the fair ſoul's old too, it grows covetous,*
"*Which ſhews all honour is departed from us,*
"*And we are earth again.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *'Would I could not:—*] The original edition has,

I would, I could not think it, that thought, &c.

It has been changed, to mend the numbers, without authority. JOHNSON.

[4] *Free*, is *liberal*, not parſimonious. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lucullus's houſe in Athens.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

SERVANT.

I Have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, ſir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aſide.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honeſt Flaminius, you are very reſpectively* welcome, ſir.—Fill me ſome wine.—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, ſir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, ſir: and what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, ſir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply: who having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him; nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting ſays he? alas, good lord! A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, of purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs: and yet he would embrace no counſel,

* *very* reſpectively *welcome*, &c.] i. e. reſpectfully. So in *K. John*, "Beſides, 'tis too *reſpective*, &c." STEEVENS.

take no warning by my coming. Every man hath his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant, with wine.

Serv. Pleaſe your lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerv'd thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reaſon, and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well: Good parts in thee.—Get you gone ſirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honeſt Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough, altho' thou comeſt to me, that this is no time to lend money, eſpecially upon bare friendſhip without ſecurity. Here's three ſolidares for thee: Good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
[5] And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I ſee thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit Lucullus.*

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,[*]
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
[6] It turns in leſs than two nights? O you Gods!

[5] *And we alive that liv'd?*] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to ſay, *in ſo ſhort a time.* WARBURTON.

[*] *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the puniſhment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. STEEV.

[6] *It turns in leſs than two nights?*—] Alluding to the *turning* or aceſcence of milk. JOHNSON.

I feel

I feel my maſter's paſſion! This ſlave
Unto his honour [1] has my lord's meat in him;
Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O! may diſeaſes only work upon't,
And, when he's ſick to death, let not that part of
nature [2]
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A publick ſtreet.

Enter Lucius with three ſtrangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? He is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* [3] We know him for no leſs, though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fy, no. Do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord Lucullus,

[1] *Unto his honour.*] Thus the old copy. What Flaminius means is,—This ſlave (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read,—*unto this hour.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Of nurture*] The common copies read *nature.* The emendation is ſir T. Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

Of nature is ſurely the moſt expreſſive reading. Flaminius conſiders that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as conſtituting a great part of his animal ſyſtem. STEEVENS.

[3] *We know him for no leſs,*] That is, *we know him* by report to be *no leſs* than you repreſent him, though we are ſtrangers to his perſon. JOHNSON.

to

to borrow ſo many talents; [4] nay, urg'd extremely for't, and ſhew'd what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now, before the Gods, I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? There was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; [5] yet had he miſtook him, and ſent him to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord: I have ſweat to ſee his honour.—My honour'd lord—

[*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, ſir. Fare thee well:—commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honour, my lord hath ſent——

Luc. Ha! what hath he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord. He's ever ſending. How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? and what has he ſent now?

[4] —*to borrow ſo many talents.*] Such is the reading of the folio. The modern editors read arbitrarily, *fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expreſſion for an indefinite number. The ſtranger might not know the exact ſum. STEEVENS.

[5] *yet had he* MISTOOK *him, and ſent him to me,*] We ſhould read,

——MISLOOK'D *him,*

i. e. overlooked, neglected to ſend him. WARBURTON.

I rather read, *yet had he* not *miſtook him, and ſent to me.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards propoſes to read, *yet had he* MISSED *him.* STEEVENS.

Ser. He has only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many talents.[6]

Luc. I know his lordſhip is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
[7] If his occaſion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge it [8] half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, ſir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might have ſhewn myſelf honourable? How unluckily it happened, [9] that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour? Servilius,

[6] ——*with ſo many talents.*] Such again is the reading with which the old copy ſupplies us. Probably the exact number of the *talents wanted* was not expreſsly ſet down by Shakeſpeare. If this was the caſe, the player who repreſented the character ſpoke of the firſt number that was uppermoſt in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouſe books, put down an indefinite for the definite ſum, which remained unſpecified. The modern editors read again in this inſtance, *fifty talents.*
STEEVENS.

[7] *If his occaſion were not* virtuous,] *Virtuous*, for ſtrong, forcible, preſſing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be;—If he did not want it for a good uſe. JOHNSON.

[8] —*half ſo* faithfully.] *Faithfully*, for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have ſeen, that Shakeſpeare uſed *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the ſentence he had uſed *virtuous* for forcible. WARBURTON.

[9] *That I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of honour?*] Though there is a ſeeming plauſible antitheſis in the terms, I am very well aſſured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only ſubſtantive that follows in the ſentence. How much is the antitheſis improved by the ſenſe which my emendation gives? "That I "ſhould purchaſe for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of ho-"nour!" THEOBALD.

This

vilius, now before the Gods, I am not able to do't. The more beaſt, I ſay:—I was ſending to uſe Lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, ſir, I ſhall.

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

—True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's ſport;
And juſt of the ſame piece is every [1] flatterer's ſoul:
Who can call him his friend,

This emendation is received, like all others, by ſir T. Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in ſuſpecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchaſe the day before for a little park.* JOHNSON.

[1] *—flatterer's ſpirit.*] This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other editions read,

Why this is the world's ſoul;
Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily tranſpoſed the two final words, thus,

Why, this is the world's ſport:
Of the ſame piece is ev'ry flatterer's ſoul.

The paſſage is not ſo obſcure as to provoke ſo much enquiry. *This*, ſays he, *is the ſoul* or ſpirit *of the world: every flatterer* plays the ſame game, makes *ſport* with the confidence of his friend. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Upton's tranſpoſition rather than Dr. Warburton's alteration. STEEVENS.

That dips in the ſame diſh? For, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purſe;
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (oh, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!)
He does deny him, [2] in reſpect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life,
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
[3] I would have put my wealth into donation,*
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,

[2] —*(in reſpect of his)*] i. e. conſidering Timon's claim for what he aſks. WARBURTON.

—*in reſpect of his,*] That is, *in reſpect of his* fortune, what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius poſſeſſes, leſs than the uſual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

[3] *I would have put my wealth into donation,*
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,]
Hanmer reads,
I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the beſt half ſhould have attorn'd *to him.*
Dr Warburton receives *attorn'd.* The only difficulty is in the word *return'd,* which, ſince he had received nothing from him, cannot be uſed but in a very low and licentious meaning. JOHNSON.

* *Had his neceſſity made uſe of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the beſt half of what I had gained myſelf, or received from others, ſhould have found its way to him.* Either ſuch licentious expoſition muſt be allowed, or the paſſage remain in obſcurity, as few readers will chuſe to receive Hanmer's emendation. STEEVENS.

So

So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpenſe:
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a third ſervant with Sempronius.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum! 'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemed from priſon: all theſe
Owe their eſtates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and all are found baſe metal,
For they have all deny'd him?

Sem. How? have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? Three! hum!——
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? [5] His friends, like phyſicians
Thrive, give him over? Muſt I take the cure upon me?

He

[4] *They have all been touch'd,*] That is, *tried,* alluding to the touchſtone. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*his friends like phyſicians*
Thriv'd, *give him over?*]

I have reſtored this old reading, only amending the pointing, which was faulty. Mr. Pope, ſuſpecting the phraſe, has ſubſtituted *three* in the room of *thriv'd,* and ſo diſarmed the poet's ſatire. Phyſicians *thriv'd* is no more than Phyſicians *grown rich:* Only the adjective paſſive of this verb, indeed, is not ſo common in uſe; and yet it is a familiar expreſſion, to this day, to ſay, *Such a one is well* thriven *on his trade.* THEOBALD.

The original reading is,

He has much diſgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No.
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the reſt, and I 'mongſt lords be thought a fool,
I had rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
He had ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;
[6] I had ſuch a courage to do him good.
But now return:
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who 'bates mine honour ſhall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! [7] Your lordſhip's a goodly vil
lain. [8] The devil knew not what he did, when h
made men politick; he croſs'd himſelf by't: and
cannot think, but in the end the villainies of man
wil

——*his friends, (like phyſicians)*
Thrive, *give him over?*

which Theobald has miſrepreſented. Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plau-
ſibly enough. Inſtead of *three* propoſed by Mr. Pope, I ſhould
read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read SHRIV'D. They *give him over ſhriv'd*,
that is, *prepared for immediate death by ſhrift*.

Obſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

[6] *I had ſuch a courage*] Such an ardour, ſuch an eager deſire.
JOHNSON.

[7] *Excellent*, &c.] I ſuppoſe the former part of this ſpeech to
have been originally written in verſe, as well as the latter; though
the players having printed it as proſe (omitting ſeveral ſyllables
neceſſary to the metre) it cannot now be reſtored to metre without
ſuch additions as no editor is at liberty to inſert in the text.
STEEVENS.

[8] *The devil knew not what he did,*] I cannot but think that the
negative *not* has intruded into this paſſage, and the reader will
think ſo too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the
next words. JOHNSON.

[9] *will ſet him clear.*] *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him
befor

rill ſet him clear. How fairly this lord ſtrives to ap-
ear foul? [1] takes virtuous copies to be wicked:
ke thoſe that under hot, ardent zeal, would ſet
hole realms on fire.
)f ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
ave only the Gods. Now his friends are dead;
)oors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employed
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt [2] keep his houſe.
[*Exit.*

efore heaven; for then *the devil* muſt be ſuppoſed *to know what* e did: but it ſignifies. puzzle him, outdo him at his own wea-ons. WARBURTON.

How the devil, or any other being, ſhould be *ſet clear* by be-ng *puzzled* and *outdone*, the commentator has not explained. When in a crowd we would have an opening made, we ſay, *Stand lear*, that is, *out of the way of danger*. With ſome affinity to this ſe, though not without great harſhneſs, to *ſet clear*, may be to *it aſide*. But I believe the original corruption is the inſertion of he negative, which was obtruded by ſome tranſcriber, who ſup-oſed *croſſed* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The uſe of *croſſing*, by way of protection or purification, was robably not worn out in Shakeſpeare's time. The ſenſe of *ſet lear* is now eaſy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. So croſs himſelf may mean, in a very familiar ſenſe, *to clear his core, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning*. He knew not *what e did*, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing him-elf. There is then no need of emendation. JOHNSON.

[1] *takes* virtuous copies *to be wicked*; *like thoſe*, &c] This is a eflection on the puritans of that time. Theſe people were then et upon a project of new-modelling the eccleſiaſtical and ci-il government according to ſcripture rules and examples; which makes him ſay, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would ſet whole realms on fire*. So Sempronius pretended to that warm af-fection and generous jealouſy of friendſhip, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At beſt the ſimilitude is an unkward one: but it fitted the *audience*, though not the *ſpeaker*. WARBURTON.

[2] —*keep his houſe.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Timon's hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, [3] *Lucius, and other ſervants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortenſius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius? What do we meet together?

Luc. And, I think,
One buſineſs does command us all, for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And ſir Philotus too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord ſeen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider that [4] a prodigal's courſe
Is like the ſun's; but not like his recoverable.
I fear
'Tis deepeſt winter in lord Timon's purſe;
That is,

[3] Lucius is here again for the ſervant of Lucius. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *a prodigal's courſe*
Is like the ſun's.]
That is, like him in blaze and ſplendour.
Soles occidere et redire poſſunt. Catul. JOHNSON.

On—

One may reach deep enough, and yet find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll ſhew how to obſerve a ſtrange event.
Your lord ſends now for money.

Hor. Moſt true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is againſt my heart.

Luc. Mark how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hor. [5] I am weary of this charge, the Gods can witneſs.
I know, my lord hath ſpent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Five thouſand mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep; and it ſhould ſeem by the ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine:
[6] Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordſhip; pray, ſignify ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent.

[5] *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this *commiſſion*, of this *employment*. JOHNSON.

[6] *Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *elſe, ſurely, mine had equall'd*. JOHNSON.

Enter

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our maſters may throw their caps at their money. Theſe debts may be well call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves:
Creditors!——devils.

Flav. My dear lord,——

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?

Flav. My dear lord,——

Tim. I'll have it ſo:—my ſteward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly?—Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius[8]. All: I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.

Flav. O my lord!
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There's not ſo much left as to furniſh out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care: go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Senate-houſe.

Senators and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't: the fault's bloody.
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.

[8] *Lucius, Lucullus,* &c.] The old copy reads, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: all. STEEVENS.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him.

Alc. Honour, health, and compaſſion to the ſenate!

1 *Sen.* Now, Captain?

Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, [1] ſetting his fate aſide,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardiſe;
An honour in him which buys out his fault)
But with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober [2] and unnoted paſſion
[3] He did behave, his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.*

[9] *He is a man,* &c.] I have printed theſe lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus:

He is a man, ſetting his fault aſide,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil, &c. JOHNSON.

[1] —*ſetting* HIS *fault aſide,*]

We muſt read,

———THIS *fault*——— WARBURTON.

The reading of the old copy is,—*ſetting his fate aſide*, i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the queſtion. STEEVENS.

[2] —*and* unnoted *paſſion*] *Unnoted*, for common, bounded. WARBURTON.

[3] *He did* behave *his anger*] *Rebawe*, for curb, manage. But the Oxford editor equips the old poet with a more modiſh phraſe,

He

1 *Sen.* [4] You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-ſlaughter into form, and ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſ-begot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe; [5] and make his wrongs
His outſides: to wear them like his raiment, careleſly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

He did behave in's anger———

A paltry clipt jargon of modern fops, for *behave himſelf.*

WARBURTON.

The original copy reads not *behave* but *behoove.* I do not well underſtand the paſſage in either reading. Shall we try a daring conjecture?

———with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behold *his adverſary* ſhent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

He looked with ſuch calmneſs on his ſlain adverſary. I do not ſuppoſe that this is right, but put it down for want of better.

JOHNSON.

Cuncta prius tentanda.

I would rather read,

—and unnoted paſſion
He did behave ere was his anger ſpent.

unnoted paſſion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his paſſion, ſuch a one as has not hitherto been obſerved.

STEEVENS.

[4] *You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,*] You undertake a paradox too *hard.*

JOHNSON.

[5] *———and make his wrongs*
His OUTSIDES; *wear* THEM *like his raiment, careleſly;*

It ſhould be read and pointed thus,

———and make his wrongs
His outſide wear; hang like his raiment, careleſly.

WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is better.

JOHNSON.

To

To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,——

1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threats? ſleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, [6] what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
[7] The aſs, more than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom be in ſuffering. Oh, my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?

[6] ——*What make we*
Abroad?——

What do we, or *what have we to do in the field.* JOHNSON.

[7] *The aſs, more than the lion*, &c.] Here is another arbitrary regulation, the original reads thus,

——*what make we*
Abroad, why then women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the aſs more captain than the lion,
The fellow, loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom, &c.

I think it may be better adjuſted thus:

——*what make we*
Abroad, why then the women are more valiant
That ſtay at home;
If bearing carry it, then is the aſs
More captain than the lion, and the felon
Loaden with irons wiſer, &c. JOHNSON.

To

To kill, I grant, is [8] ſin's extreameſt guſt;
But, in defence, [9] by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in anger is impiety,
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? His ſervice done
At Lacædemon, and Byzantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I ſay, my lords, he has done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty [1] with em: he
[2] Is a ſworn rioter: he has a ſin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour priſoner.
If there were no foes, That were enough
To overcome him. In that beaſtly fury

[8] —*ſin's extreameſt guſt,*] *Guſt*, for aggravation. WARB.

Guſt is here in its common ſenſe; the utmoſt degree of *appetite* for ſin. JOHNSON.

I believe *Guſt* means *raſhneſs*. The alluſion may be to a ſudden *guſt of wind*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*by* mercy, *'tis moſt juſt.*] By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But we MUST read,

———'*tis* MADE *juſt*. WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for equity. If ſuch explanation be allowed, what can be difficult? The meaning is, *I call* mercy *herſelf* to witneſs, that defenſive violence is juſt. JOHNSON.

[1] —*with 'em*;] The folio, *with* him. JOHNSON.

[2] *He's a* SWORN *rioter; he has a ſin*
That often drowns him, and takes valour priſoner.

What is a *ſworn* rioter? We ſhould read,

He's a SWOL'N *rioter*,———

that is, given to all exceſſes. as he ſays of another, in another place, *ſo ſurfeit-ſwoln* or ſwell'd. WARBURTON.

A *ſworn rioter* is a man who practiſes riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

He

is been known to commit outrages,
cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
ays are foul, and his drink dangerous.
n. He dies.
. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
rds, if not for any parts in him,
gh his right arm might purchase his own time,
e in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
for I know, [3] your reverend ages love
ty, I'll pawn my victories, all
onours to you, upon his good returns.
this crime he owes the law his life,
let the war receive't in valiant gore;
w is strict, and war is nothing more.
en. We are for law, he dies. Urge it no more,
ight of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
rfeits his own blood, that spills another.
. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords
eseech you, know me.
en. How?
. Call me to your remembrances.
en. What?——
. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
ld not else be, [4] I should prove so base,
e, and be deny'd such common grace:
rounds ake at you.
en. [5] Do you dare our anger?

[3] ——*your reverend ages love*
Security,——]
arges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.
[4] *I should prove so base,*] *Base,* for dishonour'd. WARB.
[5] *Do you dare our anger?*
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;]
eading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote,
——*our anger?*
'Tis few in *words, but spacious in effect.* JOHNSON.

'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;
We baniſh thee for ever.
Alc. Baniſh me!
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh uſury,
That makes the ſenate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two day's ſhine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
[6] And, not to ſwell our ſpirit,
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt*
Alc. Now the Gods keep you old enough, that ye may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worſe than mad. I have kept back their foes
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I myſelf,
Rich only in large hurts.—All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam, that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains' wounds? Baniſhment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be baniſh'd;
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, [7] and play for hearts.

'Tis

[6] *And* (not *to ſwell* OUR *ſpirit*)] What this nonſenſe was intended to mean I don't know; but 'tis plain Shakeſpeare wrote,

And NOW *to ſwell* YOUR *ſpirit*,

i. e. to provoke you ſtill more. WARBURTON.

Not to ſwell our ſpirit, I believe, means, *not to oblige us to uſe any future and more violent expoſtulations.* STEEVENS.

[7] In former copies:

—*And lay for hearts.*
'Tis honour with moſt LANDS *to be at odds*;

But ſurely, even in a ſoldier's ſenſe of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which ſhews rather a quarrelſome diſpoſition than a valiant one. Beſides, this was not Alcibiades's caſe. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phraſe in the foregoing line will direct us to the right reading. I will

honour with moſt hands to be at odds:
ers as little ſhould brook wrongs, as Gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Timon's houſe.

Enter divers Senators at ſeveral doors.

en. The good time of the day to you, ſir.
en. I alſo wiſh it to you. I think, this honour-
lord did but try us this other day.
en. [7] Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when
countered. I hope it is not ſo low with him,
made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.
en. It ſhould not be by the perſuaſion of his new
g.
en. I ſhould think ſo. He hath ſent me an ear-
viting, which many my near occaſions did urge
put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond
, and I muſt needs appear.
en. In like manner was I in debt to my imper-
buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe.

, ſays he, *for hearts*; which is a metaphor taken from ay, and ſignifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then re was continued in the following line, which ſhould be us,

'Tis honour with moſt HANDS *to be at odds*;

fight upon odds, or at diſadvantage; as he muſt do againſt ted ſtrength of Athens: and this, by ſoldiers, is accounted *ble.* Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame metaphor on the ſame oc- in *Coriolanus.*

He lurch'd *all ſwords.* WARBURTON.

ink *hands* is very properly ſubſtituted for *land*. In the ng line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play* for *hearts*. JOHNSON.

on that were my thoughts tiring,] A hawk, I think, is ſaid when ſhe amuſes herſelf with pecking a pheaſant's wing, thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it.* JOHNSON.

I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, ſir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both!—and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. [*Aſide.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch ſummer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay. Feaſt your ears with the muſick awhile; if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpets ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O ſir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* Moſt honourable lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, ſir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes!

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you do? What's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is baniſh'd. Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades baniſh'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo; be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will—And ſo—

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs. Your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts make yourſelves prais'd: but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſwear the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains. If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—[1] *The reſt of your foes, O Gods, the ſenators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiſs in them, you Gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my*

[1] *The reſt of your* FEES.] We ſhould read FOES. WARB.

preſent friends,—as they are to me nothing, ſo in no-thing bleſs them, and to nothing, are they welcome.
Uncover,—Dogs, and lap.

[*The diſhes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some ſpeak. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! Smoke, and lukewarm water
[9] Is your perfection. This is Timon's laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled [1] you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, [2] time-flies,
Cap and knee ſlaves, Vapours, and [3] minute-jacks!
Of man and beaſt the [4] infinite malady
Cruſt you quite o'er!—What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy phyſick firſt,—thou too,—and thou;—

[9] *Is your* perfection] *Perfection* for exact or perfect likeneſs. WARBURTON.

Your *perfection*, is *the higheſt of your excellence.* JOHNSON.

[1] —*and ſpangled* YOU WITH *flatteries,*] We ſhould certainly read,

—*and ſpangled* WITH YOUR *flatteries.* WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is right. JOHNSON.

[2] *Time-flies.*] Flies of a ſeaſon. JOHNSON.

[3] —*minute-jacks*;] Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which ſhines and diſappears in an inſtant. What it was I know not; but it was ſomething of quick motion, mentioned in Richard III. JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-houſe*; an image whoſe office was the ſame as one of thoſe at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet-ſtreet. See Mr. Hawkins's ingenious note on the paſſage in Richard III. vol. vii. STEEVENS.

[4] —*the infinite malady*] Every kind of diſeaſe incident to man and beaſt. JOHNSON.

Stay

tay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
Vhat! all in motion? Henceforth be no feaſt,
Vhereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
urn houſe, ſink Athens! henceforth hated be
f Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?
2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury!
3 *Sen.* Piſh! did you ſee my cap?
4 *Sen.* I've loſt my gown.
1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, nd now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you ſee y jewel?
2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my cap?
3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.
4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.
1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.
2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.
3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.
4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

ET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
nd fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
bedience fail in children! ſlaves and fools
uck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,

And miniſter in their ſteads! to general filth
Convert o' the inſtant green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſter's throats! Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is [5] i' the brothel! Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear
Religion to the Gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And [6] yet confuſion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold ſciatica,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian boſoms; and their crop
Be general leproſy! Breath infect breath;
That their ſociety, as their friendſhip, may
Be meerly poiſon! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou deteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he ſhall find
The unkindeſt beaſt more kinder than mankind.

[5] —*i' the brothel.*] So Hanmer. The old copies read, *o' th' brothel.* JOHNSON.

[6] —*yet confuſion*—] Hanmer reads, *let* confuſion; but the meaning may be, *though by ſuch confuſion all things ſeem to haſten to diſſolution, yet let not diſſolution come, but the miſeries of* confuſion *continue.* JOHNSON.

The

e Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
e Athenians both within and out that wall!
d grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow,
the whole race of mankind, high and low!
ien. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Timon's houſe.

[1] *Enter Flavius, with two or three ſervants.*

Serv. Hear you, maſter ſteward, where is our maſter?
: we undone? caſt off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
: me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
n as poor as you.
Serv. Such a houſe broke!
noble a maſter fallen! all gone! and not
: friend to take his fortune by the arm,
l go along with him!
Serv. As we do turn our backs
m our companion, thrown into his grave;
iis familiars [2] from his buried fortunes
k all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
e empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf
edicated beggar to the air.
:h his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
lks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other ſervants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe!

[1] *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation imon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his ſervants. ing but real virtue can be honoured by domeſticks; nothing mpartial kindneſs can gain affection from dependants.
JOHNSON.

[2] *——from his buried fortunes*] The old copies have *to* inſtead m. The correction is Hanmer's; but the old reading might
JOHNSON.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into this ſea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Where-ever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
[*Giving them money.*
—Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.
[*They embrace, and part ſeveral ways.*
[3] Oh, the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends;
Poor honeſt lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodneſs! [4] ſtrange unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good!
Who

[3] *Oh, the* fierce *wretchedneſs*————] I believe *fierce* is here uſed for *haſty, precipitate.* STEEVENS.

[4] —*ſtrange unuſual blood,*] Of this paſſage, I ſuppoſe, every reader would wiſh for a correction; but the word, harſh as it is, ſtands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propoſe. Perhaps,

————*ſtrange unuſual* mood,

may, by ſome, be thought better, and by others worſe.
JOHNSON.

I ſhould ſuppoſe, that the poet meant to apoſtrophize Timon's ungrateful and unnatural friends, by calling them

—*ſtrange*

dares to be half ſo kind again?
y, that makes Gods, does ſtill mar men.
t lord, bleſt, to be moſt accurs'd,
to be wretched: thy great fortunes
thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
; in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
ous friends: nor has he with him to
life, or that which can command it.
and enquire him out:
rve his mind with my beſt will;
ave gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

THE WOODS.

Enter Timon.

bleſſed, breeding ſun, draw from the earth
midity; below [6] thy ſiſter's orb
air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
ocreation, reſidence, and birth
lividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes;

———*ſtrange unuſual* brood!

eat exceſs of liberality as they would have treated ex-
STEEVENS.

d *breeding ſun,*———] The ſenſe, as well as elegance
ſion, requires that we ſhould read,

bleſſing breeding *ſun,*———

that before uſed to breed bleſſings, now breed curſes
on; as afterwards he ſays,

ou ſun that comfort'ſt, burn. WARBURTON.

e that this emendation much ſtrengthens the ſenſe.
JOHNSON.

ſiſter's orb] That is, the moon's, this *ſublunary* world.
JOHNSON.

The

The greater ſcorns the leſſer. [7] Not nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
[8] Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord,

. . . . . Th

[7] ——— *Not ev'n nature,*
To whom all ſores lay ſiege. ———]

He had ſaid the brother could not bear great fortune without deſpiſing his brother. He now goes further, and aſſerts that even human nature cannot bear it, but with contempt of its common nature. The ſentence is ambiguous, and, beſides that, otherwiſe obſcure. I am perſuaded, that our author had Alexander here principally in mind; whoſe uninterrupted courſe of ſucceſſes, as we learn from hiſtory, turned his head, and made him fancy himſelf a *God*, and contemn his human origin. The poet ſays, *even nature*, meaning nature in its greateſt perfection: And Alexander is repreſented by the ancients as the moſt accompliſhed perſon that ever was, both for his qualities of mind and body, a kind of maſterpiece of nature. He adds,

To whom all ſores lay ſiege, ———

i. e. Although the imbeciſity of the human condition might eaſily have informed him of his error. Here Shakeſpeare ſeems to have had an eye to Plutarch, who, in his life of Alexander, tells us that it was that which ſtagger'd him in his ſober moments concerning the belief of his divinity. Ἔλεγεν δὲ μάλιστα συνέχειν αὐτὸν τὸ καθ' ὕπνον καὶ συνεφέλκειν ἀεὶ πρὸς μιᾶς ὑγιεινόμενον ἀσθενείας τῇ φύσει καὶ τὸ θνητὸν καὶ τὸ ἀδύνατον. WARBURTON.

I have preſerved this note rather for the ſake of the commentator than of the author. How *nature, to whom all ſores lay ſiege*, can ſo emphatically expreſs *nature in its greateſt perfection*, I ſhall not endeavour to explain. The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is inlarged, will ſcorn brother*; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *beſieged as it is by miſery*, admoniſhed as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will deſpiſe* beings of *nature like its own*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Raiſe me this beggar, and* deny't *that lord,*] Where is the ſenſe and Engliſh of *deny't that lord?* Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be refer'd? And it would be abſurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raiſe* that lord. The antitheſis muſt be, let fortune *raiſe* this beggar, and let her *ſtrip* and *deſpoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which ſenſe is compleated by this ſlight alteration,

——*and*

enator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
beggar native honour.
the paſtor lards the brother's ſides,
want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,

In

——————*and* denude *that lord,*

Rea in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1630, ll theſe Hamiltons had *denuded* themſelves of their fortunes and eſtates."

arles the Firſt, in his meſſage to the parliament, ſays, *nude* ourſelves of all."——Clar. vol. 3. p. 15. octavo edit.

WARBURTON.

ieve the former reading to be the true one. Raiſe me that , and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that A lord is not ſo high a title in the ſtate, but that a man origi- oor might be raiſed to one above it. STEEVENS.

s the paſture lards the beggar's *ſides,*] This, as the editors dered it, is an idle repetition at the beſt; ſuppoſing it did, , contain the ſame ſentiment as the foregoing lines. But peare meant a quite different thing: and having, like a writer, made a ſmart obſervation, he illuſtrates it by a ide thus,

It is the paſture lards the weather's *fides,*
The want that makes him lean.——————

e ſimilitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this ſati- flection; there is no more difference between man and the eſteem of ſuperficial and corrupt judgments, than be- a fat ſheep and a lean one. WARBURTON.

paſſage is very obſcure, nor do I diſcover any clear ſenſe, ough we ſhould admit the emendation. Let us inſpect the I have given it from the original edition,

It is the paſtour *lards the* brother's *ſides,*
The want that makes him leave.

arburton found the paſſage already changed thus,

It is the paſture *lards the* beggar's *ſides,*
The want that makes him lean.

on this reading of no authority, raiſed another equally un-

rations are never to be made without neceſſity. Let us ſee nſe the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, ſays the poet,

bears

She, whom the ſpital-houſe, and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
[6] To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
[7] Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum.—[8] Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:—
—Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.

Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?

Tim. I am Miſanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not deſire to know. Follow thy drum;

"My ſewertye in *waped* countenance."

Wapped, according to the quotation I have already made, would mean—*The widow whoſe curioſity and paſſions had been already gratified.* I believe, however, there is ſtill ſome corruption in the text. STEEVENS.

[6] *To the* April *day again.*——] That is, *to the wedding day*, called by the poet, ſatirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*. JOHNSON.

[7] *Do thy right nature.*—] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*Thou'rt quick,*] Thou haſt life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

With

th man's blood paint the ground. Gules, gules:
igious canons, civil laws are cruel;
:n what ſhould war be? This fell whore of thine
th in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
all her cherubin look.
'bry. Thy lips rot off!
'im. [9] I will not kiſs thee; then the rot returns
thine own lips again.
'lc. How came the noble Timon to this change?
'im. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
then renew I could not, like the moon,
ere were no ſuns to borrow of.
'lc. Noble Timon,
iat friendſhip may I do thee?
'im. None, but to
intain my opinion.
'lc. What is it, Timon?
'im. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none. If
hou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for
ou art a man; if thou doſt perform, confound thee,
thou art a man!
'lc. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.
'im. Thou ſaw'ſt them, when I had proſperity.
'lc. I ſee them now; then was a bleſſed time.
'im. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
'iman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
ic'd ſo regardfully?
'im. Art thou Timandra?
'iman. Yes.

I will not kiſs thee,——] This alludes to an opinion in former
:s, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection tranſmitted
nother, left the infecter free. I will not, ſays Timon, take the
from thy lips by kiſſing thee. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*If*
Thou wilt not promiſe, &c.]
it is, however thou may'ſt act, ſince thou art man, hated
1, I wiſh thee evil. JOHNSON.

Tim. [2] Be a whore ſtill! They love thee not that uſe thee;
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt:
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours: ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths; bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
[3] To the tub-faſt, and the diet.

Timan.

[2] *Be a whore ſtill! They love thee not that uſe thee;*
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt:
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, &c.]

There is here a ſlight tranſpoſition. I would read,

———*They love thee not that uſe thee,*
Leaving with thee their luſt; give them diſeaſes;
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours; ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths;——— JOHNSON.

[3] *To the* fub-faſt, *and the diet.*] One might make a very long and vain ſearch, yet not be able to meet with this prepoſterous word *fub-faſt*, which has notwithſtanding paſſed current with all the editors. We ſhould read *tub-faſt*. The author is alluding to the lues venerea, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both caſes the patient was kept up very warm and cloſe; that in the firſt application the ſweat might be promoted; and leſt, in the other, he ſhould take cold, which was fatal. *The regimen for the courſe of guaiacum* (ſays Dr. Friend in his *Hiſtory of Phyſick*, vol. II. p. 380.) *was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; and ſo rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him ſweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expreſſes it, the bones, and the very man himſelf was macerated.* Wiſeman ſays, in England they uſed a *tub* for this purpoſe, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was ſometimes continued for thirty-ſeven days (as he obſerves, p. 375.) and during this time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *abſtinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-faſt*. WARBURTON.

So in Jaſper Maine's *City Match*, 1639,

" ———You had better match a ruin'd bawd,
" One ten times cur'd by ſweating and the *tub*."

Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608, a doctor ſays,

" —O for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' *tub*, I ſhall burſt
" myſelf with laughing elſe."

So

Timan. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.—
—I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard and griev'd,
How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them,——

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is ſome gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy conqueſt,
And thee after, when thou haſt conquered!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains thou was born
To conquer my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on,—Here's gold,—Go on;

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*,

" ——whom I in diet keep
" Send lower down into the cave,
" And in a *tub* that's heated ſmoaking hot, &c."

Again in the ſame play,

" ——caught us, and put us in a *tub*,
" Where we this two months ſweat, &c."
" This bread and water hath our diet been, &c."

STEEVENS.

[4] Be as a planetary plague, when Jove,
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air. Let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an uſurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
[5] That through the window-bars bore at mens' eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools [6] exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a [7] baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt objects;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſt in holy veſtments bleeding,

[4] *Be as a planetary plague, when Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air.———]

This is wonderfully ſublime and picturesque. WARBURTON.

[5] *That through the window-barn*———] How the words come to be blundered into this ſtrange nonſenſe, is hard to conceive. But it is plain Shakeſpeare wrote,

———*window-lawn*———

i. e. lawn almoſt as tranſparent as glaſs windows. WARBURTON.

The reading is more probably,

———*window-bars,*———

The virgin that ſhews her boſom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*exhauſt their mercy*;] For *exhauſt*, ſir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *extort*; but *exhauſt* here ſignifies literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*baſtard*,——] An alluſion to the tale of Œdipus. JOHNSON.

Shall

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers:
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heaven's curſe upon thee!

Both. Give us ſome gold, good Timon. Haſt thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
[a] And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths;
[b] I'll truſt to your conditions. Be whores ſtill:
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,

[a] *And to make* whore *a bawd.*——] The power of gold, indeed, may be ſuppoſed great, that can make a whore forſake her trade; but what mighty difficulty was there in making a whore turn bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is deſcribing the mighty power of gold. He had before ſhewn, how gold can perſuade to any villainy; he now ſhews that it has ſtill a greater force, and can even turn from vice to the practice, or, at leaſt, the ſemblance of virtue. We muſt therefore read, to reſtore ſenſe to our author,

And to make whole *a bawd.*

i. e. not only make her quit her calling, but thereby reſtore her to reputation. WARBURTON.

The old edition reads,

And to make whores a bawd.

That is, *enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.* JOHNSON.

[b] *I'll truſt to your conditions.*——] You need not ſwear to continue whores, I will truſt to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

And be no turn-coats. [1] Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs [2]
With

[1] ——*Yet may your* pains, *six months*,
Be quite contrary——]

This is obſcure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expreſſion. The meaning is this, he had ſaid before, follow conſtantly your trade of debauchery: that is (ſays he) for ſix months in the year. Let the other ſix be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the ſevere diſcipline neceſſary for the repair of thoſe diſorders that your debaucheries occaſion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be ſpent in theſe different occupations. On this account he goes on, and ſays, *Make falſe hair*, &c. But for, *pains ſix months*, the Oxford editor reads *pains exterior*. What he means I know not. WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on eaſier terms. We may read,

——*Yet may your pains ſix months*
Be quite contraried.——

Timon is wiſhing ill to mankind, but is afraid leſt the whores ſhould imagine that he wiſhes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know, that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and diſappointments enough to plague themſelves. He wiſhes that they may do all poſſible miſchief, and yet take *pains ſix months* of the year in vain.

In this ſenſe there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding *your pains contraried*, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and *paint*.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was adviſed not to *contrary* the king. JOHNSON.

——*Yet may your pains ſix months*
Be quite contrary——

I believe this means,—*Yet for half the year at leaſt, may you ſuffer ſuch puniſhment as is inflicted on ſtrumpets in houſes of correction.* STEEVENS.

[2] —*thatch your poor thin roofs*, &c.] About the year 1595, when the faſhion was firſt introduced in England of wearing more hair than was ever the produce of a ſingle head, it was dangerous for any child to go about, as nothing was more common than for women

h burdens of the dead, ſome that were hang'd,
matter ;—wear them, betray with them: whore
ſtill;
t 'till a horſe may mire upon your face,
ox of wrinkles!
th. Well, more gold ;—What then?
v't, that we'll do any thing for gold.
m. Conſumptions ſow
ollow bones of man; ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
mar [3] mens' ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
t he may never more falſe title plead,
ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the flamen,[4]
t ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
n with it flat; take the bridge quite away
im, [5] that his particular to foreſee
lls from the general weal. Make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald,

And

o entice ſuch as had fine hair into private places, and there
it off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of*
s, which I have often quoted on the article of dreſs. STEEV.

——*mens' ſpurring.*——] Hanmer reads *ſparring*, pro-
enough, if there be any ancient example of the word.
JOHNSON.

——Hoar *the flamen*,] Mr. Upton would read *h.arſe*, i. e.
hoarſe; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. Add to this (ſays
at *hoarſe* is here moſt proper, as oppos'd to *ſcolds*. It may,
er, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leproſy*.
STEEVENS.

——*that his particular to* foreſee] In this beautiful paſſage
is a ſtrange jumble of metaphors. *To ſmell in order to foreſee*,
ig the benefit of the ſenſes in a very abſurd way. The ſenſe
s as bad as the expreſſion: Men do not forſake and betray
iblic in order to *foreſee* their own particular advantage, but to
le for it. *Foreſeeing* is not the conſequence of betraying,
ie of the cauſes of it. Without doubt we ſhould read,

Of him, that, his particular to forefend,
Smells from the gen'ral weal.——

rovide for, ſecure. *Forefend* has a great force and beauty

And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The ſource of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all! [6]

Both. More counſel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt. I have given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me,

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

in this place, as ſignifying not barely to *ſecure*, but to make a *previous proviſion for ſecuring*. WARBURTON.

The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the ſenſe is good. To *foreſee his particular*, is *to provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right ſcent of publick good*. In hunting, when hares have croſs'd one another, it is common for ſome of the hounds *to ſmell from the general weal, and foreſee their own particular*. Shakeſpeare, who ſeems to have been a ſkilful ſportſman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting.

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he uſed *foreſind* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend*, is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *prevent de againſt*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[6] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obſolete, tho' ſometimes uſed by Shakeſpeare and his contemporary authors. To *ungrave* was likewiſe to turn out of a grave. Thus in Marſton's *Sophoniſba*,

"——and me, now dead,
"Deny a grave: hurl us among the rocks
"To ſtanch beaſts hunger; therefore, thus *ungrav'd*,
"I ſeek ſlow reſt." STEEVENS.

Tim.

Tim. Men daily find it.
Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.
Alc. We but offend him. Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry!——Common mother, thou
[7] Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
Teems, and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-ſame metal,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and [8] eyeleſs venom'd worm;
With all the abhorred births [9] below criſp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root;
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
[1] Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go

[7] *Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt*] This image is taken from the ancient ſtatues of Diana Epheſia Multimammia, called παναίολος φύσις πάντων Μήτης; and is a very good comment on thoſe extraordinary figures. See Montfaucon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, l. iii. c. 15. Heſiod, alluding to the ſame repreſentations, calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

Whoſe infinite breaſt means no more than *whoſe boundleſs ſurface.* Shakeſpeare probably knew nothing of that to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*eyeleſs venom'd worm*;] The ſerpent, which we, from the ſmallneſs of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*below* criſp *heaven*,] We ſhould read *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *criſp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakeſpeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempeſt*, Ariel talks of riding

"on the *curl'd* clouds." STEEVENS.

[1] *Let it no more* bring out ungrateful man!] This is an abſurd reading. Shakeſpeare wrote,

——*bring*

Go great with dragons, tigers, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above
Never preſented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
[z] Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;

———*bring out* to *ungrateful man!*

i. e. fruits for his ſuſtenance and ſupport; but let it rather teem with monſters to his deſtruction. Nor is it to be pretended, that this alludes to the fable: for he is ſpeaking of what the earth now brings forth; which thought he repeats afterwards,

Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plow-torn leas, &c.

WARBURTON.

It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*, with which the following lines correſpond ſo plainly, that the commentator might be ſuſpected of writing his note without reading the whole paſſage.

JOHNSON.

[z] *Dry up thy* marrows, *veins, and plow-torn leas*;] The integrity of the metaphor abſolutely requires that we ſhould read,

Dry up thy harrow'd *veins, and plow-torn leas.*

Mr. Theobald owns that this gives a new beauty to the verſe, yet, as *unctuous morſels* follows, *marrows* might have gone before, and mean *the fat of the land.* That is, becauſe there is a metaphor afterwards that ſuits it, it may be admitted, though it violates the metaphor in the place it is uſed in. But this unhappy critic never conſidered that men ought to earn this *fat* before they eat it. From this emendation the Oxford editor has ſprung another, and reads,

Dry up thy meadows, vineyards———— WARB.

I cannot concur to cenſure Theobald as a *critic* very *unhappy.* He was weak, but he was cautious; finding but little power in his mind, he rarely ventured far under its conduct. This timidity hindered him from daring conjectures, and ſometimes hindered him happily.

This paſſage, among many others, may paſs without change. The genuine reading is not *marrows, veins*, but *marrows*, vines: the ſenſe is this; *O nature! ceaſe* to *produce men, enfear thy womb*; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at leaſt ceaſe to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morſels*, thy *vines*, which give them *liquoriſh draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas.* Here are effects correſponding with cauſes, *liquoriſh draughts* with *vines*, and *unctuous morſels* with *marrows*, and the old reading literally preſerved. JOHNSON.

Whereof

Whereof ingrateful man with liquoriſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips!—

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Conſumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not theſe woods,
By putting on [3] the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus;
Thou gav'ſt thine ears (like tapſters, that bid welcome)
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal: Hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.

Apem. Thou haſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf;
So long a madman, now a fool. What, think'ſt thou,

[3] ——*the* cunning of a carper.] For the philoſophy of a Cynic, of which ſect Apemantus was: and therefore he concludes,

——*Do not aſſume my likeneſs.* WARBURTON.

Cunning here ſeems to ſignify *counterfeit appearance.* JOHNSON.

That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? Will theſe [4] moiſt trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures,
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreakful heaven; whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou ſhalt find,—

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

[5] *Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem.

[4] *moiſt trees,*] Hanmer reads very elegantly,

——moſs'd *trees.* JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV.

"Under an oak, whoſe boughs were *moſs'd* with age."
STEEVENS.

[5] Tim. *Always a villain's office or a fool's.*
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?
Apem. *Ay.*
Tim. *What! a* knave *too?*]

Mr. Warburton propoſes a correction here, which, though it oppoſes the reading of all the printed copies, has great juſtneſs and propriety in it. He would read;

What! and know't *too?*

The reaſoning of the text, as it ſtands in the books, is, in ſome ſort,

Apem. If thou didſt put this ſour cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly; thou'dſt courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Out-lives incertain pomp; [6] is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;
The other, at high wiſh. Beſt ſtate, contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being;
Worſe than the worſt, content.[7]
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not [8] by his breath, that is more miſerable.

ſort, concluding backward; or rather making a *knave*'s and a *villain*'s office different; which, ſurely, is abſurd. The correction quite removes the abſurdity, and gives this ſenſible rebuke. "What! Do'ſt thou *pleaſe* thyſelf in *vexing me*, and at the ſame "time *know* it to be the office of a *villain* or *fool*." THEOBALD.

Such was Dr. Warburton's firſt conjecture, but afterwards he adopted Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture,

What a knave thou!

but there is no need of alteration. Timon had juſt called Apemantus *fool*, in conſequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes *to vex him*, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that *to vex by deſign* is *villainy*, *to vex without deſign* is *folly*. He then properly aſks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he anſwers, *yes*, Timon replies, *What! and knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but I now find thee likewiſe a *knave*. This ſeems to be ſo clear as not to ſtand in need of a comment. JOHNSON.

[6] *——is crown'd before:*] Arrives ſooner at *high wiſh*; that is, at the *completion of its wiſhes*. JOHNSON.

[7] *Worſe than the worſt, content.*] This line might have been originally completed in a manner ſomething like the following:

Worſe than the worſt, contented is moſt happy.

Without a ſupplement like this, no meaning can be drawn from it. T. T.

Beſt ſtates contentleſs have a wretched being, a being worſe than that of the worſt ſtates that are content. This one would think too plain to have been miſtaken. JOHNSON.

[8] *—by his breath,—*] It means, I believe, by his *counſel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

Thou are a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd; [9] but bred a dog.
[1] Hadſt thou, like us, from our [2] firſt ſwath, proceeded
Through ſweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldſt have plung'd thyſelf
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt; and never learn'd
The icy [3] precepts of reſpect, but follow'd
The ſugar'd game before thee. [4] But myſelf,

The

[9] ——*but bred a* dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynic*, of which ſect Apemantus was. WARBURTON.

[1] *Hadſt thou, like us,*——] There is in this ſpeech a ſullen haughtineſs, and malignant dignity, ſuitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the earl of Eſſex, juſt before his execution, to another nobleman, a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleaſed, though it is ſo ſerious and ſolemn that it can ſcarcely be inſerted without irreverence.

"God grant your lordſhip may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned converſion, but that you may never feel the torments I have ſuffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I ſaid, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breaſts, they would not have been ſo humble; or if my delights had been once taſted by them, they would not have been ſo preciſe. But your lordſhip hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greateſt fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford.* Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have ſtaked and buoyed all the ways of pleaſure unto you, and left them as ſea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For ſhut your eyes never ſo long, they muſt be open at the laſt, and then you muſt ſay with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*" JOHNSON.

[2] From infancy. *Swath* is the dreſs of a new-born child. JOHNSON.

[3] —*precepts of reſpect,*—] Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*But myſelf,*] The connection here requires ſome attention. *But* is here uſed to denote oppoſition; but what immediately

had the world as my confectionary,
nouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
ıty, more than I could frame employment;
numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
n the oak; have with one winter's bruſh
n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
very ſtorm that blows. I to bear to this,
never knew but better, is ſome burden.
nature did commence in ſufferance, time
made thee hard in't. Why ſhould thou hate
men?
never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?
ɔu wilt curſe, thy father, [5] that poor rag,
be thy ſubject, who in ſpight, put ſtuff
ɔme ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee,
rogue hereditary. Hence! begone!——
ɔu hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
ou hadſt been knave and flatterer.
em. Art thou proud yet?

Tim.

precedes is not oppoſed to that which follows. The ad-
ve particle refers to the two firſt lines.

Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſpt; but bred a dog.
——But myſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary, &c.

intermediate lines are to be conſidered as a parentheſis of
ı. JOHNSON.

—that poor rag,] If we read *poor rogue*, it will correſpond better to what follows. JOHNSON.

Richard III. Margaret calls Gloſter *rag* of honour. The old ıg, I believe, ſhould ſtand. STEEVENS.

hou hadſt been knave and flatterer.] Dryden has quoted two of Virgil to ſhew how well he could have written ſatires. ſpeare has here given a ſpecimen of the ſame power by a itter beyond all bitterneſs, in which Timon tells Apeman-hat he had not virtue enough for the vices which he con-s.

. Warburton explains *worſt* by *loweſt*, which ſomewhat ens the ſenſe, and yet leaves it ſufficiently vigorous. ave heard Mr. Bourke commend the ſubtilty of diſcrimi-

nation

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
—That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here. I will mend thy feaſt.
[*Offering him another.*

Tim. Firſt mend my company, take away thyſelf.

Apem. So I ſhall mend my own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldſt thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold. Look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knew'ſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee [7] for too much curioſity; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but

nation with which Shakeſpeare diſtinguiſhes the preſent character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now reſemble. JOHNSON.

[7] *for too much* curioſity;] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courteſy*. WARBURTON.

art

art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. [8] Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee; thou had'ſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men, are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat

[8] *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here ſuppoſes that an objection againſt hatred, which through the whole tenor of the converſation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have anſwered,

Yes, *for it looks like thee.*

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun inſtead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it lock like thee.

Perhaps we ſhould read,

I thought *it* look'd *like thee.* JOHNSON.

thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs: if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee; and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the [9] unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert [1] german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety, were remotion; and thy defence, abſence. What beaſt couldſt thou be that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou

[9] *the unicorn*, &c.] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as ſoon as the lion ſees the unicorn he betakes himſelf to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, running at him, ſticks his horn faſt in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Geſner Hiſt. Animal.* HANMER.

[1] *thou wert german to the lion*,] This ſeems to be an alluſion to Turkiſh policy:

"Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne."—*Pope.*
STEEVENS.

ſhalt

ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. [a] Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

[b] A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſy but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee,
I'll beat thee;—but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldſt burſt!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am ſorry I ſhall loſe
A ſtone by thee.

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*

I am ſick of this falſe world; and will love nought
But even the meer neceſſities upon it.
Then, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;

[a] *Thou art the cap*, &c.] i. e. the property, the bubble. WARBURTON.

I rather think, the *top*, the *principal*.
The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

[b] *A plague on thee!*
Apem. *Thou art too bad to curſe.*]

In the former editions, this whole verſe was placed to Apemantus: by which, abſurdly, he was made to curſe Timon, and immediately to ſubjoin that he was too bad to curſe. THEOBALD.

Lie where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in thee at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
[4] 'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
[5] Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,
That lies on Dian's lap! thou viſible God,
That ſold'reſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! Oh, thou touch * of hearts!
Think, thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere ſo.
But not till I am dead! I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.—

Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die! I am quit.

[4] *'Twixt natural ſon and ſire!*———]

Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφόι
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆες. ANAC.
JOHNSON.

[5] *Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,*
That lies on Dian's lap!———]

The imagery is here exquiſitely beautiful and ſublime.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have ſaid—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarſely expreſſed in *King Lear:*

"———yon ſimpering dame,
"Whoſe face between her forks preſages ſnow."
STEEVENS.

*—*Oh, thou* touch *of hearts!*] *Touch*, for *touchſtone.* STEEV.

More

[6] More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them. [*Exit Apemantus.*

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder. The meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily; if he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens' ſons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greateſt want is, [7] you want much of meat.

Why

[6] *More things like men?*———] This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Hanmer has tranſpoſed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unſkilfully, but with unwarrantable licence. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. Timon ſays, in the line before, *I am quit.* We muſt therefore ſuppoſe Apemantus gone. T. T.

[7] ———*you want much of* meat.] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this paſſage; quite *ſand-blind*, as honeſt Launcelot ſays, to our author's meaning. If theſe poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be curſed with, as they could not live on graſs, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote,

That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolen
From general excrement. Each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves; away,
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go,
Break open ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
But thieves do loſe it. Steal not leſs, for this
I give you, and gold confound you howſoever!
Amen. [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* He has almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* [3] 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2 *Thief.*

Where (leſt it ſhould be found) turn'd to red nectar,
'Tis by a thouſand thieviſh veins convey'd,
And hid in fleſh, nerves, bones, muſcles, and ſinews,
In tendons, ſkin, and hair; ſo that the property
Thus alter'd, the theft can never be diſcover'd.
Now all theſe pilf'ries, couch'd and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick maſs of thievery,

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, quotes ſome one of a "reaſonable good facilitie in tranſlation, who finding *certaine* of Anacreon's odes very well tranſlated by Ronſard the French poet—comes our minion, and tranſlates the ſame out of French into Engliſh:" and his ſtrictures upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with in Ronſard! and as his works are in few hands, I will take the liberty of tranſcribing it.

"La terre les eaux va boivant,
L' arbre la boit par ſa racine,
La mer ſalee boit le vent,
Et le ſoleil boit la mar ne.
Le ſoleil eſt beu de la lune,
Tout boit ſoit en haut ou en bas:
Suivant ceſte reigle commune,
Pourquoy donc ne boirons-nous pas?"

Edit. fol. p. 507.

FARMER.

[3] *'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.*] i. e. 'Tis the common malice of mankind that

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* [4] Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens.

2 *Thief.* There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius.

FLAVIUS.

O H, you Gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord!
Full of decay and failing? Oh, monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd!

that makes one give ſuch advice to another, as may prove to his detriment. One would think this eaſy enough. But the Oxford editor reads, *'Tis* in his malice to mankind, *that he thus adviſes us, not to have us thrive in our myſtery.* Which is making compleat nonſenſe of the whole reflection: For if Timon gave this advice out of *his* malice to his ſpecies, he was in earneſt, and ſo far from having any deſign that they *ſhould not thrive in their myſtery*, that his utmoſt wiſh was that they might. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's emendation, though not neceſſary, is very probable, and very unjuſtly charged with nonſenſe. The reaſon of his advice, ſays the thief, is *malice to mankind*, not any kindneſs to us, or deſire *to have us thrive in our myſtery.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens*, &c.] This and the concluding little ſpeech have in all the editions been placed to one ſpeaker: But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *ſecond* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade. WARBURTON.

What

[5] What an alteration of honour has
Deſperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends!
[6] How rarely does it meet with this time's guiſe,
[7] When man was wiſh'd to love his enemies:
[8] Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do!
He

[5] *What change of* honour *deſperate want has made!*] We ſhould read,

What an alteration of humour———— WARBURTON.

The original copy has,

What an alteration of honour has deſperate want made!

The preſent reading is certainly better, but it has no authority. To change *honour* to *humour* is not neceſſary. *An alteration of honour*, is an *alteration* of an *honourable ſtate* to a ſtate of diſgrace. JOHNSON.

I have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

[6] *How* rarely *does it meet*—] *Rarely* for fitly; not for ſeldom. WARBURTON.

[7] *When man was* wiſh'd——] We ſhould read *will'd* He forgets his Pagan ſyſtem here again. WARBURTON.

[8] *Grant, I may ever love, and rather* woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do!]

But why ſo? Was there ever ſuch an aſs, I mean, as the tranſcriber. Shakeſpeare wrote it,

Grant, I may ever love, and rather too,
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that woo!

The ſteward, affected with his maſter's misfortunes and meditating on the cauſe of it, ſays, What an excellent precept is that of loving our enemies; grant that I might love them to chuſe, rather than flatterers. All here is ſenſible, and to the purpoſe, and makes the whole coherent. But when once the tranſcribers had blundered *too* to *woo* in the firſt line, they were obliged, in their own defence, in the ſecond line, to alter *woo* to *do*. WARBURTON.

In defiance of this criticiſm, I have ventured to replace the former reading, as more ſuitable to the general ſpirit of theſe ſcenes, and as free from the abſurdities charged upon it. It is plain, that in this whole ſpeech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for thoſe who *profeſs friendſhip* and *profeſs enmity*; for the *friend* is

He has caught me in his eye: I will preſent
My honeſt grief to him; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life.—My deareſt maſter!

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, ſir?

Tim. Why doſt thou aſk that? I have forgot all men.
Then, if thou granteſt that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honeſt poor ſervant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honeſt man about me, all
I kept were [9] knaves, to ſerve in meat to villains.

Flav. The Gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doſt thou weep? Come nearer, then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give
But thorough luſt and laughter. [1] Pity's ſleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav.

ſuppoſed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. In the emendation, *thoſe that would miſchief* are placed in oppoſition to *thoſe that woo*, but in the ſpeaker's intention *thoſe that woo* are *thoſe that miſchief* moſt. The ſenſe is, *Let me rather woo or careſs thoſe that* would *miſchief*, *that* profeſs to mean me miſchief, *than thoſe* that really *do* me *miſchiefs under falſe profeſſions of kindneſs*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myſelf*. This proverb is a ſufficient comment on the paſſage. JOHNSON.

[9] *Knave* is here in the compounded ſenſe of a *ſervant* and a *raſcal*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*Pity's ſleeping*:] I do not know that any correction is neceſſary, but I think we might read,

——*eyes do never give*
But thorough luſt and laughter, pity ſleeping.

Eyes

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.

Tim. Had I a ſteward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
[2] It almoſt turns my dangerous nature wild.
—Let me behold my face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual-ſober Gods I do proclaim
One honeſt man:—Miſtake me not.—But one;
No more, I pray; and he is a ſteward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: But all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to diſſolve as ſaline bodies in moiſt weather) *but by luſt* or *laughter*, undiſturbed *by* emotions of *pity*.
JOHNSON.

[2] *It almoſt turns my dangerous nature* wild.] i. e. It almoſt turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant *wildneſs*. Shakeſpeare wrote,

It almoſt turns my dangerous nature mild.

i. e. It almoſt reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor ſays, *rightly*.
WARBURTON.

This emendation is ſpecious, but even this may be controverted. To *turn wild* is *to diſtract*. An appearance ſo unexpected, ſays Timon, *almoſt turns my ſavageneſs* to diſtraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety leſt his phrenzy, ſhould deceive him,

Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.

And to this ſuſpected diſorder of mind he alludes,

Perpetual, ſober, Gods!———

Yé powers whoſe intellects are out of the reach of perturbation.
JOHNSON.

Mer

Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, tho' ne'er ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
If not a uſuring kindneſs, and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my moſt worthy maſter, in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt;
Suſpect ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My moſt honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope or preſent, I'd exchange it
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourſelf.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo!—Thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take. The Gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd; thou ſhalt build [3] from men;
Hate all, curſe all; ſhew charity to none;
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men; let priſons ſwallow 'em,
[4] Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!

[3] ——*from men*;] Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

[4] *Debts wither them.*] *Debts wither them to nothing.*—Folio. JOHNS. I have replaced the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

And

And ſo farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me ſtay, and comfort you, my maſter—

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Stay not; but fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

[5] *Enter Poet and Painter.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity. 'Tis ſaid, he gave his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in Athens again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. There-

[5] *Enter Poet and Painter.*] The poet and the painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have ſeen Timon, ſince Apemantus, ſtanding by him could not ſee them: But the ſcenes of the thieves and ſteward have paſſed before their arrival, and yet paſſed, as the drama is now conducted within their view. It might be ſuſpected that ſome ſcenes are tranſpoſed, for all theſe difficulties would be removed by introducing the poet and painter firſt, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the ſcenes muſt keep their preſent order; for the painter alludes to the thieves when he ſays, *he likewiſe enriched poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the poet and painter in another: but it muſt be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into ſeparate acts, ſo that the preſent diſtribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration.
JOHNSON.

fore,

fore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his; it will ſhew honeſtly in us; and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt. Promiſing is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, [4] the deed is quite out of uſe. To promiſe is moſt courtly and faſhionable: performance is a kind of will or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unſeen.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as thyſelf.

Poet. I am thinking what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him. [5] It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf: a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity, with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency,

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him.

[4] *the deed is*] In the old edition, *the deed* of ſaying *is quite out of uſe.* JOHNSON.

[5] *It muſt be a* perſonating *of himſelf:*] *Perſonating*, for repreſenting ſimply. For the ſubject of this projected ſatire was Timon's *caſe*, not his *perſon.* WARBURTON.

Then

Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.
Pain. True:
[6] While the day ſerves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a God's gold,
That he is worſhipp'd in a baſer temple,
Than where ſwine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foam,
Settleſt admired reverence in a ſlave.
To thee be worſhip! and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
—'Tis fit I meet them.
Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.
Pain. Our late noble maſter.
Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?
Poet. Sir, having often of your open bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures, (oh abhorred ſpirits!)
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough——

[6] *While the day ſerves, before* black-corner'd *night,*] We ſhould read,

——— black cornette *night.*

A *cornette* is a woman's head-dreſs for the night. So in another place he calls her *black-brow'd night.* WARBURTON.

Black-corner'd night is probably corrupt, but *black-cornette* can hardly be right, for it ſhould be *black-cornetted night.* I cannot propoſe any thing, but muſt leave the place in its preſent ſtate. JOHNSON.

An anonymous correſpondent ſent me this obſervation. "As "the ſhadow of the earth's body, which is round, muſt be neceſ- "ſarily conical over the hemiſphere which is oppoſite to the ſun, "ſhould we not read *black-conic'd?* See *Parad. loſt*, Book IV."

I believe, nevertheleſs, that Shakeſpeare, by this expreſſion, meant only, Night which is as obſcure as a *dark corner.* In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Lucio calls the Duke, *a duke of dark-corners.*

What!

t! to you!
ſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
eir whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
any ſize of words.
n. 7 Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
that are honeſt, by being what you are,
: them beſt ſeen, and known.
in. He, and myſelf,
travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
ſweetly felt it.
n. Ay, you are honeſt men.
in. We are hither come to offer you our ſervice.
n. Moſt honeſt men! Why, how ſhall I requite you?
rou eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
b. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.
n. You are honeſt men. You have heard, that I have gold;
ſure, you have. Speak truth; you are honeſt men.
in. So it is ſaid, my noble lord; but therefore not my friend, nor I.
n. Good honeſt men: thou draw'ſt a counterfeit n all Athens: thou art, indeed, the beſt; counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.
in. So, ſo, my lord.
n. Even ſo, ſir, as I ſay:—And for thy fiction, [*To the Poet.*
thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth, thou art even natural in thine art.—

it go naked, men may ſee't the better:] The humour of this incomparable. It inſinuates not only the higheſt con- of the flatterer in particular, but this uſeful leſſon in general, images of things are cleareſt ſeen through a ſimplicity of ; of which, in the words of the precept, and in thoſe which n'd it, he has given us examples. WARBURTON.

[illegible] friends.
[illegible] the truth:
[illegible] demeanor with [illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ord.
[illegible]
[illegible] ord.
[illegible] you but trust a knave,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], the nimble dissemble,
[illegible] him;
[illegible] ord.
[illegible]
[illegible] ord.
[illegible]
[illegible] well. I'll give you gold.
[illegible] companies:
[illegible] them in a draught,
[illegible] come to me,
[illegible]
[illegible] them. [illegible] know them.
[illegible] you this. But two in

company—

Each

[illegible] making villains. That is a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. Johnson.

[illegible] in a draught, That is, at once. Johnson.

—But two in company—] This is an imperfect sentence, and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company pass all.* Ware.

I [illegible] passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company, that is, hand in hand, let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain. Johnson.

Then

Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldſt not reſide
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye ſlaves.
You have work for me; there is payment. Hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that.
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE III.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon:
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing, but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave,
It is our part and promiſe to the Athenians
To ſpeak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike,
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'Twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave:
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and ſpeak to friends. The Athenians
By two of their reverend ſenate greet thee.
Speak to them, noble Timon.

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher.—"Take to your chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you, lady." STEEVENS.

Enter Timon out of his cave.

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd!
For each true word a bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. —Of none but ſuch as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them. And would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for; ourſelves, in thee.
The ſenators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs,
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general, groſs:
[2] And now the publick body, which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
[3] Of its own fall, [4] reſtraining aid to Timon;

[2] *And now*————] So Hanmer. The old editions have,
Which *now*———— JOHNSON.

[3] *Of its own* fall.————] The Oxford editor alters *fall* to *fault*, not knowing that Shakeſpeare uſes *fall* to ſignify diſhonour, not deſtruction. So in *Hamlet*,

What a falling *off was there!* WARBURTON.

The truth is, that neither *fall* means *diſgrace*, nor is *fault* a neceſſary emendation. *Falling off* in the quotation is not *diſgrace* but *defection*. The Athenians *had ſenſe*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

[4] ————*reſtraining aid to Timon*;] I think it ſhould be *reſraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that ſhould have been given *to* Timon. JOHNSON.

And

And ſends forth us to make their ſorrowed tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram:
Ay, even ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it:
Surprize me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
The captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority.—So ſhall we ſoon drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,

[5] *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram*;] This which was in the former editions can ſcarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompence that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exacteſt meaſure. A little diſorder may perhaps have happened in tranſcribing, which may be reformed by reading,

Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps
And ſums of love and wealth, down by the dram,
As ſhall to thee——— JOHNSON.

[6] *Allow'd with abſolute power,*———] This is neither Engliſh nor ſenſe. We ſhould read,

Hallow'd *with abſolute power,*———

i. e. Thy perſon ſhall be held *ſacred*. For abſolute power being an attribute of the Gods, the ancients thought that he who had it in ſociety was become ſacred, and his perſon inviolable: On which account the Romans called the tribunitial power of the emperors, *ſacroſanctæ poteſtas*. WARBURTON.

Allowed is *licenſed, privileged, uncontrol'ed*. So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour loſt*, it is ſaid, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to ſay what he will, a privileged ſcoffer. JOHNSON.

Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threatning ſword
Againſt the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,——

Tim. Well, ſir, I will. Therefore I will, ſir. Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he ſack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and tell him, Timon ſpeaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him, that—I care not.
And let him take't at worſt. For their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer. For myſelf,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſperous Gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not: All's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow. [7] My long ſickneſs
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill:
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And laſt ſo long enough!

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

[7] ——*My long ſickneſs*] The diſeaſe of life begins to promiſe me a period. JOHNSON.

Tim.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips, as they paſs thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers in their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes,
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will ſome kindneſs do them.
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, [2] in the ſequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte;
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himſelf:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a day with his emboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover. Thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!

[2] —*in the ſequence of degree,*] Methodically, from higheſt to loweſt. JOHNSON.

Graves only be mens' works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit Timon.*

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
[9] In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators with a Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou haſt painfully diſcovered: Are his files
As full as thy report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt:
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.

2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;[1]
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i' the cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

[9] *In our dear peril.*] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, ſignified *dread*, and is ſo uſed by Shakeſpeare in numberleſs places. WARBURTON.

[1] ——one *mine ancient friend*;] Mr. Upton would read,
——once *mine ancient friend*. STEEVENS.

Enter the other Senators,

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choak the air with duſt. In, and prepare;
Our's is the fall, I fear, our foe's the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the woods.

Enter a Soldier, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription, this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho.—No anſwer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretch'd his ſpan;
[a] Some beaſt read this; here does not live a man,

[a] *Some beaſt* read *this; here does not live a man.*] Some beaſt *read* what? The ſoldier had yet only ſeen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inſcription* upon it. We ſhould read,

Some beaſt rear'd *this;*———

The ſoldier ſeeking, by order, for Timon, ſees ſuch an irregular mole, as he concludes muſt have been the workmanſhip of ſome beaſt inhabiting the woods; and ſuch a cavity as muſt either have been ſo over-arched, or happened by the caſual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

Notwithſtanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The ſoldier had only ſeen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently ſeen ſomething that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he ſees, and the inſcription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peeviſhly, *ſome beaſt read this*, for it muſt be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is ſomething elaborately unſkilful in the contrivance of ſending a ſoldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may cloſe the play by being read with more ſolemnity in the laſt ſcene. JOHNSON.

Dead,

Dead, ſure, and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill;
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice. Till now myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our [3] traverſt arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now [4] the time is fluſh,
[5] When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,
Cries, of itſelf, no more: now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

[3] —*traverſt arms*—] Arms acroſs. JOHNSON.

[4] ————*the time is fluſh.*] A bird is *fluſh* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the neſt. *Fluſh* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

[5] *When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,*
Cries of itſelf, no more:——]

The marrow was ſuppoſed to be the original of ſtrength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who riſes immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear,
We ſent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
[6] Above their quantity.
2 *Sen.* So did we woo[7]
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means,
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.
1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great towers, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.
2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;
[8] Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into

[6] *Above* their *quantity.*] *Their* refers to *rages.* WARB.

[7] ——— *So did we woo*
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means,]

Promis'd means muſt import the recruiting his ſunk fortunes; but this is not all. The ſenate had wooed him with humble meſſage, and promiſe of general reparation. This ſeems included in the ſlight change which I have made——

——*and by promis'd* mends. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well ſtand. JOHNSON.

[8] *Shame, that they wanted cunning in exceſs,*
Hath broke their hearts.——]

i. e. in other terms,—Shame, that they were not the cunningeſt men alive, hath been the cauſe of their death. For *cunning in exceſs*

Into our city with thy banners ſpread:
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths, take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is [8] not ſquare, to take
On thoſe that are, revenge. Crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and thoſe kin,
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended. Like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot

ceſs muſt mean this or nothing. O brave editors! They had heard it ſaid, that too much wit in ſome caſes might be dangerous, and why not an abſolute want of it? But had they the ſkill or courage to remove one perplexing comma, the eaſy and genuine ſenſe would immediately ariſe. "Shame in exceſs (i. e. extremity "of ſhame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not "wiſe enough not to baniſh you) hath broke their hearts."

THEOBALD.

I have no wiſh to diſturb the manes of Theobald, yet think ſome emendation may be offered that will make the conſtruction leſs harſh, and the ſentence more ſerious. I read,

Shame that they wanted, coming *in exceſs*,
Hath broke their hearts.

Shame which they had ſo long *wanted at laſt* coming in *its* utmoſt exceſs. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*not ſquare*——] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

Againſt

gainſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope,
› thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
'o ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.
2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
r any token of thine honour elſe,
hat thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
nd not as our confuſion, all thy powers
ıall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
ave ſeal'd thy full deſire.
Alc. Then there's my glove;
eſcend and open your [9] uncharged ports:
hoſe enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
/hom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
ıll, and no more: and to atone your fears
/ith my more noble meaning, [1] not a man
ıall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
f regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
ıt ſhall be remedied to publick laws
t heavieſt anſwer.
Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
ıtomb'd upon the very hem o' the ſea:
ıd on his grave-ſtone this inſculpture; which
ith wax I brought away, whoſe ſoft impreſſion
terpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[9] ——————*uncharged ports*;] That is, *unguarded gates.*
JOHNSON.

[1] ——————*not a man*
Shall paſs his quarter,——]
ıt a ſoldier ſhall quit his ſtation, or be let looſe upon you; and,
ıny commits violence, he ſhall anſwer it regularly to the law.
JOHNSON.

[*Alci-*

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left! [2]
Here lie I Timon, who alive all living men did hate,
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gait.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt [3] our brain's flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall; [4] yet rich conceit

[2] ——*caitiffs left!*] This epitaph is found in ſir Tho. North's tranſlation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* inſtead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*our brain's flow,*——] Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read,

——————brine's *flow,*——

Our brain's flow is *our tears*; but we may read our *brine's flow, our ſalt tears*. Either will ſerve. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*yet rich conceit*
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.——]

All the editors, in their learning and ſagacity, have ſuffered an unaccountable abſurdity to paſs them in this paſſage. Why was Neptune to weep on Timon's faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what faults had Timon committed, except againſt his own fortune and happy ſituation in life? But the corruption of the text lies only in the bad pointing, which I have diſengaged and reſtored to the true meaning. Alcibiades's whole ſpeech, as the editors might have obſerved is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death and his addreſſes to the Athenian ſenators: and as ſoon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the ſenate ſet forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promiſes to uſe them with mercy. THEOBALD.

ght thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
hy low grave.—On :—Faults forgiven.'—Dead
ible Timon, of whoſe memory
after more.—Bring me into your city,
I will uſe the olive with my ſword :
e war breed peace ; make peace ſtint war ; make
each
cribe to other, as each other's leach.
et our drums ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*

—*On :—Faults forgiven.*——] I would read,

———One fault's *forgiven.*———

ating, perhaps, that though he could forgive their fault of
lf, he could not ſo eaſily forgive their ingratitude to Timon.
T. T.

HE play of *Timon* is a domeſtic tragedy, and therefore ſtrongtens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various exact. The cataſtrophe affords a very powerful warning ſt that oſtentatious liberality, which ſcatters bounty, but conio benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendſhip.

this tragedy are many paſſages perplexed, obſcure, and pro- corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, due diligence ; but having only one copy, cannot promiſe lf that my endeavours ſhall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

iis play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the ſtage 78. In the *modeſt* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the hater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a play.*

STEEVENS.

T I T U S

.NDRONICUS.

Perſons Repreſented.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himſelf.*
Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General againſt the Goths.*
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.
Marcus, Quintus, Lucius, Mutius, } *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune, and Nephew to* Titus Andronicus.
Sempronius.
Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, } *Sons to* Tamora.
Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by* Tamora.
Captain, from Titus's *Camp.*
Æmilius, *a Meſſenger.*
Goths, and Romans.
Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to* Saturninus.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

[1] TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the ſenate. Enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door; and Baſſianus and his followers, at the other, with drum and colours.

SATURNINUS.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms;
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords.
I am the firſt-born ſon of him, that laſt

Wore

[1] It is obſervable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactneſs equal to that of the other books of thoſe times. The firſt edition was probably corrected by the author, ſo that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much moleſted this piece with officious criticiſm. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for aſcribing this play to Shakeſpeare, which I think a deciſive one, though not made uſe of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the ſecond Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meeres, Maiſter of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the ſecond*, *Henry the fourth*, *Richard the third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Errors*, the *Love's Labour loſt*, the *Love's Labour won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this

Wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baſ. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Baſſianus, Cæſar's ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol,
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
The imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility;
But let deſert in pure election ſhine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we ſtand

this liſt, as it ſerves ſo far to aſcertain the date of theſe plays; and alſo, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakeſpeare, the *Love's Labour won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there ſhould be a play in being, with that title, though without Shakeſpeare's name, I ſhould be glad to ſee it; and I think the editor would be ſure of the public thanks, even if it ſhould prove no better than the *Love's Labour loſt*.

Obſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

The work of criticiſm on the plays of this author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itſelf, in proportion to the value of the piece under conſideration; and we ſhall always do little where we deſire but little ſhould be done. I know not, that this piece ſtands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in ſome countries,—any experiments might be juſtifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, borrowed the ſtory, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, the age of which cannot be exactly aſcertained. The reader who is curious about ſuch a wretched piece, will find the original in Dr. Percy's collection.

STEEVENS.

A ſpecial party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Choſen Andronicus, ſurnamed Pius,
For many good and great deſerts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city walls.
He by the ſenate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous Goths;
That with his ſons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of Rome, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field.——
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now ſucceed,
And in the capitol and ſenate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat. How fair the tribune ſpeaks, to calm my thoughts!

Baſ. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affy
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee and thine;
Thy noble brother Titus, and his ſons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends,
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers,*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myſelf, my perſon and the cauſe;
Rome be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Baſ. Tribunes! And me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the ſenate-houſe.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way. The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue. Rome's beſt champion,
Succeſsful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, priſoners; ſoldiers, and other attendants. They ſet down the coffin, and Titus ſpeaks.

Tit.[2] Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath diſcharg'd her freight,
Returns

[2] *Hail, Rome, victorious in* thy *mourning weeds!*] I ſuſpect that the poet wrote,

————*in* my *mourning weeds!*

i. e. Titus would ſay; Thou, Rome, art victorious, tho' I am

Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage;
Cometh Andronicus with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
—[3] Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
Theſe, that ſurvive, let Rome reward with love;
Theſe, that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial among their anceſtors.
Here Goths have given me leave to ſheath my ſword:
Titus, unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*
—There greet in ſilence, as the dead were wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars.
—O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones;

a mourner for thoſe ſons which I have loſt in obtaining that victory. WARBURTON.

Thy is as well as *my*. We may ſuppoſe the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead ſons of Andronicus with mourning habits. JOHNSON.

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was juſt dead. STEEVENS.

[3] *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was ſacred. JOHNSON.

That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the nobleſt that ſurvives;
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed queen.
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon;
And, if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my ſons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke?
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe;
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.
Tit. Patient yourſelf, madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren ſlain
Religiouſly they aſk a ſacrifice;
To this your ſon is mark'd, and die he muſt,
To appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight.
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean conſum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to reſt, and we ſurvive

To

To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal,
[4] The ſelf-ſame Gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy,
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lop'd;
And entrails feed the ſacrificing fire;
Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be ſo, and let Andronicus
Make this his lateſt farewell to their ſouls.

[*Then ſound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons,
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,

[4] *The ſelf-ſame Gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy*
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his *tent*, &c.]

I read, againſt the authority of all the copies,

——— *in* her *tent*.

i. e. in the tent where ſhe and the other Trojan captive women were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymneſtor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at preſent remember, from whom our writer muſt have gleaned this circumſtance

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald ſhould firſt have proved to us that our author underſtood Greek, or elſe that this play of Euripides had been tranſlated. In the mean time, becauſe neither of theſe particulars are verified, we may as well ſuppoſe he took it from the old ſtory-book of the *Trojan War*. STEEVENS.

Secure

Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells;
Here grow no damned grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe, but ſilence and eternal ſleep.

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour reſt you here my ſons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long,
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obſequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortune Rome's beſt citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live; out live thy father's days,
[s] And fame's eternal date for virtue's praiſe!

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords;
But ſafer triumph is this funéral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to Solon's happineſs;
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

[s] And *fame's eternal date, for virtue's praiſe!*] This abſurd wiſh is made ſenſe of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harſh expreſſion. To *outlive* an *eternal date*, is, though not philoſophical, yet poetical ſenſe. He wiſhes that her life may be longer than his, and her praiſe longer than fame. JOHNSON.

Whoſe

Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their tribune and their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late-deceaſed emperor's ſons;
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a head on headleſs Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What! ſhould I don this robe and trouble you?
Be choſe with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow, yield up rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country.
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to controll the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canſt thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right.
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, 'would thou were ſhip'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee.—

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.

* ——don *this robe*, &c.] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So in Macbeth,

——doff *their dire diſtreſſes*,

i. e. put them off. STEEVENS.

Baſ.

Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction, if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus
And gratulate his ſafe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord Saturnine; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And ſay,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long flouriſh, till they come down.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleneſs;
And for an onſet, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empereſs,
Rome's royal miſtreſs, miſtreſs of my heart,
And in the ſacred Pantheon her eſpouſe.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion pleaſe thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace;
And here in ſight of Rome, to Saturninus,
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor, do I conſecrate

My

My ſword, my chariot, and my priſoners,
Preſents well worthy Rome's imperial lord.
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's enſigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome ſhall record; and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable deſerts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
Tit. Now, madam, are you priſoner to an emperor;
[*To Tamora.*
To him, that for your honour and your ſtate
Will uſe you nobly, and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, truſt me, of the hue
That I would chuſe, were I to chuſe anew.
—Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorn in Rome;
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes; madam, who comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; ſith true nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſy.
Sat. Thanks, ſweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go.
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Baſ. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*
Tit. How, ſir? are you in earneſt then, my lord?
Baſ. Ay, noble Titus, and reſolv'd withal,
To do myſelf this reaſon and this right.
[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb ſhew.*
Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.

Luc.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. Oh, Titus, ſee, oh, ſee, what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.

Tit. No, fooliſh tribune, no. No ſon of mine,—
Nor thou, nor theſe confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons.

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he reſts not in this tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified;
Here none but ſoldiers, and Rome's ſervitors,
Repoſe in fame: none baſely ſlain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He muſt be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus' ſons ſpeak.*

Sons. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And ſhall? what villain was it ſpoke that word?

[*Titus' ſon ſpeaks.*

Quin. He, that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou haſt ſtruck upon my creſt,
And with theſe boys mine honour thou haſt wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himſelf, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the ſons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.
Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my ſoul,—
Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That died in honour, and Lavinia's cauſe.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,[7]
That ſlew himſelf, and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Riſe, Marcus, riſe.
The diſmall'ſt day is this, that e'er I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in Rome.
Well; bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put him in the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, ſweet Mutius, with thy friends.
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!
[*They all kneel, and ſay;*
—No man ſhed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cauſe.
Mar. My lord, to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,
How comes it, that the ſubtle queen of Goths
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

[7] *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,*
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.]

This paſſage alone would ſufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was converſant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. This is a plain alluſion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no tranſlation was extant in the time of Shakeſpeare. In that piece, Agamemnon conſents at laſt to allow Ajax the rites of ſepulture, and Ulyſſes is the pleader, whoſe arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
If by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is ſhe not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Re enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door: At the other door, Baſſianus and Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So, Baſſianus, you have plaid your prize;
God give you joy, ſir, of your gallant bride.
Baſ. And you of yours, my lord; I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.
Baſ. Rape, call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, ſir: you are very ſhort with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.
Baſ. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the reſcue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath expreſs'd himſelf in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince Baſſianus, leave to plead my deeds,
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me;

Rome

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak, indifferently for all;
And, at my ſuit, ſweet, pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What, madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not ſo, my lord; the Gods of Rome forefend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs:
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.——
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Leſt then the people and patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey, take Titus' part;
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous ſin,
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all, [*Aſide.*
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father and his traiterous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, ſweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe, Titus, riſe; my empreſs hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majeſty, and her. My lord,
Theſe words, theſe looks infuſe new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be my honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince Baſſianus, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia,
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his majeſty.
Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his highneſs,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our ſiſter's honour, and our own.
Mar. That, on mine honour, here I do proteſt.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet emperor, we muſt all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit theſe young men's heinous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and ſure, as death, I ſwore,
I would not part a batchelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the emperor's court can feaſt two brides,
You are my gueſt, Lavinia, and your friends;
This day ſhall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it pleaſe your majeſty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour.*
Sat. Be it ſo, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. [8]SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

AARON.

NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach.
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his gliſtering coach,
And over-looks the higheſt-peering hills;
So Tamora—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops, and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucaſus.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this queen,
This Goddeſs, this Semiramis;—this queen,

[8] In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he ſays nothing. This ſcene ought to continue the firſt act. JOHNSON.

[9] *Upon her* wit————] We ſhould read,
Upon her will———— WARBURTON.
I think *wit*, for which ſhe is eminent in the drama, is right. JOHNSON.

This ſyren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what ſtorm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'ſt, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves;
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſion for Lavinia's love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs!—Theſe lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, ſir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of Rome.
For ſhame, put up——

Chi.

Chi. [1] Not I, till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſom, and withal
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.
Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,—
Foul-ſpoken coward! thou thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.
Aar. Away, I ſay.—
Now by the Gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why, lords—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What is Lavinia then become ſo looſe,
Or Baſſianus ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controulment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware—and ſhould the empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.
Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice;
Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her I do love.
Aar. To atchieve her—how?
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?

[1] *Not I, till I have ſheath'd*, &c.] This ſpeech, which has been all long given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong ſpeaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful ſpeeches on the other. WARBURTON.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and eaſy it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive, we know.
Tho' Baſſianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?

Aar. Why then, it ſeems, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.

Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerved.

Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye—and are you ſuch fools,
To ſquare* for this? would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.

Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect; and ſo muſt you reſolve,
That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaſte
Than this Lavinia, Baſſianus' love;

* *To* ſquare *for this.*——] To *ſquare* is to *quarrel.* So in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

——they never meet
But they do *ſquare.*—— STEEVENS.

A ſpeedier courſe than lingering languiſhment ‡
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are.
Fitted [z] by kind for rape and villainy;
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our empreſs, with her ſacred wit
To villainy and vengeance conſecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,*
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare yourſelves,
But to your wiſhes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the houſe of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears;
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There ſerve your luſts, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardiſe.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the ſtream,
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor.——† [*Exeunt.*

‡ *A ſpeedier courſe than lingering languiſhment*] The old copy reads, ——this *lingering*, &c. STEEVENS.

[z] ——*by kind*——] That is, by *nature*, which is the old ſignification of *kind*. JOHNSON.

* —*file our engines with advice.*] i. e. remove all impediments from our deſigns by advice. The alluſion is to the operations of the file, which, by conferring ſmoothneſs, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compoſe an engine or piece of machinery. STEEVENS.

† *Per Styga*, &c.] Theſe ſcraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from ſome of Seneca's tragedies. STEEVENS.

SCENE

[3]SCENE II.

Changes to a Foreſt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, [4] the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouſe the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may eccho with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's perſon carefully;
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majeſty.
—Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?
Lav. I ſay, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come, on then, horſe and chariots let us have,

[3] The diviſion of this play into acts, which was firſt made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the ſecond act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *the morn is bright and gray,*] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a ſign of ſtorms and rain, but *gray*, which fortold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*. WARB.

And

And to our ſport.—Madam, now ye ſhall ſee
Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouſe the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horſe will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a deſart part of the foreſt.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree;
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy;
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt,[5]
[6] That have their alms out of the empreſs' cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,

[5] ——*for their unreſt,*] *Unreſt*, for *diſquiet*, is a word frequently uſed by the old writers. So in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605,
"Thus therefore will I reſt me, in *unreſt*." STEEVENS.

[6] *That have their alms*, &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empreſs are to ſuffer by it. JOHNSON.

The

The ſnake lies rolled in the chearful ſun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow [7] on the ground.
Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron let us ſit,
And whilſt the babling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What ſignifies my deadly-ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when ſhe doth unroll
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee,
This is the day of doom for Baſſianus;
His Philomel muſt loſe her tongue to-day;
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,

[7] ——*a* chequer'd *ſhadow*——] Milton has the ſame expreſſion:

"——many a maid
"Dancing in the *chiquer'd* ſhade." STEEVENS.

And

And waſh their hands in Baſſianus' blood.
Seeſt thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted ſcroll;
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives' deſtruction.

Tam. Ah, my ſweet Moor, ſweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great empreſs, Baſſianus comes;
Be croſs with him, and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Baſſianus and Lavinia.

Baſ. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empereſs?
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troops?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general hunting in this foreſt?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private ſteps,
Had I the power, that, ſome ſay, Dian had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
[8] Should drive upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empereſs,
'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments.

[8] *Should drive upon thy new tranformed limbs,*] The author of the *Reviſal* ſuſpects that the author wrote,

Should thrive *upon thy new tranſformed limbs,*

as the former is an expreſſion that ſuggeſts no image to the fancy. But *drive*, I think, may ſtand within this meaning; *the hounds ſhould paſs with impetuous haſte*, &c. So Hamlet,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, &c.

i. e. flies with impetuoſity at him. STEEVENS.

Jove

Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

Baſ. Believe me, queen, your [9] ſwarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſter'd from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon, that my noble lord be rated
For ſaucineſs.—I pray you, let us hence.
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.

Baſ. The king, my brother, ſhall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him [1] noted long.
Good king, to be ſo mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear ſovereign and our gracious mother,
Why does your highneſs look ſo pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and deteſted vale, you ſee, it is.
The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſletoe.
Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

[9] ——*ſwarth Cimmerian*] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackneſs to darkneſs. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*noted long.*] He had yet been married but one night. JOHNSON.

And

And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
[2] Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me, they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal yew;
And leave me to this miſerable death:
And then they call'd me foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious Goth, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life;
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon.
[*Stabs Baſſianus.*

Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength. [*Stabbing him likewiſe.*

Lav. I come, Semiramis;—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

[2] *Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.*] This is ſaid in fabulous phyſiology, of thoſe that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. JOHNSON.

The ſame thought and almoſt the ſame expreſſions occur in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEVENS.

And

[8] And with that painted hope ſhe braves your mightineſs;
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her huſband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.
Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire,
Let not this waſp out-live us both to ſting.
Chi. I warrant, madam, we will make that ſure.
Come, miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora, thou bear'ſt a woman's face—
Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak. Away with her.
Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word—
Dem. Liſten, fair madam. Let it be your glory
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath; ſhe taught it thee;
The milk, thou ſuck'dſt from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;
Do thou intreat her ſhew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*

[8] *And with that painted* hope *ſhe braves your mightineſs*;] Lavinia ſtands upon her chaſtity and nuptial vow; and upon the merit of theſe braves the queen. But why are theſe called a *painted hope?* We ſhould read,

And with this painted cope————

i. e. with this gay covering. It is well expreſſed. Her reaſons were of a religious nature; and are therefore called a painted cope, which is a ſplendid eccleſiaſtic veſtment: It might be called *painted*, likewiſe, as inſinuating that her virtue was only pretended. WARBURTON.

Painted hope is only *ſpecious* hope, or ground of confidence more plauſible than ſolid. JOHNSON.

Chi.

Chi. What! would'ſt thou have me prove myſelf a baſtard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch the lark;
Yet have I heard, oh could I find it now!
The lion mov'd with pity did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her.

Lav. Oh, let me teach thee. For my father's ſake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent;
Therefore away with her, uſe her as you will;
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. [*Laying hold on Tamora.*] O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd ſo long;
Poor I was ſlain, when Baſſianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? Fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell;
O, keep me from their worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee.
No; let them ſatisfy their luſt on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.

Lav. [illegible] beat.]

[illegible]

[illegible] Dragging off *Lavinia.*

[illegible] Aaron but is rude him.

[*Exeunt.*

[illegible] See that you make her

[illegible]

[illegible] my heart now nearly cleft asunder,

[illegible] to entertain so sweet a

[illegible] my lovely Moor,

[illegible] this foul mischief's. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Aaron with Quintus and Marcus.

[illegible] before;

[illegible] pit,

[illegible] fast asleep.

[illegible] whate'er it bodes.

[illegible] not for shame,

[illegible] awhile.

Marcus falls into the pit.

[illegible] what subtle hole is

this,

[illegible] with rude-growing briars,

[illegible] blood,

[illegible] flowers?

[illegible]

[illegible] with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object

That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;

That

That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they, that made away his brother.
[*Exit Aaron.*]
Mar. Why doſt not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole?
Quin. I am ſurprized with an uncouth fear;
A chilling ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
Mine heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.
Mar. To prove thou haſt a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe.
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord Baſſianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
[4] A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did ſhine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' miſty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,

[4] *A precious ring,*———] There is ſuppoſed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its exiſtence. JOHNSON.

I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Baſſianus' grave.
—I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. And I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loſe again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me.—I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. The unhappy ſon of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Baſſianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou doſt but jeſt,
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Baſſianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor Baſſianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*

Satur-

Saturninus reads the letter.

And if we miſs to meet him handſomely,
Sweet huntſman—Baſſianus 'tis we mean;
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'ſt our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Oh, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, ſirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murder'd Baſſianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Shewing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To Titus.*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon;
There let them 'bide, until we have deviſ'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wond'rous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered?

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of mine accurſed ſons,
Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! You ſee, it is apparent,
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They ſhall be ready at your highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them. See, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, ſome the murderers.
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; ſtay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, raviſh'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can ſpeak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo;
And, if thy ſtumps will let thee, play the ſcribe.

Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang myſelf.

Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word, where is your huſband?
[5] If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!

[5] *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!*] If this be a dream, I would give all my poſſeſſions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

Speak,

Speak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows kings have ſought to ſleep in;
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As half thy love! why doſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſy lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But ſure ſome Tereus hath deflow'red thee;
And, leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
As from a conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Bluſhing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſewed her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That better could have ſew'd than Philomel.
Oh, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lilly hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, paſſing on the ſtage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers; noble tribunes, ſtay,
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I have watch'd,
And for theſe bitter tears, which you now ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted as 'tis thought,
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in honour's lofty bed.

[*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges paſs by him.*

For theſe, theſe, tribunes, in the duſt I write
My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears;
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite,
My ſons' ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh.
O earth! I will befriend thee with more rain.
[*Exeunt.*

That

That ſhall diſtil from theſe [6] two ancient urns,
Than youthful April ſhall with all his ſhowers;
In ſummer's drought I'll drop upon thee ſtill;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the ſnow;
And keep eternal ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear ſons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his ſword drawn.

Oh, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my ſons, reverſe the doom of death,
And let me ſay, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I intreat of you——

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you ſpeak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones,
Who, though they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is ſoft as wax, tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd

[6] —*two ancient urns,*] Oxford editor.—Vulg. *two ancient ruins.* JOHNSON.

My

My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, fooliſh Lucius, doſt thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderneſs of tygers;
Tygers muſt prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not ſo, thy noble heart to break;
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then,

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, ſo ſhe is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, ariſe and look upon her:
Speak, my Lavinia; what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs, [7] in thy father's ſight?
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now, like Nilus, it diſdaineth bounds.
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too, [8]
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life,
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe;
Now all the ſervice I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou haſt no hands,

[7] ——*in thy father's* ſight?] We ſhould read *ſpight.* WARB.

[8] —*I'll chop off my hands too,*] Perhaps we ſhould read,
——or *chop off*, &c.
It is not eaſy to diſcover how Titus, when he had chopp'd off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopp'd off the other. STEEVENS.

For

For hands to do Rome ſervice are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a ſweet melodious bird it ſung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear!
Luc. Oh, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Mar. O, thus I found her ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide herſelf, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.
Tit. [8] It was my deer; and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead;
For now I ſtand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone,
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my ſoul.——
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy huſband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brother's are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, ſon Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.

[8] *It was my deer:*] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been uſed by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

The pale that held my lovely deer. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her husband.
Perchance, becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy huſband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;
Witneſs the ſorrow, that their ſiſter makes,
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiſs thy lips,
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are ſtain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues and in dumb ſhows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us that have our tongues,
Plot ſome device of further miſery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark; I underſtand her ſigns;
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now ſhe would ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliſs.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy ſons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyſelf, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the king, he for the ſame
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive,
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's upriſe?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn.
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
[9] Writing deſtruction on the enemies' caſque?

Oh,

[9] *Writing deſtruction on the enemies'* caſtle?] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the ſagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of aukward mirth, corrects it to *caſque*; and this, he ſays, he'll ſtand by: And the Oxford editor, taking his ſecurity, will ſtand by it too. But what a ſlippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A cloſe helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *caſtle*, and, I ſuppoſe, for that very reaſon. Don Quixote's barber, at leaſt as good a critic as theſe editors, ſays, (in Shelton's tranſlation, 1612,) *I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a cloſe* caſtle, *and other things touching warfare.* lib. iv. cap. 18. And the original, *celada*

Oh, none of both but are of high deſert,
My hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heaven, it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's ſake and mother's care,
Now let me ſhew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will uſe the ax.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

celeda de encaxe, has ſomething of the ſame ſignification. Shakeſpeare uſes the word again in *Troilus and Creſſida*;

——*and Diomede*
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle *on thy head.* WARB.

Dr. Warburton's proof (ſays the author of the *Reviſal*) reſts wholly on two miſtakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *cloſe caſtle* is an error of the preſs for a *cloſe caſque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spaniſh original, *celada de encaxe*. His other proof is taken from this paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*,

——*and Diomede*
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle *on thy* head.

wherein Troilus doth not adviſe Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle; but to guard his head with the moſt impenetrable armour, to ſhut it up even in a *caſtle*, if it were poſſible, or elſe his ſword ſhould reach it. STEEVENS.

Aar.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never, whilſt I live, deceive men ſo.
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'll ſay, ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now, ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatch'd.
Good Aaron, give his majeſty my hand.
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers, bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them,
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſy price;
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee.
Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villainy [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call. What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To Lavinia.*
Do then, dear heart, for heaven ſhall hear our prayers,
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fogs, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep extremes.[1]

Tit.

[1] *And do not break into this* two *extremes.*] We ſhould read, inſtead of this nonſenſe,

——woe.

Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs,
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, muſt I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Meſſ. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand, thou ſent'ſt the emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons,
And here's thy hand, in ſcorn to thee ſent back.
Thy grief's their ſport, thy reſolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
Theſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep, doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.

——woe-*extremes.*

i. e. extremes cauſed by exceſſive ſorrow. But Mr. Theobald, on his own authority, alters it to *deep*, without notice given. WARB.
It is *deep* in the old quarto of 1611. JOHNSON.

Luc.

Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat;
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt than to breathe.
[*Lavinia kiſſes him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery! die, Andronicus;
Thou doſt not ſlumber; ſee thy two ſons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs;
Rend off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of your moſt wretched eyes!
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!—

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to ſhed?
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find revenge's cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee, what taſk I have to do—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made;—come, brother, take a head,

And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe things;
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay;
Hie to the Goths, and raiſe an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woful'ſt man that ever liv'd in Rome;
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius comes again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble ſiſter,
O, 'would thou wert as thou tofore haſt been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his empereſs
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit Lucius.*

SCENE II.[a]

An apartment in Titus's houſe.

A banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a boy.

Tit. So, ſo, now ſit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.

[a] This ſcene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet ſeems to have the ſame author with the reſt, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

Marcus,

Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt;
And when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns!
[*To Lavinia.*
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill;
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in ſea-ſalt tears.

Mar. Fy, brother, fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, Marcus, no man ſhould be mad but I;
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands,—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O, handle not the theme, no talk of hands,—
Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none.
Fy, fy, how frantickly I ſquare my talk,
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, Marcus, what ſhe ſays,
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns;
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechleſs complaint!—O, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And [3] by ſtill practice learn to know the meaning.
Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.
Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears.
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'ſt my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny!
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother; get thee gone,
I ſee, thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
[4] And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmleſs fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,

[3] —*by ſtill practice*——] By *conſtant* or *continual* practice. JOHNSON.

[4] *And buz lamenting* doings *in the air.*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expreſſion, and conveys no idea. I read

——————dolings——————

The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a ſingle letter, is a great increaſe to the ſenſe; and though, indeed, there is ſomewhat of a tautology in the epithet and ſubſtantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author. THEOBALD.

Came

Came here to make us merry;
And thou haſt kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, ſir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empereſs' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering myſelf, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thyſelf, and that's for Tamora.
Yet ſtill, I think, we are not brought ſo low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
Come, take away; Lavinia, go with me;
I'll to thy cloſet, and go read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's houſe.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.

BOY.

HELP, grandfire, help. My aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes.
Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, ſhe did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear thou not, Lucius, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean.
See, Lucius, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee;
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.
Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit of phrenzy do poſſeſs her;
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through ſorrow; that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Cauſeleſs, perhaps; but pardon me, ſweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee.
Which is it, girl, of theſe? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd;
Come, and make choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one

Con-

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was;
Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſes ſo?
Boy. Grandſire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoſes;
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft! ſee, how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her. What would ſhe find? Lavinia, ſhall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treaſon and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee;——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
O had we never, never, hunted there!
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durſt do the deed;
Or ſlunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in Lucrece' bed?
Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece; brother, ſit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find.
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.
[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay, at leaſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge;
Heaven guide thy pen, to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes,*

Tit. Oh, do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ?

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the luſtful ſons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And ſwear with me, as, with the woeful feere,[s]

And

[s] *And ſwear with me, as with the woeful feere,*] The old copies do not only aſſiſt us to find the true reading by conjecture. I will give an inſtance, from the firſt folio, of a reading (inconteſtibly the true one) which has eſcaped the laborious reſearches of the many moſt diligent critics, who have favoured the world with editions of Shakeſpeare. In *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv. Scene 1. Marcus ſays,

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And ſwear with me, as, with the woeful peer,
And father of that chaſte diſhonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus ſware for Lucrece' rape.——

What meaning has hitherto been annexed to the word *peer*, in this paſſage,

And father, of that chaſte diſhonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus ſware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will proſecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous Goths;
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake; and if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league,
And lulls him while ſhe playeth on her back,
And when he ſleeps, will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, Marcus, let it alone;
And come I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write theſe words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your leſſon then? boy, what ſay you?

Boy. I ſay, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

paſſage, I know not. The reading of the firſt folio is, *ſeere*, which ſignifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *huſband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is deſcribed at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the huſband and father of Lucretia.

Obſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

The word *ſeere* or *pheere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatic writers and others. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Moroſe ſays,

"——her that I mean to chuſe for my *bed-pheere*."

Again, in *The noble Kinſmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher,

"————*play-pheeres*.

And in Spenſer, F. ii. B. 5.

"————ſome fair frannion, fit for ſuch a *pheere*.

STEEVENS.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft,
For this ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empereſs' ſons
Preſents, that I intend to ſend them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſom, grandſire.
Tit. No, boy, not ſo; I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my houſe;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court,
Ay, marry, will we, ſir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſionate him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſy,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd ſhield;
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge;
[6] Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

[6] *Revenge* the *heavens*——] We ſhould read,
Revenge thee, *heavens!*—— WARBURTON.
It ſhould be,
Revenge, ye *Heavens!*——
Ye was by the tranſcriber taken for *y^e*, the. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and at another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the ſon of Lucius;
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver to us.
Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus,
And pray the Roman Gods, confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire well-advis'd hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for ſo he bade me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a ſcroll, and written round about?
Let's ſee,
Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu:
Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in Horace, I know it well:
I read it in the Grammar long ago.
Aar. Ay, juſt;—a verſe in Horace—right, you have it—

Now,

Now, what a thing it is to be an aſs?
Here's no fond jeſt: the old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick: [*Aſide.*
But were our witty empereſs well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her reſt in her unreſt a while,
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to Rome ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reaſon, lord Demetrius?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thouſand Roman dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.

Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to ſay Amen.

Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the Gods have given us o'er. [*Aſide. Flouriſh.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flouriſh thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a ſon.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurſe. Good-morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you ſee Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well. More or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all.

Here

Here Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone:
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empereſs' ſhame, and ſtately Rome's diſgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, ſhe is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, ſhe is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good reſt!
What hath he ſent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then ſhe is the devil's dam; a joyful iſſue.

Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue.
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The empereſs' ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal;
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom, ſure.

Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?

Aar. That which thou canſt not undo.

Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.

Aar. Villain; I've done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the offspring of ſo foul a fiend!

Chi. It ſhall not live.

Aar. It ſhall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it muſt, the mother wills it ſo.

Aar. What, muſt, it nurſe? then let no man but I
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.

Dem. [7]I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.

[7] *I'll broach the tadpole*——] A *broach* is a *ſpit*. I'll *ſpit* the tadpole. JOHNSON.

Nurſe,

Nurſe, give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plow thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the God of war,
Shall ſeize this prey, out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye ale-houſe painted ſigns,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
[8] In that it ſeems to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empereſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it, how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, myſelf;
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe;
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever 'ſham'd.
Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fy, treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,

[8] *In that it ſeems to bear another hue:*] We may better read,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue. JOHNSON.

Look,

Look, how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, " Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood, that firſt gave life to you;
And from that womb, where you impriſon'd were,
He is infranchiſed, and come to light;
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide;
Although my ſeal is ſtamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the empereſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice,
Save you the child, ſo we may be all ſafe.
Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there; now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?
Aar. Why, ſo; brave lords, When we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean, ſwells not ſo as Aaron ſtorms.
But ſay again, how many ſaw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myſelf,
And no one elſe but the deliver'd empereſs.
Aar. The empereſs, the midwife, and yourſelf—
Two may keep counſel when the third's away:
Go to the empereſs, tell her this I ſaid——
[*He kills her.*
Week,—week!—So cries a pig, prepar'd to the ſpit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou, Aaron? wherefore didſt thou this?
Aar. O lord, ſir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling goſſip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,

His

His wife but yeſternight was brought to-bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
[9] Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all;
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords, ye ſee, I have given her phyſick;
[*Pointing to the nurſe.*
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, ſee that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife and the nurſe well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they pleaſe.

Chi. Aaron, I ſee, thou wilt not truſt the air
With ſecrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herſelf and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in my arms,
And ſecretly to greet the empereſs' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd ſlave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that put us to our ſhifts;
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

[9] *Go pack with him*————] *Pack* here ſeems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phraſe of modern gameſters, to act colluſively.

And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown. POPE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A ſtreet near the palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinſmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery.
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight;
Terras Aſtrea reliquit—be you remember'd, Marcus—
She's gone, ſhe's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, couſins, ſhall go ſound the ocean,
And caſt your nets; haply, you may find her in the ſea;
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land——
No, Publius and Sempronius, you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt centre of the earth;
Then when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver this petition,
Tell him it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome!—Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have ſhipp'd her hence,
And, kinſmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.

Mar. Oh, Publius, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully,

And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome careful remedy.

Mar. Kinſmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy:
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my maſters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto ſends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you ſhall.
Marry, for juſtice, ſhe is ſo employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or ſomewhere elſe,
So that perforce you needs muſt ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays;
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' ſize,
But metal, Marcus, ſteel to the very back;
[1] Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
And ſith there is no juſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicit heaven, and move the Gods,
To ſend down juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear; you are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you—here, *ad Apollinem*—
Ad Martem, that's for myſelf;
Here, boy, to Pallas—here, to Mercury—
To Saturn and to Cœlus—not to Saturnine—
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.
To it, boy; Marcus—looſe when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unſolicited.

[1] *Yet wrung with wrongs,*——] To *wring* a horſe is to preſs or ſtrain his back. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court.
We will afflict the emperor in his pride. [*They ſhoot.*
Tit. Now, maſters, draw; oh, well ſaid, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.
Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;[a]
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tit. Ha, Publius, Publius, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of Taurus' horns.
Mar. This was the ſport, my lord; when Publius ſhot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries ſuch a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who ſhould find them but the empreſs' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he ſhould not chuſe
But give them to his maſter for a preſent.
Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your lordſhip joy!

Enter a Clown, with a baſket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; Marcus, the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have juſtice? what ſays Jupiter?
Clown. Who? the gibbet maker? he ſays, that he hath taken them down again, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next week.
Tit. Tut, what ſays Jupiter, I aſk thee?
Clown. Alas, ſir, I know not Jupiter,
I never drank with him in all my life.
Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, ſir, nothing elſe.
Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heaven?
Clown. From heaven? alas, ſir, I never came there. God forbid, I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs, into heaven

[a] —*I am a mile beyond the moon*;] The folios 1623 and 1632 read,
———*I aym a mile beyond the moon.* STEEVENS.

in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, ſir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor.
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold——mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clown. Ay, ſir.

Tit Then here is a ſupplication for you: and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneel, then kiſs his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, ſir; ſee you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, ſir. Let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? come, let me ſee it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant;
And when thou haſt given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clown. God be with you, ſir, I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

THE PALACE.

Enter Emperor and Empereſs, and her two ſons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus ſhot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are theſe? was ever
ſeen
An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
However the diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath paſt,
But even with law againſt the wilful ſons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His ſorrows have ſo overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heaven for his redreſs.
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the God of war;
Sweet ſcrolls, to fly about the ſtreets of Rome!
What's this but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And blazoning our injuſtice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no juſtice were.
But, if I live, his feigned eccſtaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages;
But he and his ſhall know, that juſtice lives
In Saturninus' health: whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives,
Tam. My gracious lord, moſt lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt, or the beſt,
For theſe contempts. Why, thus it ſhall become [*Aſide.*
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clown. Yes, forſooth, an your miſtreſſhip be emperial.

Tam. Empereſs I am, but yonder ſits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he. God and St. Stephen give you good even:
I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*The Emperor reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clown. How much money muſt I have?

Tam. Come, ſirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.

Clown Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *Exit.*

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villainy?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds.
May this be borne? as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour ſhall ſhape privilege.
For this proud mock, I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thyſelf ſhould govern Rome and me.

Enter

[3] *Enter Æmilius.*

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cauſe;
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of Lucius, ſon to old Andronicus,
Who threats in courſe of his revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
Theſe tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach;
'Tis he, the common people love ſo much,
Myſelf have often over-heard them ſay,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? is not our city ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the ſun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing, that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody;

[3] *Enter* Nuntius *Æmilius.*] Thus the old books have deſcribed this character. In the author's manuſcript, I preſume, it was writ, *Enter* Nuntius; and they obſerving, that he is immediately called Æmilius, thought proper to give him his whole title, and ſo clapped in *Enter* Nuntius Æmilius.—Mr. Pope has very critically followed them; and ought, methinks, to have give his new-adopted citizen Nuntius a place in the Dramatis Perſonæ. THEOB.

Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy ſpirit, for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fiſh, or [4] honey-ſtalks to ſheep:
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his ſon for us.

Tam. If Tamora intreat him, then he will;
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embaſſador; [*To Æmilius.*
Say, that the emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this meſſage honourably
And if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.

Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, ſweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go ſucceſsfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] ——*honey-ſtalks to ſheep:*] *Honey-ſtalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a ſweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themſelves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The camp, at a ſmall diſtance from Rome.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and ſoldiers.

LUCIUS.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which ſignify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witneſs,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.

Goth. Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great Andronicus,
Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whoſe high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'ſt,
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curſed Tamora.

Omn. And, as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a luſty Goth?

Enter a Goth leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I ſtray'd
[5] To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery;

And

[5] *To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery.*] Shakeſpeare has ſo perpetually offended againſt chronology in all his plays, that no very concluſive argument can be deduced from the particular abſurdity of theſe anachroniſms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus.*

And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noiſe, when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this diſcourſe:
" Peace, tawny ſlave, half me and half thy dam.
" Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
" Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
" Villain, thou might'ſt have been an emperor;
" But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
" They never do beget a coal-black calf.
" Peace, villain, peace! (even thus he rates the babe)
" For I muſt bear thee to a truſty Goth;
" Who, when he knows thou art the empereſs' babe,
" Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake."
With this my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
To uſe as you think needful of the man,

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empereſs' eye,
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.
Firſt, hang the child, that he may ſee it ſprawl,
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.

sicus. And yet the *ruined monaſtery*, the *popiſh tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and the French ſalutation from the mouth of Titus are altogether ſo very much out of place, that I cannot perſuade myſelf even our haſty poet could have been guilty of their inſertion, or have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS.

Get

[6] Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, ſave the child,
And bear it from me to the empereſs;
If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.

Aar. An if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak;
For I muſt talk of murders, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd;
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.

Aar. Swear, that he ſhall; and then I will begin.

Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no God:
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve,
Therefore I urge thy oath; (for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he ſwears,
To that I'll urge him;)—therefore, thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſoe'er it be,

[6] Aar. *Get me a ladder. Lucius, ſave the child.*] All the printed editions have given this whole verſe to Aaron. But why ſhould the Moor here aſk for a ladder, who earneſtly wanted to have his child ſaved? THEOBALD.

That

That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my boy, nouriſh, and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God, I ſwear to thee, I will.

Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the empereſs.

Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons that murder'd Baſſianus;
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.

Luc. Oh, deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, ſhe was waſhed, and cut, and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh, barbarous beaſtly villains, like thyſelf!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to inſtruct them.
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
[7] As true a dog, as ever fought at head;—
Well; let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of Baſſianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;
Confederate with the queen, and her two ſons.
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in't!
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it drew myſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreme laughter.

[7] *As true a dog as ever fought at head*;] An alluſion to bull-dogs, whoſe generoſity and courage are always ſhown by meeting the bull in front, and ſeizing his noſe. JOHNSON.

I pry'd

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two ſons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.
And when I told the empereſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tidings, gave me twenty kiſſes.

Goth. What! canſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.

Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death;
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear myſelf;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when the ſorrow almoſt was forgot;
And on their ſkins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil,[5] for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar.

[5] *Bring down the devil.*] It appears, from theſe words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution,

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell.
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near.——
Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe,
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What ſays our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Titus's palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, diſguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in theſe ſtrange and ſad habiliments,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,

tion, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS.

Knock

Knock at the ſtudy, where, they ſay, he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See, here in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ſt know me, thou wouldſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, theſe crimſon lines,
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care,
Witneſs the tiring day and heavy night,
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empereſs, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, ſent from the infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody murder or deteſted rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy ſide, where Rape and Murder ſtand;
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe;
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves;
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon-wheel
Trot like a ſervile footman all day long;
Even from Hyperion's riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfall in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy taſk,
[9] So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy miniſters? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance on ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empreſs' ſons they are,
And you the empereſs! but we worldly men
Have miſerable and miſtaking eyes.
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,

[9] *So thou deſtroy* Rapine *and* Murder *there.*] I do not know of any inſtance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever uſed as ſynonimous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *leſs fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted. STEEVENS.

I will

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*

Tam. This cloſing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your ſpeech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him ſend for Lucius, his ſon:
And whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
I'll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy Goths,
Or, at the leaſt make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee;
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful houſe;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the empereſs and her ſons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?
For, well I wot, the empereſs never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you repreſent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had ſuch a devil.
But welcome, as you are, what ſhall we do?

Tam. What wouldſt thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that has done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thouſand, that have done thee wrong;
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thyſelf;
Good Murder, ſtab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap,

To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, ſtab him; he is a raviſher.
Go thou with them, and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor;
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
I pray thee do on them ſome violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us, this ſhall we do,
But would it pleaſe thee, good Andronicus,
To ſend for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant ſon,
Who leads tow'rds Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe,
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the empereſs and her ſons,
The emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart.
What ſays Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis ſad Titus calls;

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Goths,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are;
Tell him, the emperor and the empereſs too
Feaſt at my houſe, and he ſhall feaſt with them.
This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about my buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me;
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam.

Tam. [*To her ſons.*] What ſay you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth, and ſpeak him fair,
And tarry with him till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of curſed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know, thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do,
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye theſe two?

Pub. The empereſs' ſons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fy, Publius, fy! thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name?
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure.
[*Exit Titus.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empereſs' ſons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouths; let them not ſpeak a word.
Is he ſure bound? look, that ye bind them faſt.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a baſon.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
—Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly ſummer with your winter mix'd,
You kill'd her huſband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt;
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would ye ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains!—for ſhame, you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilſt that Lavinia 'twixt her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte;
[1] And of the paſte a coffin will I rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads;
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than Progne I will be reveng'd.

[1] *And of the paſte a coffin*——] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raiſed pye. JOHNSON.

And

And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which, I wiſh, might prove
More ſtern and bloody than the Centaur's feaſt.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt the mother comes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron priſoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, ſince it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accurſed devil;
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the emp'ror's face,
For teſtimony of theſe foul proceedings;
And ſee the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd ſlave.
[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flouriſh.*
The trumpets ſhew, the emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empereſs, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyſelf a ſun?
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, [2] break the parley;
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated:
The feaſt is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A table brought in. Enter Titus, like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome dread queen,
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your highneſs, and your empereſs.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. And if your highneſs knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh Virginius,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflowr'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reaſon, mighty lord?
Sat. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,

[2] ——*break the parley*;] That is, *begin* the parley. We yet ſay, he *breaks* his mind. JOHNSON.

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy father's ſorrow die!
[*He kills her.*

Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat? will't pleaſe your highneſs feed?

Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us preſently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;
Eating the fleſh, that ſhe herſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witneſs, my knife's ſharp point.
[*He ſtabs the Empereſs.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
[*He ſtabs Titus.*

Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Lucius ſtabs the Emperor.*

Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of Rome,
By uproar ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds, and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herſelf be bane unto herſelf;

And ſhe whom mighty kingdoms curtſy to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt away,
Do ſhameful execution on herſelf.
Mar. But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erſt our anceſtor,
[*To Lucius.*
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſick Dido's ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtile Geeeks ſurpriz'd king Priam's Troy:
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
And they it were that raviſhed our ſiſter;
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears deſpis'd, and baſely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And ſent her enemies into the grave.
Laſtly myſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That

That have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
Alas!—you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt, and full of truth.
But, ſoft, methinks, I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: oh, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to ſpeak: behold this child,
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The iſſue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of theſe woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' houſe,
And as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge, what cauſe had Titus to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiſs? ſhew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronicus,
We'll hand in hand all headlong caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our houſe.
Speak, Romans, ſpeak; and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor, for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
Go, go, into old Titus' ſorrowful houſe,
And hither hale that miſbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death;

As

As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life,
Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern ſo;
To heal Rome's harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk:
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk;
Oh, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kiſſes Titus.*
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face;
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon.
Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips;
O, were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them!
Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers; thy grandſire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo;
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends, in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.
Boy O grandſire, grandſire! even with all my heart,
'Would I were dead, ſo you did live again,—
O lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping—
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You ſad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch.

That

That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt deep in earth, and famiſh him,
There let him ſtand and rave and cry for food;
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aar. O, why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb!
I am no baby, I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the evil I have done:
Ten thouſand worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſhold's monument:
As for that heinous tygreſs Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds of prey;
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then, afterwards, we'll order well the ſtate;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.] This is one of thoſe plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowleged in the liſt of Shakeſpeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to ſtrengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of queſtion. Ben Jonſon, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its firſt appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and ſpeaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years ſtanding. Conſequently *Andronicus* muſt have been on the ſtage before Shakeſpeare left Warwickſhire, to come and reſide in London: and I never heard it ſo much as intimated, that he had turned

turned his genius to ſtage-writing before he aſſociated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the ſtage, with the addition of his own maſterly touches, is inconteſtible, and thence, I preſume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raiſe it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry* VI. The ſtory we are to ſuppoſe merely fictitious. Andronicus is a ſur-name of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body elſe that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of, not till after the tranſlation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium, and yet the ſcene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the capitol.

THEOBALD.

All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in ſuppoſing this play ſpurious. I ſee no reaſon for differing from them; for the colour of the ſtile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular verſification, and artificial cloſes, not always inelegant, yet ſeldom pleaſing. The barbarity of the ſpectacles, and the general maſſacre, which are here exhibited, can ſcarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonſon, that they were not only borne, but praiſed. That Shakeſpeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *inconteſtible*, I ſee no reaſon for believing.

The teſtimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is aſcribed to Shakeſpeare, is by no means equal to the argument againſt its authenticity, ariſing from the total difference of conduct, language, and ſentiments, by which it ſtands apart from all the reſt. Meeres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be ſufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the firſt collectors of Shakeſpeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakeſpeare's name on the title, as we muſt ſuppoſe, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertiſements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could uſurp at pleaſure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakeſpeare any intereſt in detecting the impoſture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the preſs.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakeſpeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakeſpeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickſhire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-ſtealing.

Ravenſcroft, who in the reign of Charles II. reviſed this play, and reſtored it to the ſtage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I ſuppoſe, which in his time might be of ſufficient authority,

authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakeſpeare, but written by ſome other poet. I do not find Shakeſpeare's touches very diſcernible. JOHNSON.

It may not be amiſs to remark, that this tragedy, which (ſetting aſide the feebleneſs of compoſition) would be regarded as too bloody on the modern ſtage, appears to have been highly reliſhed in 1686, when it was revived with alterations by Ravenſcroft. Inſtead of diminiſhing any of its horrors, he ſeized every opportunity of making large additions of them, inſomuch that when Tamora ſtabs her child, the Moor utters the following lines:

She has out-done me, ev'n in mine own art,
Out-done me in murder——kill'd her own child
Give it me——I'll eat it. STEEVENS.

END OF VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

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